A Million A Month

By

A Millionaire

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BY

A MILLIONAIRE

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(F. W. MOORE)

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PREFACE.

THIS book is written to proclaim two fundamental laws: First, that the workingman is the director of his own enormous power, and, second, that he is the leader of his so-called leaders. And, although the author has a sincere feeling of respect for that great patriot, Thomas Jefferson, he as sincerely believes that these two great laws mark an age of advancement beyond Jeffersonian ideals.

These laws point with axiomatic force to that higher democracy of the near future, when, rising to our full stature and dignity as a nation, we shall show a respect for labor, alone exemplified by a fair proportion of workingmen in the halls of legislation.

Thus, sharp, crisp and clear these laws indicate the course toward a prosperity worthy the name, through means perfectly normal and just, by which poverty must and shall be practically banished forever.

Indeed, we have simply formulated the foundation principle of our national endurance, the essential element of our patriotism, for, either we must repudiate every effort of our forefathers to get rid of kings and their satellites,—only less harmful than our own monetary kings with their bought-up legislatures,—or else we must advance toward a practical democracy.

For a century we have talked about democracy,—why not try it? For a century we have experimented

with aristocracy,—are we satisfied? For a century democracy has stood still in the emblazoned glory of Revolutionary achievement. Is it because halls of legislation are too sacred for workingmen to tread therein? Would the purity of our legislators be sullied by association, upon equal terms, with men of toil? We have tested a government for the people; is it not time to inaugurate a government by the people?

Through the kindling enthusiasm of a mighty nation for the rights of the masses we may discern a plan for establishing a new democracy, the foundation of which is already laid in general knowledge and intelligence. While to subsidize the press, to buy orators, to bribe politicians, to buy voters, is the popular political plan, with a cause that God Almighty favors, the plan may be as simple as Penn's treaty with the Indians—and as effective: honest work by honest men for an honest cause.

The seriousness of our subject can only be measured by the poverty of millions in this most wealthy nation; but it is the endeavor of the author to maintain a hopeful and even jocular mood in keeping with our comfortable title, which is typical of the time and elastic enough to include everything from the "labor problem" to the ownership of the universe!

Within the limits of our preface we may hint at both proof and utility of the laws above stated, and present a few plain facts for the attention of the reader.

A few questions may clear the subject: Is the man opposed to the majority, or the man who the majority approves, elected?—then who controls, the man or the

people? Must not an editor's views coincide with those of his subscribers in order to keep them?—if so, who controls? Is not a firm belief in the ruler the foundation of effective rulership?—then, who, in fact, rules?

From the standpoint of the great man we might ask: Did ever a hero live without a typical environment to which he owed his greatness? Was the Civil War the work of Lincoln, or the people? Does Rockefeller make the nation, or the nation Rockefeller?

As to the near future, which determines utility, can the most conservative deny the trend of our literature or our national education in economics? Is not the sense of justice the guiding star of this educational movement? And can its demands be delayed any more than the tides of the ocean?

Our government is practically a legal collusion with wealth, while it ought to be a bulwark of the many against the exactions, usurpations and tyrannies of the few. Great changes must come; shall they come peaceably?—without question, if these laws, the major premis of this book, are given the prominence and consideration their truth and force demand.

Conceive these laws as true, then it is the laborer who controls, and it is he who needs to be convinced, —not the rich, the great, kings or presidents, but the laborer himself, the workingman, whose number is legion, who seldom achieves eighteen dollars a week, with a scattering few who may possibly receive twice that in wages—convinced of what?—convinced of his own power, ability and directive force.

That is all, and that means peace, for the workingman, instead of blaming leader, magnate, or party, will hold himself responsible, appreciating his own mastership, and that he must dictate to his own advantage;—then shall we have made a progress comparable to that of the recognition of the rotundity of the earth.

Turning to different avenues of use: Considering socialism either in part or whole as true, then these laws would prove its most effective aid, while their most potent influence would be to maintain that individual freedom which is claimed for socialism as its final result.

The trades unions in their splendid, practical and effectual fight for the rights of labor should breathe these laws into their very being as expressive not merely of the dignity of labor, but, once crystalized into public sentiment, neither armies nor combinations of armies would begin to touch their practical force in raising wages.

The Single Taxer, tracing all wrongs to the very foundation of existence, the land itself, would continue economic education with renewed vigor in a higher appreciation of those for whom he is working, by recognizing the merit of these laws.

To the "municipal ownership" movement these laws should prove effectual in clearing the way for practical work by a cogent and just statement of an inalienable prerogative. The status of the workingman is that of master, not servant, of great corporations; they are creations of his energy, intelligence and sober industry;

his demands dictate their existence; and his centuries-old worship of position and wealth finds concrete expression in laws that so far have kept from him the profits he justly deserves as wages.

When it is remembered that there are two million men out of work, two million children at work from five to fourteen years of age; when we can see with our own eyes, if we have a mind to, wretched overcrowded tenements in our great cities—whole armies of people who might indeed be glad to change their condition for the comforts of the penitentiary; when we see little children brought into this world under such awful conditions that often their own mothers murder them to save them from a life of destitution and crime; when we see women, who, under fair and just conditions, would be the light of God's beautiful world, degraded and speedily marching to death; when we see little children fast replenishing great armies of criminals; when men, women and children live where crime is a virtue and virtue a crime—then, then, shall we not cry out from the very depths of our soul, "Oh, God, pity the world!"

When from this picture we lift our eyes to the government in hope of relief we behold an army of lobyists moving heaven and earth for greed; the taint of bribery in some form reaching even to the sacred precincts of the presidential office; whole congresses at the nod and beck of the Almighty Dollar; the government sold body and soul to wealth—the poor man savagely cast away by those whom he has given his life-blood to support.

The dream of our forefathers has become a nightmare; democracy has been sold for a mess of pottage, —sound the requiem of the republic!

Let us turn to socialism, trades unionism, and the Single Tax,—all grandly fighting for human rights—the spirit of liberty still lives. Turn to the newspaper, the poor man's college, the fear only of tyrants, the blessing of Christendom!—it is with and of the workingman; while steam and electricity and the telephone are binding us together as one man for a great fight. Yes, a fight to which Togo's defeat of Rojestvensky is but the fly on the elephant.

The march has begun!—"municipal ownership" is gaining ground, our control of the railroads must come; even the Standard Oil feels the sharp repulse to grasping wealth in Kansas—the ball is starting to roll,—and the workingman is rolling it.

"A Million a Month by a Millionaire." Do you not hear that ring from page to page of this book? 'Tis the trumpet call of Freedom as "adown the shadowy halls of time" we hear the reverberating sound of the voice of martyrs calling to mankind to stand for principle, oppose the usurpation of monarchs, and, to-day, to advance beyond the barbarian condition of millionaire kings.

Were this book a fiery declaration of war with China, Russia, Germany or England, what a firment it would create, what billions we would spend to murder our fellowmen. It stands not for war, the world's weakness, but for peace, its strength, and propounds a word of truth. But truth needs as bold warriors

as ever fell on the field of battle, as ever cried, "Don't give up the ship!" or "We've not begun to fight yet!" Copernicus on his death-bed, reading the sheets of his great book, which death alone would allow him to publish, or Columbus, ragged, wretched and forlorn, begging his way, give some idea of the hardships truth has to encounter.

In this brief introduction to the most important problem of our century, we have noted the necessity for and the hope of a great change, in the practical accomplishment of which the laws we have mentioned should prove efficient. Unknown, they are useless; nobly upheld and made prominent by men and women who dare to believe in democracy, not merely in name but in fact, and who shall say that billions on billions may not be their value?

Thus of right, as a millionaire,—*if* there is such a right,—the author takes pleasure in placing before the reader the only book in the world—where there ought to be thousands—to make the simple declaration, based upon his directive power, that the voice of the workingman must be heard in our halls of legislation so that his practical experience may be effective in moulding those vast changes for better conditions which a twentieth century civilization is impatiently demanding.

A Million a Month By a Millionaire.

I

INDIGENCE VERSUS OPULENCE.

WHETHER we write as Crœsus in his castle or as Diogenes in his tub, facts are facts—the tenement house with less of comfort than the abode of Esquimaux, Hotentot, or Zulu, confronts us side by side with castles of Rockefeller, Gould or Vanderbilt that Rome in the height of her opulence might have envied.

THE HEIGHT AND THE DEPTH.

Thus, as the facets of the diamond of life's experience must exhibit every phase of this incongruity, our illustrations shall be drawn from fields most ample. A common man—who has a better title?—to-day, in Heaven; to-morrow, in the dungeons of night;—he

passes through torments,—but, living, subdues, conquers, and the world lies at his feet.

As we tell the story of this "common man" we shall toss into a potpouri of incident and anecdote some spice of argument, some extract perchance of truth, a pleasant flavoring of good-will, and from the whole may the aroma of good-fellowship arise.

While depicting incident, accident or circumstance that make men worth a million a month, shall not the author gain courage for his task by summering among the mountain peaks of the Himalayas, or wintering in the flowery glades of Florida?

Our story is written in the Pyramids, as under the lash of the master the workingman toiled to his death; it is written in the great East River Bridge, and the caisson underneath the piers thereof; it is written in the railroads and mighty ships, almost large enough to box the Pyramids in. What the workingman hath done need no man look far to see.

NOT INEXPLICABLE.

This the workingman's world; he guides it, he has his way! His reward? Widespread intelligence shall bring that. Swifter than the change of man-made inventions shall be that of man-made laws to enable the laborer to keep his millions. How unchristian in a Christian age that he should wait for Christian conditions!

—and he has built a world! Ah! sad case, to build to die, to live to work, for work, by work—and that is all. Yet he seems to care to live. Queer, isn't it? God be praised for the work he's done, but what a wretched shame that he didn't get his own! He's here! and he's been here throughout the history of the world—civilized world; savage, too; though savages being all pretty poor together, we might call them all rich together; at any rate, it mitigates the suffering to have lots of company, and nobody worse off than we are. But civilized man being a worse barbarian than the savages, worse differences!—and so poverty and wealth differ as mountains differ from deep caverns.

A HEARTY WORLD.

But the world slides along; it doesn't make a mite of difference to it!—it turns on its axis just the same, whether we have axes to grind or not. Excuse pun, though, as the world is a big one, it may not object. Why, if we could take a composite—as it is called—or a photograph that included all the people of the world, big and little, babies and all, don't you think we could trace a smile in it? I guess we could, and see a healthy human being behind that smile.

Yes, measure the world by its laughter! In good-humor it performs its daily task. Ever advancing, it solves its destiny by its own good work. How gener-

ously it divides its last crust with the rich,—forgiving, forgetting, forgotten!

How some people like to consider that such thoughts are but the ramblings of a visionary mind, utterly untenable and absurd; and forgetting the great round world in the comforts of their own little flat world, how readily they declare, "the author at the very least is a crank; if I had the ruling of things, I'd put such a fellow in a 'deep, dark dungeon,' where he might try the effect of his writings on the rats and mice, and leave his fellowman in peace!" Well said!

The only trouble with such wild thoughts as these is that they are true, and surely you are not looking for truth only in the wise ones of the world. Look you to babes for that, to those never heard of—aye, even to the crank.

TIME'S CONUNDRUM.

Yes, to the crank—to the crank in all ages—"a wasted life," say the sages of his time, as he searches for truth for the love of truth. But after-ages plant their feet on the practically successful and say, "Measure no soul by a pennyweight; for out of adversity hath come the prize of the world."

I opine, even a simple-hearted millionaire deserves attention after such a Socraticism!

And so, my friends, I am going to write "The Story

of a Nation," and hope it may entertain you as we advocate the cause of the ages. While a variety of experiences may afford entertainment by their recital, and have much to do with opening our eyes to truths distributed among many, but which few have amassed together, yet I hope to make such incidents but the spice to the more solid repast I shall endeavor to set before the reader.

But how strange that our experiences *are* interesting to each other!—away, alone—hidden from sight in the great city of houses and of business, unacquainted, unfamiliar. Yet it makes no difference! Our lives run in similar channels. About five hundred words constitute the best part of our general vocabulary: you *must* say the same things I do, and we think the same thoughts together.

"WHO WOULD BE A KING, LADS, WHEN 'A BEGGAR LIVES SO WELL?"

And then how nearly we are in perfect unison without any words at all; and when we are hurt, feel, each and all of us, about the same. Every day we—all together, the whole world over, rich and poor, kings, pope, bishops, and people—know each other through pain, sadness, worry, or by happy and genial exercise of our faculties—we are one, and have nothing new to tell.

Yet each experience is new—is there nothing new

under the sun? More true is it, there is nothing old under the sun—even the rocks change from day to day! There is nothing trite about a new cut, or a hurt, or sore. Nothing is trite about my whole life-experience any more than yours—to us it is new, and every day it is new. *This* hour is the latest, the newest, and the final hour for the entire universe, whether for one world or ten millions of worlds, for spirits and men—a brand-new hour in the eternities of time!

Our entire lives are new lives, and in their differences in quantity, kind, and quality of experience we find ourselves interesting to each other. You may study business; I may study alone other lines. I may have had a natural inclination to investigate the whys and wherefores of my surroundings, and thus have accumulated a great deal of material that you had hardly thought of.

"SEEKING HIS FORTUNE."

As to a start in life: what start does a poor boy usually have? We can all answer that—all who are poor, or who started poor. When one reflects that about two per cent. of the population own about one-half of our wealth,—a reasonable estimate probably,—it seems as if a good many could say what sort of a start a poor boy has.

But there are boys and boys. Some think a

good deal, and some read a good deal. Some boys naturally take to trades, and some don't. And, let us never forget, most boys have a good appetite. We had a terrible appetite, and were great at forgetting everything, to think about something else. The wonder was, we were not lazy, but, after all, what healthy boy *is* lazy? A boy may not like to do just what you want him to, but he will work like a slave when at play, and hard play is a form of physical exertion—it would be work to some, while work is play to others. Ah, many a boy is a man full-grown!

A PLEASANT JOURNEY TO YOU!

Adown the avenues of time we shall accompany the reader, taking him into our confidence, that we may become thoroughly acquainted and mutual sharers of a great truth. Besides the usefulness of practical illustration, our problem is so intimately connected with human nature, that a mutual feeling will help its comprehension. Anon, the boy again.

Our province was to be very good, obey the teacher, be his or her favorite, study hard, make progress slowly, and feel in duty bound to do our part when so much of sacrifice was required to give us a proper knowledge and studious ways: some three years, all told in school, which leaves a good many years out of school, even in boyhood days.

One school vacation I succeeded in making seventy-five dollars in a work opposed to my refined tastes, so highly developed even in babyhood that a little bird, no doubt to become better acquainted, flew down from its nest in a Black Haws tree, and, lighting with easy familiarity on my head, sent me crying into the house. Meteorologically speaking, seeing the moving clouds, I called to my mother, " The sky is running away ! "

I persisted at the uncongenial pursuit, though my courage was sometimes sorely tested, and I had to push myself a good deal to keep at it; still, if one makes a little money, it is a wonderful incentive. And a boy who doesn't mind hard, rough roads, or muddy, rainy days, will stand much in the way of harsh looks from people, and the greater imaginative harsh looks that he doesn't see, if his sense of duty is strong. And the luxurious feeling of having done one's duty is as great to a boy as to a man—the struggle conquered, the terror overcome, and then to relate the victory !

BIG GUNS OR LITTLE GUNS.

Where's your battle that has more to it? Why the struggles of life are a thousand-fold greater than any battle that was ever fought. Your generals and your big men of war think they have performed your great deeds; but your little toddling youngster, selling his newspapers on some cold, rainy, or frosty day—to say

nothing of icy winter—can tell you of victories hidden in his little breast that would make the greatest warrior ashamed of himself. And what is his reward? Not the pomp and panoply of war, not the applause of the multitude, only a kind word or a gentle caress.

And so life marched on; but there are incidents. What is it to go to school and then to college, playing life for so many years that real life is an unknown quantity, and some of its best lessons can be obtained only in a second-hand way. Your little boy, not too hard-pressed by the world's meanness, has the chance of a man's training, with experiences that cling to him like welded iron as long as life lasts. Not too hard, no: that is weakness, decay, ruin; but also not too easy: that, if possible, is worse.

THE PLOT THICKENS!

But it takes tests to make us what we are, either for good or bad. Here was a little one, let us remark, with something like pride, and who knows but with just a little streak of vanity. Turning ten, a baby boy, but manful, too; times press hard, and then a little experience will do him good, even though hard to all concerned. Let him go alone, equipped with ticket and full directions, five or six hundred miles on the cars, and work for a kinsman out West.

Did you ever work for a kinsman? Well, if you did

you do not want to do so again. There seems to be something wrong about it, somehow or other. Maybe the Lord never intended that we should be so unequally provided for that you or I should work for a kinsman. But, then, this kinsman was just, careful, and never asked any one to work harder than he did himself; but for that there was a good reason: no one *could* work any harder.

But how could he appreciate the feelings, to say nothing of the failings, of a little imaginative boy of eleven years, to whom the great wide world was great indeed; who was honest, trusting, confiding, and generous. Whew! it was a cold dose and no mistake—that's what you go through when you are poor, and when this old world is going to knock the bow-wows out of you, or know the reason why.

NOT AT HOME!

It is curious how the little things stick in a child's mind, especially after having taken such a trip, with all its exciting conditions. The first thing I remember, is, that I was twitted with not knowing quite as much as a country boy, because I either placed the gate-pin on the wrong side of the gate, or tried to fasten it on the wrong side. It affected me because it was the first thing, whereas I desired the home-treatment for lack of knowledge, which was always of a kindly, helpful nature.

But I may well be excused for being nervous at first, and not remembering the pleasant things. In going out there I had lost my ticket. That was while passing through Pittsburg—about half-way on my journey. All I know is, that I was almost asleep when I reached Pittsburg and my ticket was gone!

But you may be sure I went through like a posted letter. The conductor knew he had punched my ticket, and with the good nature that is in all men if you will only look for it, he spoke to the next conductor. And I expect he spoke to the next, and so on, of which more than the first I knew nothing; so I went ahead.

ALL CHANGE!

I remember the second conductor asking me to look for the ticket; but it was lost. Then I remember asking often and often and often of some one in the car as to the time, being very much afraid I would go past the right station.

Then I remember so well the sounds of the hammers "blow on blow" testing the wheels at midnight, while waiting sometime to transfer at Pittsburg; and the smell of the soft coal—just as if it were yesterday.

Returning, a year later, some gentleman took an interest in me and helped me to transfer at Pittsburg. Of course, I was not provided with much money, and,

arriving in New York, a cabman took me in charge, and I entered his vehicle, to be taken across the city. But, terrible to relate, he wanted to charge me one whole dollar for that trip. That I could not stand, and I cried as I got out the cab; but I kept my precious dollar. Then I went to some old candy woman (generosity, thy name is poverty!) and, with the aid of her boy, I managed to reach Fulton Ferry all right.

But, alack! I am ahead of my story! Why, before that, a long while, that eleven-year old boy had traveled alone. And now, come to think about it, I expect if he had never traveled alone up to that time, no one would have bravely trusted him to make such a long trip.

OFF FOR BOSTON.

You know the old Bristol steamboat that was owned or built or controlled by the notable Jim Fisk, the gay young man who made eleven million dollars with Jay Gould in one day, we still keeping the record of the day as Black Friday! And what a picture he cut driving down Wall Street with his four-in-hand, or maybe it was six!

Well, on that boat, going to Boston, way back somewhere about the age of seven, maybe eight, you could have seen me wandering about,—as likely as not taking a wistful look at the cook and at the big and wonderful cooking machinery. And that cook, what do you

think? Now this isn't an Aladdin story, with his wonderful lamp. That cook—like the goodnatured people scattered broadcast the world over, if we had only the wit to find them—just comforted me to the very last ebb of comfort, by taking me in and giving me a first-rate supper—it was prime!

If that wasn't something to remember as long as one lives, I don't know what is. It's these little things that are the real ones worth remembering. That is all I remember about that early trip to Boston, on that magnificent steamer. And that is enough to remember.

That good cook never received any reward, except a gentler heart and a nobler soul for the deed. But the goodness in that deed, my friend, was as good as in Lincoln's signing the Emancipation Proclamation: it is not the size of an act that makes it good, it is the quality in it.

THE BREEZY WEST.

We can go back even farther and see oneself in the Far West, either fording a stream on horseback, with my father, or being unable to ford it. We can go back to four years and see a great long row of oxen pulling a house. It must have been a log cabin, and the neighbors must have all come together and helped move it upon the prairie.

That's the way they did in those good old days when

men were friendly and neighborly one with the other. Those good old days are to-day, however, just as they were then. And your fine man that looks so handsome and well-dressed, with a little more sand in his character, put there by a little more or a good deal more physical work, would to-day be just as friendly and just as strong and fine a man as were those old-time pioneers, and be as democratic as they were.

Still, again, after leaving the first log cabin, clapboarded over, in which I saw the light, and which I do not remember, I can see a man making a hole in the roof of the porch for the stove-pipe to go through. And after remaining in this second house for a time, I can see one of those little animals that we call a polecat coming into that house, and, as it seemed to me, getting on my trundle-bed and making that whole house terrible for some time; but the animal was killed; not in the house, however, but outside.

HE WOULDN'T TOADY TO A TOAD.

And now for two incidents to show you two sides of this little boy's character. A little brother has to be looked after, and no doubt the larger brother of four years thought much of his superintendence of this little fellow; so much so, in fact, that one day when he happened to see one of those ugly little animals called a toad—no wonder he was scared! Of course, he ran

into the house as fast as he could to tell his mother. Ah, stop! He had some proper sense of his duty, even though it cost him considerable trouble, and endangered his own life. He might be afraid, but his duty must be done at any cost; so that little baby-brother is picked up, and the hero of that little episode toddled into the house, thus saving his baby-brother from the terrible fate of that awful toad! But, then, that is a story I don't remember myself: I take it from the family lore of little bits of that early history.

A SCIENTIST.

Here is another that shows a rapid growth in the line of philosophy: Somewhere, along about six years, —probably in a brown study, contemplating the fact that so much of this world's knowledge is of only a second-hand nature, and he must try and obtain it first-hand that it will to him at least be fresh—passing along by the side of the wood-shed, near the house, and nearly a thousand miles away from where he was in the last incident, we see him carrying a wedge, an iron wedge—and you know that iron wedges are heavy! But do you know what a feeling is? Can you tell what sort of a thing it is to feel a cut when you haven't one? You know, of course, that it will hurt if you are cut, but what of the feeling?

What more natural to the young investigator than to

try to see what this sense of feeling is, and to see how it would feel if he should let that wedge fall on his toes! No sooner said than done! Down comes the wedge—but alas, *that* destroyed the experiment! We have no recollection whatever as to anything further, except possibly a terrible crying spell and running into the house for such comfort as could be given. Needless to say, we have been content with second-hand experiments since, to some extent.

THE COST OF A MAN!

But to return to the farming experience! We came back full of the feeling of having spent a long and arduous year. Good for one? Possibly; but, for one thing, why should it be good to overwork? In the first place, we could not have overworked; for we were fatter than ever in our life. Is it good, then, to pass a long and weary time in one's boyhood when he might be having good sport, and growing along hardly knowing what unhappiness is?—going to college and playing foot-ball or being instructed in rowing!

Do you think that trials, privations, and hardships are all paying simply because a man amounts to something—as it is called? Hasn't he paid too dear for his whistle, if it were possible for him to have had less of struggle and more of pleasure and less made out of himself? It's a question. I once met an old shoe-

maker, who reminded me very much of the pictures of Socrates I had seen from time to time. You may remember these pictures—and I expect they are not far from correct; for a good deal of fun was made of Socrates in his time because of his appearance. These pictures made him appear anything but handsome, a kind of squatty-looking face; but what ability!

And the shoemaker proved to be a very able man, indeed. Just the way, you see! We think we must look to men with great reputations for wisdom and knowledge; while as likely as not there are men right around us who know more than these same wise men ever thought of knowing. After he had told me some very suggestive facts about the bad adjustments of our social fabric, I asked him if he would not rather have his intelligence and be poor, than to be rich and not know nearly so much.

A HOME AND A GOOD SALARY.

"Well," he said, "it is very satisfactory to have enough money to get along comfortably with." That was the gist of his answer. I have often thought of it; and it looks as if one might be glad to barter some intelligence for wealth.

Well, as I was saying: I mean, as I meant to have said, when I was on the farm there were some sore times, and no doubt many a crying spell for the boy, and probably much more fun than he ever gave himself

credit for—although he did so want to go nutting with a boy of his own age, and a relative; but we don't know if he even proved fearless enough to ask. At any rate, he didn't go.

And there are incidents of all kinds throughout a whole year; now mostly forgotten. But we remember two that we must tell you of. I think he must have agreed not to eat butter while he was away, and on that account his grandmother—dear old lady—used always to have rich gravy prepared for him. We must do credit to these people both ways: for if I am writing a book that should be popular, then I will let them have one; justice, thus, is mine.

Once I was taken in a sleigh to school. To school, mind you! I was sent to school; and that was a very kind act, long to be remembered. It isn't every kinsman who would have done that. And a sleigh-ride, even once, speaks a great deal for that kinsman.

A DEEP-LAID PLOT!

Once I surreptitiously wrote a letter home, asking to return. I placed the letter into the hands of a faithful friend, who, with great foresight, never sent it! But I heard from the letter! and my kinsman, a very near one, said to me, that he thought as my father owed him something, I would do a little work to pay it.

Well, well! It's astonishing what words may do for

the sensitive mind; cuts and burns are something, but the mind seems at times to be more tender; and that remark was a fearful gash to my young mind.

In later years, when I think of families divided by the inequalities of wealth, I pity, with a kind of abhorrence, the meanness of the rich, which is often due to their ignorance, and I feel as if it would be pleasant, when they have taken the fine slice of the old homestead by ways unbrotherly and selfish—I feel it would do me good to see them go through just a few years of the hardest kind of poverty that they might have at least a little knowledge of how mean they had been in occasioning distress to others.

But what's the use? Their meanness is their own punishment: nature isn't cheated one solitary atom; you may cheat the gallows or the penitentiary, but old Dame Nature will have her pound of flesh every time, as surely as a stone falls to the ground. But, thank the Lord! generosity gets its own just as surely.

A WEDDING.

And now I am about to relate a little incident that the angels might envy. You also will notice how it must have gone to the heart of a poor lonely boy, away from his home for about a year. There had been a marriage: the intelligence was brought to us before the occurrence by the kinsman aforesaid; he called us into

the little parlor and told us that we were about to have a new. . . I am not telling you who this kinsman was, so you can put in the word yourself.

And so, there was a marriage. They were all people who were comfortably off. But a funny thing was the bridegroom taking a jug of molasses on the wedding day for a present to the bride or her family—I hope it wasn't the only present he gave her!

A DAINTY ACT.

I went—about twelve miles—with the bridegroom in his little, high, open buggy, and behind his good little horse. I came back with another kinsman, down the smooth turnpike at a rattling pace. The couple went on a wedding journey.

As soon as they returned, I was done with "serving time," and about to come home. But before leaving, the bride was too busy to take her hands out the dough and shake hands with me, so she stooped down and kissed me: really, it doesn't seem now as if it were me at all; but it was.

And that little incident has remained as the pleasantest memory of that whole year. So we see what a force these little caressing factors are to make this old world cheerful and happy; factors that we foolishly look upon as of little or no importance; while, in reality, they are more important than all our big deeds

put together. Who, acknowledging the progress of humanity, can deny that peace is mightier than war, generosity than selfishness, love than hate? As a matter of fact, the whole world is working for love, fighting for love, living for love, dying for love. Is there anybody who is living and working solely for himself? If any such, they are the fewest of the few.

II

AND now comes school sometimes, and a little traveling sometimes, and a little work on our own account sometimes. On a wintry day—not merely pictured in a book, but the actual thing itself—we well remember crossing a mountain not a thousand miles from New York—as they put it in books—and my father was driving a wagon across the cold, desolate top.

INCIDENTS TO BURN!

And that ride! We both had to get out the wagon—it had a top to it. We walked behind. Even to this day it seems the fiercest and worst wind I was ever in.

And away up there—as you will often find if you go to such places—we found in that bleak and lonely region a house. We stopped there, I remember, and I think we must have stayed a good while and enjoyed that old mountain home. I am sure my father had quite a talk with the owner. I only mention it—no particular point about it, simply one of many peculiar ex-

periences passed through in lieu of being a millionaire! Don't imagine it necessary to "cruise round" very much to find such scenes; the poor boy has plenty of them—a good deal too many, in fact; so many that most of them are forgotten—as we forget the incidents in a hundred-page newspaper: how pleasant to forget!

But they toughen you—maybe make you too tough; so that you can't appreciate the frailer part of humanity, whose lives would have been crushed out if they had had the same experiences. Yes, they will efface the softness, the delicate touches that nature often gives, leaving, nevertheless, maybe, an undercurrent of pure, smooth water, even if the top be a little cold and icy at times.

CAN'T SNUB THE PAST!

Few men reach decided success of themselves; they have a generation to start them. Thus, a man who starts poor, usually has poor parents; which nearly always means that all their lives the parents have been poor; while he marches ahead, owing largely to the fact that he has a vast amount of wisdom imparted to him by his parents—they gained theirs in the hard toil of life, but have had none of the rewards it may be possible for him to gain, simply because he makes the best possible use of their hard-earned wisdom. This gives him great advantage over his fellows.

For a man to start in the battle of life not only poor but without knowing much of what life really is, must seldom mean less than a serious struggle with poverty. And many a man has thus found himself in the years of full manhood.

Not having felt necessity's hard pinch, and now finding himself without money, without a trade or a profession, and incapable of that serious daily drill which, in the prime of life, has become second-nature to the man with a trade—can we exaggerate the courage that, under such circumstances, faces life hopefully?

Now, in spite of everything he can do, the hard hits that such a man gets go directly to the entire family, and it shows his good sense if he lets the rough places be softened by the kind words and cheerful ways of children and wife: this he generally does, more or less.

DOUBLY SELF-MADE!

And so it comes about that your self-made man gets all this experience with almost the first breath of life. As a boy, he sympathizes with his parents in all their hardships and trials, and longs for the time when he may help them out of their discomforts and see them in good conditions.

Thus the poor boy has the experience of two lives incorporated into his one life; and when he grows to manhood's estate, he brings a fresh, vigorous mind and

body to do work his father cannot do; and with his father's wisdom and his own energy and experience, as well, he encounters men, armed as few men are unless armed with a similar start.

This was my case. My father had lived in the comparative ease and comfort of a fine rural home, knowing, as such men usually know, nothing of the value of money, nor anything of the hardships often necessary to pass through to get a few thousand, or even a few hundred, dollars—maybe more often than all, a few dollars—ahead.

HIS LITTLE EXPERIENCE

MEASURES THE WHOLE WORLD.

Nothing seems easier to the rich man or to the man with a few hundred dollars—though more likely the man with a few thousands or many thousands—than to get a little money ahead. The problem is beyond his comprehension, why a man his equal in character, mental capacity, and attainment, "honest, intelligent, and not afraid of work," should not succeed. He is sure, in fact, there is no such problem, it being too absurd for argument. And he never grows weary of showing how easy it is for such a man to become prosperous, writing, talking, and dreaming to that effect until it is so died-in-the-wool that nothing short of a mental earthquake would change his opinion.

As we unroll the scroll of incidents, fact, and princi-

ple let us see if we cannot bring that mental earthquake into action,—by allowing these factors to play their part, by challenging conventional ideas, and by intensifying our appreciation of armies of mankind, the peers of those who have reached the monetary ideal of success.

Not, however, to change the opinions of the hard-headed, cut-and-dried conservative. That would be a waste of time! They will do us more good as uncompromising opponents, who, by their very obstinacy, have a tendency to make others think opposite to themselves.

TRACING THE GOLDEN STREAM.

What we care to do, is to say those things that will make people who are poor appreciate what they have done in the world; to feel an interest in practical means for getting what is justly theirs; to see clearly that the difference between their poverty and comfort, or the difference between being out of work and having plenty of work, or the difference between the poorest wages and the first-class wages, may, generally speaking, be fairly measured by the robbery that civilization allows—and regards upon the average—as perfectly lawful and proper.

But, going into the subject further, it must be explained that a new idea is not necessarily what its first

statement seems to make it. Thus, when we say that such an enormous robbery is taking place, one might infer that we mean that all rich people are robbers, and, being robbers, are as bad as we usually consider robbers to be.

"Won't do!" We must have charity to see things straight. Men can rob and be honorable as the world makes men, and love their fellow-men, too; *that* we may as well be assured of in the first place.

If you want to differ here, and say that no man can rob and be a man, or some such kindly speech, allow me to go farther and say that men can do anything from swearing to killing—what's war but murder by wholesale? and who denies that the noblest men on earth often have been soldiers?—can do anything, I say, and still be men, and good men, too.

GIVE BILLIONAIRES THEIR DUE!

But as to robbery. Suppose, when a child, we learn something in religion that in after-years we think untrue, were we doing wrong to act as we thought we should while a child? Robbery in our civilization presents the same idea: men never suppose it to be wrong,—are born to think is right,—I mean the robbery that takes the billions,—and live and die as good and honest as you or I may be.

We must take a reef in our animosity:—men lie in

business, but they are not very bad men, after all,—may be, indeed, the noblest of men, in other respects. But when custom sanctions anything, then we might as well acknowledge, at once, that the very best of humankind are as likely to follow that custom as any one else. Not only that; our robbers are more than egged on by us all. Granted that the robbery exists, who is it that does not want to be a robber?

Before you answer,—with too much alertness,—let us ask ourselves if we are not educating ourselves and the children of this generation as far as we can so that they may be in the shoes of the robbers, and rejoice in the fruits of the spoilsman.

CAN'T STOP!

And again, if you should demur, and say, "No, we are above that," let us, then, take note of the fact that we all want to get ahead; and if it be right to make millions, when a man has made one million it is as natural for him to want more as it is for him to want more when he has made one dollar, desire having no natural limit—as when we have "eaten sufficiently and drank the same."

Suppose me to be worth one million! If it is right that I should have that, why shouldn't I go on and be a second Vanderbilt? Or go ahead of them all, and get to be worth more than Li-Hung-Chang was, with his half-billion?

But here is the question, with you that are so prone to think you would act out the full measure of your belief. Where shall men stop in this race for wealth? Who can name the sum above that which it is robbery to take, and below that which is just? That's the question! And until that is settled you can hardly say a man may not go ahead and make all he can, even though you feel sure that somewhere he reaches a point that makes him a robber.

And so I say a man may be a robber and be a good man; and we can all see that some of the very best men that ever lived have been of the millionaire class,—Peter Cooper, for instance.

But let us continue our narrative: for we had just entered into the subject of the poor boy's position toward his father, and the fact that the boy combines the father and the son in one. We go back to our earliest recollection.

SADDLE-BAGS.

Being the oldest, we were, in a way, depended on; and we were rendered more independent and able to rely on our own resources a trifle better possibly than was the case with the younger members of the family.

And what does the resourceful memory bring up? Why, I am taking a ride behind my father, his saddle-bags on the horse, and fun alive on our part. And

then I remember his taking me out in the buggy,—city folks call it a carriage,—he taking me along to pinch him, as he said, to keep him awake. I expect I was a great little jabberer with him; but never, never with strangers. Once, when very little, I made the mistake of getting into a stranger's lap, thinking it was my father's; but when I found who it was, I jumped down like a shot.

Very early was I a partner with my father in the woes that beset a poor man as naturally as does the need of food to eat. And in this early day—when I could not have been more than six or seven years old—I went over all the country round about with him.

At this time, through a mishap in a little speculation, he lost about a hundred dollars; a friendly loan helped to tide over the difficulty—and I tell you what, a little money at the right time is like the cooling dews from heaven, and no mistake.

A PIONEER, NOT A MILLIONAIRE.

You see, my father was one of those men who started in life with two or three thousand dollars, goes out West, helps to start a settlement, has energy and push, could have been Judge if he had wanted to; then comes some hard, pinching times, and he sees his little stock of money pretty well mowed away; then he leaves for the East.

It is the lot of the poor man to be in debt, among his many struggles. Why, I am in debt, and am a young man. But I've been in debt a good many years. Still, it doesn't worry me. But if you, and you, and you will buy this book, and if it be a success, just come round and I will show you a receipt that will, for several days, make the man I pay hardly know whether he is himself or somebody else.

The strict letter of honesty is to treat the creditor fairly. Those who would exact more must be lacking in honesty themselves. Mark Twain paid off a great debt,—all honor to him. Had his work proved unsuccessful, would his sterling integrity have been less?

BARBARISM OR CIVILIZATION.

It is all very nice to have your fine-spun theories about keeping out of debt, but where would your banks be if they couldn't lend money? Where would your nation be if it couldn't borrow money? And should there be no borrowing nor lending in society?

Verily, saith the preacher, keep out of debt if you can; for it is a long ways from freedom; but don't test the tree of principle till the lightning strikes it—and you, too. However, all bad may be turned to good, and there are times when the noblest self-sacrifice is to keep in debt—remember that, Mr. Debtor, and Mr. Creditor.

Let me say a good word for the person I am owing. He has never sent me a bill, and it is well-outlawed by this time; yet that neither affects the justice of his claim, nor, let us hope, the steadfastness of my determination to be true to my obligation.

But here is the dénouement of this little story. Not long ago, in some trepidation, I called upon my creditor. Remarkable to relate, the circumstance was utterly forgotten; he even doubted my indebtedness! More curious still, he had sold out to an old friend of our family, who also knew nothing whatever of such a matter. So, here is a fix! When I become rich—through a splendid sale of this book—whom am I to pay?

Yes, my father—for the first twenty-five years of his life, and maybe thirty—never knew what it was to be in debt, but he was, indeed, a man of substance in the community, and being of one of the most energetic, thrifty, and well-to-do families of his neighborhood, was regarded with the esteem such circumstances merit.

MILLIONAIRE ANCESTORS.

His father owned a large farm; had been one of the early settlers, and was the kind of man that in a city would be represented by a millionaire to-day. And it was no more to him than it is to you and to me to be regarded as common every-day millionaires, our weary daily round the tread-mill of our counting-rooms!

All this the poor man understands: he knows how much he is respected, how much deference is paid him, how the man of wealth overshadows him in everything, how his children even are looked up to in spite of all we may say as to their putting on airs. That is forgiven—and pretty nearly everything else—on the score that they are of the good old stock; that is, of wealth and of good, solid standing.

Little does it all seem to such a man, as he gets along finely with the world—so far as its honor of him is concerned; little does it seem to him that he could ever be regarded in the light of a nobody so long as he is honest and does his duty by the world.

Little does he think that he could ever be considered even by the "four hundred" as one to snub with impunity. Oh, no! Your rich and comfortably-fixed man can never come to that. This world is for him, and he must live always far above that which the upper-crust of society regards with disdain.

Well, it's very nice to live as you want to, but there are some who are brave enough and have force of character enough to live and yet not live as they want to, but rather as a noble duty compels them to: my father was of that kind.

And it was my fortune to march side by side with

him, seeing him face blunders, trials, mishaps, and the "veering flaw" of life with imperturbable vigor and undaunted hope, relentlessly standing to duty. Do you wonder I think I may have learned something others have not learned? Do you wonder that, marching along, side by side till the father becomes a warrior, tried by many a battle, and the boy becomes a man and sees stringing along his pathway a seemingly-endless variety of experiences—do you wonder he thinks he may have picked up, here and there, some stray bits of information that might be entertaining?—or, a remedy for the injustice of his time being needed, he presents it to a waiting public?

Or, isn't it just possible that a mixture of wisdom may have lodged in his mind along with these divers kinds of experience: a rolling stone gathers no moss. No, but it may get an idea of the different kinds of mosses that would do its old sides good! and make the old stones that didn't roll fairly turn green with envy!

COUPLETS.

So our years of youthful life find many changes, and it is not all on the disagreeable side of life. Far from it! If you pass through the bad place, you will probably pass through the other, to make up for it; and who shall say that a calmness of life gained by continuous struggle and hardship is not in itself a magnificent pay for the tempest, storm, and turmoil of past trials?

But the dose has to be taken, my friend, or an army of conquerors will march past us! Ah, but the army we don't see, which too great hardship has destroyed! It has made a Lincoln,—but it doesn't make a jolly, happy, frolicsome fellow,—with a vacuity of knowledge seldom enjoyed by the poor man!

Let us score another point here: this sort of experience doesn't make beautiful women. I mean physical beauty. The beautiful woman must have the easier ways of life.

We don't care much for the men; they may look as they please, but the woman, with cheeks of the approved pattern for beauty and with generous physical adornment, has to say, "Excuse me from such a life; I'll take my beauty, and you can take the rough usage that scares beauty away."

FINE OR SUPERFINE!

It's worth stopping a second to note that fact. For, isn't beauty nature's last and finest touch? Then, isn't it very near the truth to look upon hardships, however developing they may be, as not quite so developing as a life that brings both men and women up to that last fine touch that gives beauty?

On the other hand, beauty of character is the real beauty; and no child ever thought less of its mother, and no man, either, because she happened not to be a beauty. Our deepest feelings of love find little place

in beauty, although it has its place in life, and shows us what nature can do when the proper conditions are provided.

And so the warfare of life marches merrily on; and now, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, recounting the years of life in our boyhood-history, we find ourself in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. If you wish to know whether this be strictly a fact, you will find—if you look it up, and guess my age correctly—that at the date of which I speak it was one of the hottest seasons for that time of the year,—the first week in June. See what a memory *I* have!—the way with all great men! I ran out, and found the road very hot to my bare feet. Swimming in the river, I saw a man putting a screaming baby into the water; it seemed very cruel—better to start in shallow water. And here it was I took my first and last glass of beer.

THE LAST.

We were staying over a saloon. Going down-stairs, I met there a young girl, whom I asked to get a drink of water. She probably thought she would do me a great favor, and went into the cellar and brought up what I supposed was a fine glass of cold water, or maybe I thought it was a glass of soda water. At any rate, I didn't wait long on ceremony, and half a glass was gone before I knew it! Whatever it be to you, to

me it was fearfully tasting stuff!—and what a surprise! As I don't suffer in such a way as to need a "spring medicine," or seem to require my blood purified, thinned or thickened, I am sure you will excuse me if at the magnificent collation given in my honor I only touch the glass to my lips!

And that reminds me that my father did not have a constitution made of iron; precisely as I have said of other experiences, his sons got the benefit of his hard-earned knowledge—he was never tired of drilling them on the usefulness of good health and the proper means of retaining it. Imagine what a brilliant child I must have been, with eyes like the gleaming sunshine! But much care and study was necessary to gradually develop the frail child that he might some day be able to compete with the master-minds of his age!

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Why, when I first saw the light of day nobody thought I would live. And I would have been with the angels long ago, instead of having to wait to join them, if my mother hadn't put her mind on matters and studied and learned and read while doing her own thinking.

Aye, it's no fun I'm telling now: no doctor's prescriptions kept me alive. And I can well remember when I was not much over four years of age, being put into a wet-sheet pack!

That is not a bad beginning in itself for hardship; but that baby was brought into this world to stay here; and stay its mother was bound it should, or she would know the reason why.

And, rather than trust that baby's life to the tender mercies of strange doctors and much stranger prescriptions, she learned the reasons. For no doctor that ever lived could come within miles of understanding the cases of strange children as a mother can understand her own child when she is bound to learn and to be herself the doctor.

REPUDIATION.

Well, if I don't owe about ninety per cent. of what I am to my mother, nobody does; and, to tell the truth, I owe as much to my father; nothing being left for a self-made man but a big debt; and I might as well own that I'll never pay it.

As I said before, in this hot part of the year occurred my birthday,—to let you a little further into family history,—at Bethlehem; and there, with two hundred dollars of my father's money, a partner left him.

That isn't much,—as a poor Irish girl once said to me of a thousand pounds a year. No, but what would it have been to her?

It's like a relative who once said that she and her husband lost everything, and had to start over again

with nothing—nothing! and they had fifteen hundred dollars to start with.

It's like Rockefeller's saying that if he were a young man again, and started with a hundred thousand dollars, he would know just where to place it to get rich! I challenge Mr. Rockefeller's statement; a young man should have a million to start with!

MILLIONS AND DIMES.

Two hundred dollars,—not much? What is your head worth? One head in a thousand isn't worth much: what would it ordinarily count for in an army? But one head to the man who owns it is worth about all there is in this world or any other. And the loss to my father was as much as to a millionaire to lose his entire fortune.

Once, when buying a carpet, the salesman said he should not think it would take a great while to select thirty-five yards of carpet. One doesn't always answer back, as now and then it would be good to, but I felt like telling him that it was not the amount that counted —a man might have but three or four children, but they were more precious to him than a whole nation of other children.

There is no sum that is small in this world to those who can't get it; and the widow's two mites may have been more to her than twenty millions to a Vanderbilt.

We are too ready to grant that things are important according to their size. I, for one, contend that a President of these United States doesn't begin to exercise the ability that many a man has demonstrated in his own family. Nor is it required of him. And the honor is a thousand to one with the man who has been the true, righteous, and self-sacrificing father.

In the one case, the man is trotted out before the world for a little four, or possibly eight, years; in the other, the majestic hand of God himself numbers out the years or minutes that have been as years in the character-building for himself and family.

Honor! And the idea of dropping your own name, the title-deed, as it were, to all you are, for that of Mr. President! High honor, that position should be more than manhood, a place than the man.

The Lord made man, but I never knew He made him President; and I, for one, put a man before any position on the face of God's footstool. Isn't that right? But now to get back to our story!

III

AND now we slip through a few years and are at school; say, for about a year and a quarter. We had had a little training from time to time in school, as well as when working for our kinsman in the West, and were quite well up in arithmetic; so we started in next to the highest class in the public school.

THE MAYOR AND I!

This was in Newark, New Jersey. The principal was mayor of the city for a number of terms afterward. Some years after leaving school, we visited him and the school, and he had us recite. We gave them Darius Green and the Flying Machine. My impression is that it went off very satisfactorily—and children are keen critics! But the best thing was when he told the school, as he brought me forward, that he wanted to show them the kind of young men that graduated from his school. Of course, I felt quite proud of that.

Later, I called on him while he was mayor. He told

me a good deal about the kind of work he had to perform as mayor, and what a horde of politicians he had to manage, and how they would do anything to get into some little petty office.

He said the worst trouble he had at first was when his opponents made cutting hits at his honorable school-teaching record. And he said that reporters would say the worst possible things about him, yet the very next day be in his office in spite of all they said, and that he had to treat them as pleasantly as a basket of chips.

AT THE TIP-TOP.

We must have pitched-in pretty hard in school, for we passed into the next class at the beginning of the year, and we had been there only a quarter, or not much longer.

In this highest class was a boy who had been in it a year. I am sure he was sharper than I, but the worker, you see, will get ahead. On a rather close shave, I got through that class and took the examination all right for the High-School.

But that boy didn't get in. I remember his father was to give him a gold watch if he got through. What a prize that seemed to me! But it takes something besides gold-watch prizes to make one study; and that boy was always having some trouble or other with the teacher. I can see him now, slamming down his books

and throwing his head on his arms on his desk, crying mad. Some would say: he is seeing his happiest years!

Well, that boy had good stuff in him; very different from myself,—to his advantage, no doubt; and I expect he has made a first-class business man;—for the student and the man-of-business are seldom united in one and the same individual;—and could buy and sell me over again a few thousand times. In school, punishment was his daily portion. I was punished but once; then I was kept in for ten minutes. I cried over it: it seemed I ought to cry, for one thing; and as a boy—even a pretty big boy—I found crying easy,—maybe I enjoyed it! Then it was such a disgrace for me to care so little about my parents and for my studies that I should have to be punished, even if only for talking in school-hours. That was the only time; but it made me careful never to be caught speaking.

NOT ON MY HEAD!

The only other punishment I ever had in school, so far as I recollect, was when out West I was made to stand before the entire school. That time I think it was for playing: I have an impression that I had a little playmate, whom,—by the proper kind of nudging,—I started to laughing during school-hours. But I was found to be the real culprit.

Some self-made men think that they alone have done

it all when they can point to supporting themselves at college. Why, I should have tumbled over myself with perfect joy if I could only have been free to do that. That would have been grand indeed!

But many a poor boy knows a sacrifice far beyond that. He must work that those dear to him may not be too hard-pressed; and he never thinks of supposing that he would leave the rest of the family to paddle for itself while he swims clear and free at school.

I don't think vanity will be scored against me when I say that, after coming out of school, I went through an entire algebra alone, and was as much fascinated with it as one could be with a novel.

ADDING THOUGHTS.

But it seems to me very much as if thinking out any kind of a problem had a good deal of mathematics about it. You have to add and subtract, put this and that together, and multiply, and almost divide, too. Then, as in algebra, you have the unknown quantity to arrive at half the time, if not a great deal more than half the time. What is every bit of experience but the answer, or the repetition of the answer, to some unknown quantity or question?

I am glad now I never went to college. For, in the broad pathway of life that leads to liberty and democracy, which makes us understand, sympathize, and

helpful to each other, I am sure that the college teaches us as much to unlearn as it does to learn; that is, to put it with the egotism I feel: if I had gone to college I don't think I should have known as much as I know now!

To say what you feel once in a while, does you good; so let egotism have its innings, like the remainder of our qualities: all are good in their place; why not egotism?

"CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!
GOES THE TYPE IN THE STICK."

Getting along in years now!—fifteen, sixteen; can't stay at school; can't go to college, can't stay at home and not work—must learn a trade. For a time we work at miscellaneous printing. It runs in the family, you see! printing, writing, and things of that nature.

Finally, in that meandering course which one's history naturally takes, we start as a "two-thirder" in a printing establishment in the city of printers, New York; and there remained for two years.

But let us not miss another and earlier experience, lest you will think, as I loftily flourish the pen, that I know working people afar off, instead of as co-workers and friends. Must we not, through these incidents, happening alike to millions, practically judge of the righteousness or unrighteousness of our times?

We may well reckon their import; for theirs it shall

be to decree whether we are to remain a millionaire-loving people or forego that sentimental attraction!

But this other experience was as a clerk in a store. Oh, yes! I clerked it for a time!—started in at three dollars a week, and was raised to four. But I left for some reason or other,—I don't know what;—and no matter. It was simply an incident, which, with a few changes in time, place and persons, would answer for a million in a great city—the Gordian knot of similar experience that binds a nation into one people with a brotherly appreciation of each other's circumstances.

FUN!

In the printing office, where I began practically to learn a trade, I had an associate,—Chapel. He wasn't much of a churchman, though; and there was Deacon, pious in name, but not in ways; he set type next to me, and he and I had great times together.

We used to tie the chair of Old Pop Sommers, when he was too busy to pay attention, and laugh!—well, I guess we did, as Pop would wriggle round and try to get off his chair, or, rather, wooden stool. I can see Deacon now, with his jolly laugh and goodnatured, ruddy face, with, of course, ample tobacco accompaniment.

Pop had worked on the "Post," and used to see William Cullen Bryant. When I asked him what he

thought of the great poet, he quite nettled me by saying that he didn't see much about him that was great. But that is always the way with people, according to the proverb: a man is never great to his valet; or possibly even the other proverb: familiarity breeds contempt.

We have Chapel, Deacon, and Dean. Dean was more like a churchman than any of the rest; he *might* have belonged to a church. The three church connections always struck me as a little curious. Then there was Ross; he was tall, and the thinnest young fellow I ever knew; such spindling little brown arms he had!

A JOLLY CREW.

Then there was Dave Van Sant, assistant foreman, and Mr. Robinson, foreman. Dave and I were great friends, though not so great as Deacon and he were. You see, I never drank anything, and so I never went out with them, but I had a genial and often rollicking time with them in the shop.

And there was Barkenheim. I know he won't thank me for more than telling his name! Poor old fellow! I don't suppose he is still in the land of the living; yet he might be. Barkenheim had the unfortunate habit of —I will explain without using the word; for it is not quite right to say it in polite society.

He used a little tobacco, and didn't care where it

went; and as he was generally cross it went sometimes on somebody if they were too near him. This happened in the case of the son of the foreman of the press-room down-stairs; or it might have been foreman in the job office, I don't know which.

Anyhow, you see clearly enough that it was far from a pleasant thing to do, even if the boy annoyed him a little. Ah, he made a mistake! That boy's father had the right sort of stuff in him! He was short and stout; the other, tall and thin. I don't believe it took him long to get up-stairs; and I guess it didn't take him very long to get into a fight with Barkenheim!

Well, he went at him for all he was worth; and I am very sure it served Barkenheim right. Dave came in and put a stop to the fighting, else I don't know what would have become of the poor old fellow. He had the worst teeth in the world; and I thought the pummelling must have hurt him pretty badly.

These were the men I remember. There were, however, a number of others that came and went. But these stayed about the whole two years I was there.

POWERFUL ON THE RETREAT!

Personally, I never had a fight. One thing was, I was mortally afraid; the other, I was sufficiently diplomatic, either with tongue or heels, to keep out, and seemingly without much loss of prestige among boys.

I remember my younger brother once having a little encounter of that sort, and I thought it was a wonderful occurrence. At another time, I was acquainted with a certain boy. We met another; and I think, by some chance, possibly intentionally, I laid down the gauntlet; for my friend got into a fight and told me it was my doings that led to it. But I am under the impression that that did not change our friendship.

"ALL THAT I AXED VOS, LET ME ALONE."

But the greatest fight that I didn't have was when we lived on the outskirts of Brooklyn; or what was then a little out; and with a boy near by—"Butt" Foggarty, by name; he was hump-backed. But I never thought of pitying him for that. He was the kind that some call a bad boy. No gentle injunctions against fighting had probably ever been his. He could get his crowd around, as you know the boys say. Both my brother and I were in terror of him.

Once, when my brother and I were a little distance from home, pushing the baby-carriage with a little baby brother in it, across lots, we saw Butt and his crowd aiming for us! If they had been a regiment of soldiers they could not have scared us more.

Away we went, making the best time on record, Butt and his crowd coming across lots after us. It was a run for life! And I am very happy to inform all inter-

ested that we came in well ahead; but I shall never forget that terrific moment when, in the distance we first saw Butt, the terrible leader of that brave and fearless gang! Still, as we came in first, we most certainly scored a triumph.

Ah, wo is me, for writing a truthful book! How fine it would be if I could tell of hair-breadth escapes and brave battles in which I was a hero; in which I never ran, but always got the best of the other fellow.

But, as murder will out, so will we out with the truth, hit though it may! Who knows but that great physical fear may lead to mental bravery? One must show some other side to counterbalance the weak side.

When a certain general wanted to have a man shot, he told Lincoln the man was a born coward. Lincoln replied—as you are probably aware—that if he was born so, that was a good excuse. Lincoln got the right-side-up-with-care of a good many questions, that's sure!

"HE RELATETH A GRUESOME TALE."

Well, sir, you would hardly believe it unless you knew me well, but here is my little story: When a small boy—let us hope ever and ever so small, and at a time, too, when the school-teacher called me her sugar-plum—to which I greatly objected—I was out skating on a little pond in a vacant lot.

The skates—which had been a present to me—I

wanted to keep, when up came one of those wicked street-boys, armed with a club. That bad, wicked, immense monster of a boy, what does he do but go for me and for those skates.

What was I to do? You can't run much with skates on, and you can't fool a good stout boy with hard head and hard sense, by any sort of diplomacy! You see my fix? Of course, I couldn't hit the boy; that would not be right, especially as he had a club!

My first thought, and the one no doubt on which I acted with great presence of mind, was to run; but on the bank there, the boy overhauled me and my skates—one, I think, I had off, and the other was taken off my foot.

Alas, alas! that I should live to relate any such incident, and in a book that my opponents can quote from for the rest of my days. Let us pass from these harrowing scenes and see what other events life has in store for us.

IV

TAKING the hundred-page newspaper as our guide for method (?), how accurately it conforms to the incidents of life.

Did you ever notice a cow or a horse eating grass? One would naturally say, how much better if they would only stick to one spot, and eat the grass off nice and clean. But they don't do that at all. They wander here and there, like a stream of water, nothing definite, nothing certain at all; one tuft of grass will lead them here, another there.

NATURE RUNS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE AT ONCE.

Isn't that like every one's life? No matter if we are in the same business from beginning to end, every day will bring some change even to the most monotonous existence in the world; none of us lives in one groove only, or does but one thing at a time; rather a million.

However, the change and diversity that would make a man a letter-carrier to-day and a wagon-maker to-

morrow are more marked than if he should always be a letter-carrier. Now, while I am at work at printing, another occupation looms in sight, that of operating a stereopticon, my father the lecturer.

Always progressive was my father; and many a time did he say if he could not give his boys a university education, he would do the next best thing, he would give them a desire to know something.

Ah, ha, I told you!—the poor man's hard-earned wisdom is used by his sons. That idea might be worth more to every boy in the land than all the colleges from now till kingdom come.

IT'S PRACTICAL.

You may say truly it would not make a college foot-ball player, but it will make a college scholar—I had almost said make him a scholar as surely as if he had never gone to college.

With varying success at other pursuits, this lecture field hove in sight, many a time, however, to be regretted by my father, he thinking that there was more money in something else: but shall a life be devoted to uncongenial pursuits when you can make a living and have a little happiness as well?

As I said before, there is everything to life when you begin to tell the story. And I've not the slightest doubt that every reader could tell just as good a one if

he or she were to sit down and put it into words. For ours the excuse: to cheer the reader over a rugged pathway.

There never was a life but it had a mighty and wonderful history if it could all be told; and that would be true even if we never moved from one spot.

Think of the old Quaker I once met on Long Island who had lived for sixty-three years on the same farm where he was born, then left it, after all. Why, I expect one could sit and listen to him for days as he told of incidents of his life,—all right on that one farm, that dear old place, sold at last because a railroad ran through it.

THE "HUB."

When I tell you my father started as a lecturer, you may think he had never tried that field before; but he had, or something akin to it, when, as I said, I went to Boston as a small boy.

I can remember going out of Boston during cold weather and standing around the stove in some hall. And, after the evening's work was over, I remember riding back in a cold horse-car—no elegant trolleys then.

The lady who played the piano for the evening's exercises had a rather queer name, Miss Schauneetzie —at any rate, that is the way it sounded.

And speaking of queer names, brings back an incident of babyhood, when Tom Gill Bride, a rollicking, good-natured Irishman, would lay on the floor, and, holding me up in his arms, get me to give the two little grunts that we sometimes use instead of the words "yes" or "no." No doubt he made me think I was making a fine speech!

Leaving Boston, at the early age of six or seven, for my trip south, I took up my residence in Brooklyn. There a teacher in a private school took me and all her scholars to see Pilgrim's Progress—the most marvelous, most brilliant, scene I ever saw, or ever expect to see in this world, whatever the other may have in store for me as to light and heat.

DAZZLED.

Such wonderful lights! Picture the most brilliant sunset you ever saw, then double it two or three times, and you have the panorama.

When in Boston, I saw another performance more dazzling than any ever beheld, except to the susceptible imagination to which all is new, and that was the Black Crook. And the girl that was a sailorboy! Standing upon the deck of the ship, surrounded by her mates, she left an impression of beauty more brilliant, if possible, than that of the beautiful maidens of to-day!

And this reminds me of another little episode about

beauty when I was a very little fellow. I was visiting my uncle, and there seemed to be a large number of ladies of varying beauty there; like a little rogue, I began drumming upon the window.

This was not right, to be sure, and the ladies began to talk about it; but I kept on. Finally, I offered to stop if a certain lady that I thought was the prettiest, would ask me to!

Somehow or other, I don't think she got so far along as to ask me to stop, but my impression is that my uncle made his appearance and the delightful tapping on the window-pane ceased; but the relation of the story to my father unfortunately turned the tide against me, and a sad repentance followed my misdeed.

WHO'S AFRAID!

I want to tell you how much was laid at my door, so to speak, when I was a wee boy. It was almost agreed at one time to leave me in the East with relatives; while the rest of the family went West some five hundred miles or so. I was about six years' old; and even to talk of it shows the tendency of early experience. Such things are what make one say that the poor boy has a slashing experience of life that the rich knows not of.

It might have been accounted for in this wise: If you have been a long distance from home you may have felt like saying, "Well, I'll be back here again in

a short time." And it often seems impossible, especially if one has spent some months in a place, to think that he may not return for years, and possibly never visit that place again, as has often been my experience.

Lecturing requires not only time and experience, but fame, to make it worth much to the one who lectures; and there was work in store for us with the stereopticon. We started; and at times no one could have asked for better success.

At that time stereopticons were more scarce than now,—although I am not a man over seventy-five years of age,—and we used large gas-bags, while now they are hardly ever seen, being replaced by tanks that hold the gas, just such as you often see standing near the man who turns on the colored lights in the theater.

SAFE AS AN OIL LAMP.

Those tanks have a pressure of about 225 pounds to the inch. But there are tanks that are made of steel and occupy only a quarter of the space,—maybe less than a quarter,—and have a pressure of two thousand pounds to the inch; probably as safe as most of the appliances of civilization—a railroad train, for instance, or an automobile.

We thought it necessary, at first, to get the lantern or stereopticon up high, so that it would shoot straight toward the center of the canvas, or pretty nearly so;

and that meant to put it up six or eight feet from the floor.

We built a great platform with boards, and made a good hard day's work, and often several days' work, for ourselves. And this, with the excitement that my father went through in his preparation for the lecture, proved very, very hard work. But faithful work is sometimes rewarded, in spite of all the world may do or say, and the entertainment was usually a pretty thorough success.

At one time, staying over-night with a minister,—in fact, the very house in which Cleveland was born,—I remember my father saying to him that he ought to be a very happy man with all his beautiful surroundings. But the remark did not please him, and he said that no one could tell what there was to the life of another.

SUCH A HOME AS MILLIONS SHOULD OWN.

Those were not quite the words used, but they express the purport of the conversation: I have always thought he got the best of my father in his answer. Nevertheless, he did have things in pretty good shape, and lived in a fine, large house.

Surely any man having attained to a comfortable home, a good salary, a wife and family, is weak indeed if he cannot be happy and face his battles of life courageously and in a cheerful spirit.

One can be happy and have nothing in the world—

no money, no property, no wife: I've tested that myself. And when they have much, what are they good for if they are not happy?

But, then, men only think they are not happy—like Bismarck, who said he never had more than twenty-four hours of happiness in his whole life. He was a better warrior than a philosopher, that's evident! Such a man had lots of happiness.

Why, he was probably happy in telling the reporter the little story of his unhappiness. What is happiness but the healthful exercise of our physical and mental characteristics? So that all who are in their right mind are having a constant sensation of happiness in the daily walk of life. Even the habit of whining over troubles of various kinds often becomes a source of happiness to people,—as counting his gold is to the miser.

ANGELIC BLISS ALL THE TIME.

If you are looking for some far-away vision of a heavenly happiness, an ecstacy such as has come to some people when joining the church, or such as a man goes through when he strikes a gold mine, or as Handy Andy felt when he became a lord, or as I will feel when the printing presses get too hot trying to supply the great editions of this work!—such happiness is of course a rare article, and would keep us in too hot a climate if it lasted long; twenty-four hours of

that kind of happiness might do as the royal pepper for a lifetime.

But we had many adventures. One time we cleared a little fortune in three nights; that was an inspiration; later we made half as much in one night—wish I could keep on writing about a great number of such nights!

And one night we gathered together all our things late, and stayed in the church all night. A policeman came in quite late, but, seeing us packing, he was satisfied. We were greatly afraid some one would find it out, though we put out the light and dozed by the fire, departing early in the morning without any notice being taken of our curious stop-over night.

But there was a "short, sharp shock" to many of the experiences I had with my father, and in many lines that made cuts that last, till you might think, if you were me, there would be no fun left in life. But it isn't so—and we don't think the world is as mean as all out-doors, either.

NO MONOPOLY ON YEARS.

Not by a long chalk! There are plenty of years ahead, and I guess we can be happy anywhere—the worst experiences make others easier; so can't we be happy as a hermit? happy on a farm, in the city, in society, or out of society?

I just guess we can! Can't we be happy, cheerful,

laugh and have a good time if this book sells? or if it doesn't? Why mention the last emergency? *There* there will never be a test!

Think I can't be happy unless I'm great? You don't know how good experience has been to me. I want to be President, why not? Can I be much worse than some who have been Presidents? Or I want to be a hod-carrier; which is best?

Climb to the top of a house all day, with muscles like iron—there's a man for you! What puny men have most of the Presidents been beside that sturdy monument to nature.

GLORIOUS!

Excuse me! but I didn't come into the world to cry my eyes out because I'm not an alderman! Can't we laugh while we "dig i' the earth," as the poet puts it, just the same as when sitting in a fine chair in an elegant room, with a darkey to adjust our coat, and another to fan our care-worn brow! and high and mighty functionaries with every title under the sun, all politely tipping the hat to us, and saying, "Mr. President!"—isn't the Presidential bee a-humming? Yes, indeed; for I am just one in fifteen million voters; and what a fine chance we've all to be President.

How will you and I act when we hear the word, "Next!"—to fill the Presidential chair? "Here's

me": Reduce salary to three thousand a year—enough for any man in this world of ours, and he can have "beef-steak and spare-ribs, too," right along. Live in a comfortable little house, like a white man; walk about the streets same as any one, and never wear a swallow-tail coat, a high hat, or be called "Mr. President!"

How's that! Wouldn't the high flumiky-flumiks of notables be shocked! We'd shock them, "sho's yo' born!" Sitting with our feet on top of the desk, we'd say: "Well, Mr. High Swellemme Swell, get right down to business, this is our busy day. Rush now! It isn't every day you can sit down by the President of these United States: and I want you to be lively!"

Of course, he might reply, as the Irishman replied to his bedfellow the Judge, who said to him, "You'd be a long time in the old country before you'd sleep with a judge." "Yes," said the Irishman, "and you'd be a long time in the old country before you'd be a judge!"

A STAMPEDE!

But wouldn't it be fine sport to fire the representatives of the trusts, corporations, and monopolies out the back door! And as the millionaires rolled in upon us, we'd split their ears with an Indian war-whoop, come down on our desk with a bang, slam the door with a crash, and tell them to "clear out, the whole kit and boodle of you: no more support for the rich, let

them feed themselves hereafter. Scoot!" With these imperishable lines of jolly hope, and with the hallowed loftiness of the Presidential aspiration, allied to the sacred joy of a certain future, my thoughts traveled as I entitled this work "Poor?"—a question-mark after the word; for who is poor? Are "The dear people of the United States?" is anybody? or are we all?

A Vanderbilt's mansion, and a railroad to boot! How much am I offered? And live as a Vanderbilt lives? Not so long as poverty is free! Think of a few of our greatest millionaires' estates and of the untold wealth embodied in them. Would you—"honor bright!"—have them as a gift?

"'FREEDOM!' THEIR BATTLE-CRY."

A hundred servants! Excuse me! Are we living as free men or slave-holders, if not slave-owners? I, for one, don't ask any man to stand behind me at the table and push up my chair for me to sit on: I at least try to respect my fellow-man, black or white. Besides, wouldn't such "courtesies" make the old-time slave-owner laugh at us?

Do you or I want the millionaire's magnificent lawns or roadways?—for their beauty? Why, the world is full of beauty never touched by the hand of man, and free as air.

Poor? Well do I place that question-mark there. I'd

like to see the man rich enough to trade with me! To be sure, he has security from want, but, then, I have security too: the poor-house has no terrors for me. Having done my part in the world; having let it rob me of many things that should have been mine; why not proceed to the poor-house as a king to his treasury? It is my right!

A little chance for improvement, the democracy of honest respect for your fellow-man, and isn't the poor-house superior to the most magnificent mansion ever reared by man, with a thousand servants to make a doll out of oneself?

"WHERE WEALTH ACCUMULATES AND MEN DECAY."

Poor? An independent man is never so poor as the man who has not earned what he possesses. The rich are born to dependence; not independence. They worship a grand, unfortunate, and ever-barbarous lie—wealth! Are men less than money? The man who looks down on one side and up on the other, as measured by wealth, doesn't know the name Independence.

Poor? Not so long as millionaires are called rich. What's the use of trying to make ourselves believe that robbery is the capstone of liberty or of happiness? If millionaires and millionaire-living is right, then liberty is but a pitfall and a snare for the unwary.

If we want to live as millionaires, if they give us

our ideal, then the poor man should never complain of his poverty: he but worships the results of his poverty.

"No, Sir ee, bob tail!"—as we boys used to say when we were very sure of ourselves. Remember the boy who timed ten minutes to a very few seconds before a jury, the time he said he had taken to get a pail of water, his foot dangling over the arm of a chair with easy confidence? "Don't you think you've pretty nearly drawn that pail of water?" the lawyer said in a few minutes.

"Nope!" said the boy: and he never budged till the time was up, lacking but a few seconds.

HERE'S LUCK TO US ALL!

But to continue: I am the rich man, and the millionaire is the poor man—that's where the truth is! Let him ride in his fine sleigh, with bells a-ringing, yet the very zest of life is destroyed by having a surfeit. Ho, for a life of energetic activity! 'Tis a million to one, as against the delights of the satiated rich.

The man who has luck, the man who has all the chances of life thrown in his way, is the one born with the golden spoon of necessity in his mouth; born to appreciate character—character, not wealth; born to labor—the talisman to all that is good, the open sesame to the only happiness that this world contains.

Luck, luck! I'm on the mountain-peak of it, while

the millionaire, with his burden of magnificence, is struggling over the cobble-stones in the valley.

Poor? Well do I say it; and I repeat it here. Am I a pauper who can say I have aught that some poor, struggling chap has earned? Destitution and misery can't point to me and say, "I am supporting you."

Let the millionaire envy me; let him wish for my berth in this world; let him long to be rid of his millions that he may be a man; let him know that he is selling his birth-right to liberty for a mess of pottage.

Let us remember that no robber-baron, either past or present, ever yet lived in a style so magnificent, so gorgeous or grand as to compare with that of an independent man who earns an honest living.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI OR THE NILE.

We live: let the world move on. "It moves on," said the poet; but where will it move if it doesn't grant these precepts as truths? It will move to Egypt, to the Pyramids. But it will move, and will move on as I am telling it to—so great am I, and so little is the world.

But, possibly, even I, little as I may be, can see the side of a barn-door, and seeing it, also discern the truth, that is just as plain: that no robber equals an honest man, and that making other men poor will never—as there is justice, righteousness, or truth in the universe—make those happy who accumulate great

riches. And no means are known to man whereby great riches can be accumulated other than that of making other men poor.

Let us then leave the rich man's mansion as we would leave some gilded cage: the home of slavery, the cause of misery, the knell of liberty.

Let us leave it with a sort of joy, withal: what we can't have, we don't want; a genial smile, in which the scorn doesn't come to the surface, and with the gentle assurance in our hearts that some day all these magnificent mansions "reared by dedal Jack" will make fine institutions of public resort.

And surely the public ought to have fine libraries and beautiful buildings to visit now and then, if only to see what their neighbors can do in the way of handicraft in wood or picture or stone.

And now let us take a short glance through a mansion that neither millions nor billions can buy; one that has been more gorgeously furnished by poor men than by rich men—that mansion, if you please, is the mind.

"MOVED UP INTO THE NEW."

Upon opening the door of experience, we find again the stereopticon; it is taking our attention; and, having become an expert, I receive a "handsome retainer" for an evening's work. But I didn't receive it very regularly. I illustrated for learned professors

and men of much ability in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Steinway and Chickering Halls, and Cooper Union, New York, as well as in other cities.

But, as I say, the income was intermittent, and other and less agreeable occupations seemed often to loom as a duty. However, with my clothes for my real-estate and my imagination my salary, I was "well fixed."

But, who knows, maybe this book will be of sufficient interest to make me a multi-millionaire, when I will hob-nob only with the "F. F. Vs!"

BEAT THE DUTCH!

The only miss I ever made in illustrating a lecture was at a famous hall in New York City. A somewhat irascible, but very able, man was the lecturer; and, after a steam-engine talk for about twenty minutes—he could beat any one I ever heard for talking fast—I heard a hiss in the lantern.

I looked in, and the gas-pipe, near the tip where the gas comes out, was burning away. That was a fix! I shut off the gas, and turned it on again very soon,—only to make matters worse, and render it impossible for me to go ahead.

I informed the lecturer, whereupon the people were dismissed and the lecture postponed. Being one of a course of lectures it was not so serious as it might have been. My father was with me,—my especially good

fortune, for, to me, it was a fearfully nervous affair,—and helped to mollify the lecturer's anger. He kindly informed me afterward, his disgust and fury were so great he could almost have wrung my neck.

But I really was not to blame. For, in having the jet recently fixed, there must have been a small hole left in it near the tip; and, as you may be aware, the oxy-hydrogen gases produce one of the hottest flames known, so when the tip-end became very hot this little bit of a flame must have become jealous and spoiled the performance.

Some one in that distracting moment was mean enough to say I ought to have had two gas jets, but I should as soon have doubled anything else. Such an accident never happened to me before or since.

"THE CANNON'S OPENING ROAR."

This lecturer was, in my opinion, the most brilliant man I had ever illustrated for. At first I was nonplussed at his imperious manner and avalanche of words; but he, too, had his vulnerable points, and I finally got the best of him—really a great triumph!—a little the best I ever had in dealing with men.

At first he seemed to think the best way to deal with me was continually to owe me for a lecture or two. Finally, he owed me for two lectures, and one was soon to be given.

A friend was sent to get some money, without suc-

cess; then some one else went, and one lecture, I think, was paid for.

Then I sent him word to pay me for the lecture owed and for the next one in advance, and, in the future, to pay always in advance or I would not illustrate for him any longer.

That settled it! I was paid. I must have been a pretty good hand at the work; for one would think he must have done his best to get someone else; but experts were scarce then.

The most surprising part of it all was that always afterward that man treated me in the best manner possible. But, then, I never "let go my hold" by treating him too respectfully, as was my inclination.

A GOOD PUNCH.

Once I met the great man on the Brooklyn Bridge cars. I asked him something about the number of lectures he had to give, and he named some immense number, and I punched him in the ribs as I laughed at him. I've often thought of that punch, and how much I had become master of the situation.

A man who had been janitor for this lecturer in a certain small place told me that he was once standing on the sidewalk, and the lecturer aforesaid beckoned to him in an imperious manner, while some rods off, saying, "See here!" But the man told me he said to him,

"It isn't any further from you to me than from me to you!" So he met his match that time.

I met him once in Broadway. "I see you are as cheeky as ever!" he said; and, after a few pleasant words, we were about to part; as I held his hand to say another word, he pulled it away, saying, "Don't hold my hand!"

I wasn't altogether pleased with that, so I turned and caught up to him and said, "Where are you now, doctor?" That was a little indefinite, to be sure, but I meant to ask for his address.

He said, "I am here!" That was not indefinite. "All right," I said, and I turned on my heel and left. I can't say that was getting the best of him, exactly, but it was better than the first parting. That was the last time we met.

THE PRESIDENT.

The stereopticon enabled me to travel quite a little, as well as come in contact with men of ability and some men of even national reputation. The first man I illustrated for was not only thoroughly democratic, but remarkably genial and kindly, and through his kindness and interest I was introduced by him, while in Washington, to the President; and I am quite certain that he paid for my excursion to Mount Vernon.

I am glad he is still living, though pretty well along

in years, and if this book isn't too radical for him, maybe he will read these lines.

I have had the pleasure of reading a few pages to him, and he encourages me very much—a remarkably bright and intelligent man, and his encouragement adds a genial spark of hope.

He says he thinks he strikes pretty nearly the truth in thus reassuring me. In time we shall see how good a judge he is. But a genial word is always good,—pretty nearly the greatest and the best there is in life. He gives the work a strong word of criticism; but there, we naturally think he is a little mistaken!

PREACHING THAT PAYS.

But of many incidents with the lantern, none ever made me so nervous as the one I am going to relate: I was to illustrate a lecture for a preacher of note, a ten-thousand-a-year man. I had illustrated several lectures for his wife. The church was a fine up-town edifice in New York. Now, you know, if I didn't have my cylinders I could do nothing—no gas, no light.

So, at five o'clock, when I left the church for my home in Brooklyn, to accommodate the preacher's wife by lending a few especially fine views she desired her husband to use that evening, I stopped on my way to see about the cylinders, and was told they had been sent and should have arrived, that they would be on hand without fail.

By seven I had returned—no cylinders! I walked up and down outside the church. Seven-fifteen! I must go and see what's the matter; but cylinder-place is well down-town. Will hire a cab.

The cabman said it would take an hour at least to go there and back. I speak to the telegraph-man, but he said no return message if no one there, and they might be shut up.

I have no money; I borrow of the lady, who, when I said the cylinders were not yet on hand, didn't seem to care at all, putting such faith in my being all right, or it might have been but the habit of throwing entire responsibility on others.

RUSH!

About seven-thirty now!—lecture begins at eight. I go to Elevated, on the run; get to cylinder-place. They had just moved, and, more luck than a little, a workman is there by chance, fixing gas-machines.

At first he was doubtful about me, but my card with the names of really great people on it helped to reassure him; and, after waiting two or three very long minutes, he went up-stairs, tested two cylinders, to see if there was enough gas in them, and we set them outside.

I ran for an expressman, near by. He seemed to appreciate I was there under considerable pressure, and before I had time to catch my breath and tell him

what I wanted, he ordered a man to get his wagon around. He would have to charge a little extra, he said. I had, fortunately, just borrowed sufficient for the emergency. Then I ran back, got the cylinders, and saw that they were in the wagon all right.

Then I took the Elevated. When I got to the church I walked along a side aisle from the back to the front of the auditorium. There was an audience of, say, about fifteen hundred people, listening to the lecturer, who had been talking for a few minutes.

All that saved me was the fact that he had a short lecture before the pictures came on. At eight-fifteen the cylinders came.

UNDER WEIGH!

It was my practise to have everything ready and the picture focussed on the screen before the audience arrived; but this time I had the janitor turn the lights down slowly, so that I was focussing the picture as the lights went out.

And never a man was there that knew what that night I had been through!—as I think some poet puts it. If he don't, I will!

That was a lesson!—poor man's experience, don't you see? Who in that fine audience cared a cent for me? Not one! But suppose "yours truly" had not done his part? Then they would have cared for me

even more than for the ten-thousand-a-year minister, who, by the way,—let me say it for dear vengeance's sake!—gave the worst talk with pictures I think I ever listened to!

Some time after this I was in a church, talking to an old friend and compatriot; it was nearly eight o'clock; a large crowd was assembling. Noticing that I was wholly unconcerned, my friend could scarcely believe me when I told him the cylinders had not arrived.

I had learned a lesson which lasted; and that was, when I had done my part fairly and squarely, I would not worry or become nervous. This time the cylinders came to hand; with that one exception, they always did, even though sent several hundred miles from the city.

I might add, to complete the story—which is strictly true—of my nervous tension, that the cylinders that did not arrive, were sent to the wrong place.

V

I WAS—as I said in the preceding chapter—illustrating for a ten-thousand-a-year man. Only a few can receive such a salary, although it is said there are five thousand millionaires in the United States; their incomes are, of course, many times that amount.

ON STILTS.

This particular man, however, had the big-head. I knew two other men of national reputation similarly affected. Still, it seems that only a few of our really great men have had that weakness. With the others, it is simply that they think they are great. They have ability, it is true, but they develop an overweening idea of what they are; they are spoiled by too much adulation and praise.

If these men are right in thinking so much of themselves, then this book is all wrong; for they think they are the kings of the earth, and that they deserve the well-earned deserts of kings, of great ones, of the

potentates of the world. To them the masses are nobodies; and if there be no greater equality between themselves and the masses than they think there is, then it would seem that our opponents have a strong argument for leaving things as they are.

If the great leaders of society—the kings of the world—are all they are cracked-up to be, then we may say, with considerable truth, that millionaires usually are abler and better men than others, and they deserve what they get.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

Let us look into this, if we can, and really see how the matter stands. I contend that the poor and the obscure are the really great; that they have been the real movers of the world, the real patriots, the real magnificent personalities, the men and women of principle, the forces that have made the world advance; and, as a consequence, that they should be a well-to-do portion of the world.

The leaders, I contend, have had so much applause, so much to coddle, pet, and encourage them, so much of the enthusiastic encomiums of the world,—and generally so much of temporal gain,—that the highest and most exalted greatness of character is never attained by them.

Now if any one, assenting to this without a word,

says, "Oh, yes! I never think the great people of the world are just what the world says they are; their abilities are always exaggerated," allow me to say, that is not my contention at all.

I grant that the great man has much natural capacity and skill in his line; or that President, king, or grand duke is a fairly-good man, and that we like to give credit for meritorious work by shaking hands with them, or with some great reformer whose deeds thrill us with a holy frenzy; but we should also go across the way and say:

THE PLUMB STRIKES BOTTOM.

"Jones, I want to shake hands with you, here; for forty years you have been struggling with the world; neither sickness, poverty, nor any trial has served to do more than make a better and greater man of you; shake, my friend! Let them talk of their Cæsars, Alexanders, their Washingtons, or their Shakespeares, but you have proved yourself as good a man, as noble a man; therefore, as a factor of a marvelous and ever-advancing humanity, you are as genuinely great and as practically useful a man as any of these, no matter if we all drop down on our knees to worship them."

You perceive my problem. Simply to abstract a "national reputation." Well, then, to proceed:

Let us take, for illustration and example, a man we

all know almost as well as a brother, especially if we have read much of his life and appreciate and understand the nobility and grandeur of his character, which shown out with the every-day actions of the man; a man who was indeed great by all the canons of greatness, even that of his censors, critics, and direst enemies. That man was Lincoln.

Not for a moment would we say a word that would belittle our highest estimate of his character or career.

We should rather increase, and vastly increase, that estimate; for, not as a representative of inferiors was he great, of people with no kindred qualities, but as a representative of equals, of millions of human beings whose lives, like his own, were a ready sacrifice to freedom.

BOYS MUST BE BOYS.

We all know that Lincoln started as a poor boy, writing on a board shovel and shaving it off for a new slate. We all know, too, that somehow or other he conceived the idea that he might, and should, become more of a man than those he was surrounded by; that he should not be satisfied with the small attainments of the poor boys around where he lived, but should aspire to something more.

The other boys in that neighborhood had no such aspiration or feeling. Do you think it would be any better for the world if all the boys had that kind

of desire? Why, there would be no boyhood at all; the boys would be all old men. It is all right to have one once in a while take such a course; for he can breathe in the natural atmosphere of boyhood, even if he doesn't enter into it fully himself.

Boys are boys; and I think the boys in that neighborhood were just as good or just as bad as boys usually are, and they had a jolly good time of it, and were not quite so sober-sided as Lincoln,—surely nothing against them, nor was it in his favor.

Of course, it was to a degree only that he was less boyish than other boys; but it was to a degree; for he was more studious under the inspiration, first, of his mother, then of as noble a step-mother. Again, very early he gets the idea into his little head that he might be President some day. What a good boy!

Let us see; President: "guess I'll have to study and make a man of myself."

AMOUNTED TO MEN.

What was the matter with the men around where he lived? Well, they were not Presidents—that is one sure thing. Were they good? Oh yes! they might be good enough, so far as they were concerned; but they didn't have the education; they only lived in a little back-woods' community, and didn't amount to much.

But will his character be any better for being a Pres-

ident than for being a good farmer? Hardly. Any more generous? Any more noble? Any more force? Hardly.

"A purty President you will make!" say the girls of the neighborhood; for, boy-like, and also no doubt as a joke, he tells of his ambition. The girls were right. How could such a great, lanky boy be President!

Finally, we see him as a flat-boat man. Why not a farmer, like so many others of his neighborhood? Surely, farming was as good an employment as boating. Well, he didn't care for farming and farming didn't care for him, so a-boating he went! and there were good times.

A BOOMERANG.

We have two rules to go by: one for ordinary mortals, the other for the extraordinary kind of human beings: one to use before, and the other after, greatness is attained.

When the son of an ordinary man, instead of working like a good, steady individual on the farm, works in an intermittent manner, we say he is not doing right, that he is becoming a worthless fellow, whom we heartily despise for his laziness.

But if he becomes great, we say, "Oh, well, that was only his way!" It's like the engineer who runs

on the "green,"—as they call a half-danger signal; if he makes good time, all right, but if there is an accident, wo be it to him!

The position that a man occupies toward society is what makes him great. We don't think of calling a man great who has not attained, as we say, distinction. A lazy boy invented one of the greatest appliances of the steam engine,—an automatic steam cut-off —and is discharged for his laziness! Whether true to history or not, the story is true to fact in thousands of cases. If the inventor had simply associated his name with his invention, the world would have called him great; but he performed the work, although he missed being canonized, and was denied any profit. I'm not sure but that it ought to be called "Inventors' justice!"

A NEW DEGREE.

Society is the measure of greatness. This great conglomeration of individuals,—running like ants, hither and thither; running over each other's tracks in an interminable, ceaseless, and, it would seem, useless manner,—this society may confer the degree of greatness upon men simply because it has numbers.

Society can not only confer this degree, but to its great men it delegates power. When a man is known to a million men, he commands, to a certain extent, that number of men in the lines of his greatness.

He directs, instructs, or commands under their superior command, dictation, or desire, and helps them to unify their own desires expressed through him.

But numbers do more than cause the great man to command; they compel the direction of his life.

All great men that ever lived worked along the lines that the people wanted them to work on, or they would never have been heard of.

Take a great astronomer of some past age. His fame was caused by the fact that large numbers knew him, and these numbers focussed upon him the natural desire in human nature to advance, thus giving him a mighty power to check superstitious ideas.

And the reason his work made him great was because he either consciously or unconsciously worked along the lines of the people's desire for knowledge.

But when the old-timers and new-timers have clashed, the fact of his being the eye-and-ear-center of so many, has often meant his martyrdom.

NUMERICAL STRENGTH.

Now look at Lincoln. He could have done nothing but for the greatness that society thrust upon him. Not only that, but he couldn't have led society by as much as a single hair, except by its own dictation.

Suppose he had said, "Here, I am a great man, I can do great things. I shall down this whole business of war at once."

Could he have done anything? Not a mite! He had to do what the people made him do, or get out of office; and get out quick. But, more than that, he was made by society, or compelled to make himself as society wanted him to, to have ever filled the position.

Likely as not he would not have been worth his board as a farmer; and certainly he didn't prove a great success as a store-keeper, but steering down the Ohio, in his flatboat, and leading a careless, easy life, he tells the boys such good stories that he attains to the first essential of greatness, from the standpoint of reputation; that is, he gets an audience;—more than just a few people to know him, and he to know them.

At last, having struggled to do what society bid him to, in order to fill its position,—that is, become intelligent in its ways, know the world, and love the people, and understand their hearts,—society now says, "You say the word, and we will do the rest."

FELLOWSHIP VERSUS WORSHIP.

Again, let us say that the justice of this argument does not take a particle off of the true ideas of Lincoln's greatness; it, rather, adds immensely to it.

When we say Lincoln was a great man, what do we mean? The grandeur of life of any human being is to be great in character. What more? He did his work well, and was world-renowned.

Let us turn out the stone image and bring in the neighbor and friend; let us remember him not as a figure-head, but as a man, a man of keen insight, who could discern afar the lines on which to work, if he was ever to be President—the lines of society's demands.

But far above all that toadying estimate, guided by his position and power, is the simple fact: he was a noble specimen of the human family.

The greatest leader of men must be the very best possible in himself; by which I mean that, as a man among men, he was a square man, neither better nor worse than many other men just, fair, and square; but an all-around good man, with failings and noble qualities like thousands of others; all in all, a good man.

"HEARTS OF OAK."

"That's just what the people demand. Your great leader can't be a little, miserable, scheming political trickster. Why? Because the people themselves are greater at heart than he, and they quickly discern true worth. They know and feel genuine strength and sympathy, nobility of soul, grandeur of character of those who are like they are.

The people are good, no matter what you say or think of this individual or that who gets the best of you. We must mix a little god-like sympathy with our estimate.

Upon the average, the bad is overbalanced by the good, else we wouldn't advance; and if true of the average, why not true of every individual, had we the understanding to comprehend them? The people, then, recognize these better qualities in some men, as against the hidden ones in others.

At any rate, it is simply a fact that the greater the leader, the more nearly he attains to what might be termed the standard character of the times—and that would seem to hold good for a Cæsar, an Alexander, or a Napoleon.

A Nero must have represented a brutal people—to-day we wouldn't abide him for an instant. Even an inventor must have his age. Put Edison with his phonograph in Nero's time, and off his head would have come!

Lincoln, the people's greatest representative, had an all-powerful sympathy and an all-powerful keenness of insight into men, pounded into him by tough experience.

"'TWAS WHISPERED IN HEAVEN,
AND MUTTERED IN HELL."

This good man had the good sense to act out just what I am saying. He had the position, he had the training; and now he had the next thing: that is, he never made a move but he was sure he heard the still small voice of the people whispering in his ear to do it.

And, in this respect, he had the most acute ear for hearing of one man in a thousand.

The people then did their part, choosing their own pathway, and centering their efforts through their guidance of the great man. And on these lines, without wavering a particle, we have the greatest war of modern times.

In the South it was precisely the same as in the North, only the South had no man quite so great as Lincoln, because it had no man who so thoroughly expressed the last desire of the people, nor whose patriotism rose to so high a point of unselfish denial for the sake of the cause.

To be at the top, and, at the same time, to forget oneself as if he were at the bottom—would seem, let us say, to be the highest point of greatness of character, united with greatness of position: Lincoln, therefore, came as near that point as any man could.

"OYES! OYES! OYES!"

And now let us ask, What is the use of all this argument about greatness and position?—merely to prove that every day we are passing Lincolns on the street; to show that the people are vastly superior to the usual belief in them; to stand for manhood and not for caste; not to belittle true greatness by cheating humanity; not to uphold the undemocratic, superstitious, self-

conceit of position, as against the grandeur of the human soul.

When the people's desire is strong enough, it ushers in, ever and always, the champion of that desire; and he never did, and never will, and never can, by any possibility, do anything but what they want him to do. His greatest power consists in his focussing their ideas, expressing their wishes, expressing the united thought or wish of the people better than other individuals can express and focus them.

But it is the people's wish—these masses, these all of us—that must be carried out; and the people's representative simply holds the wand that we tell him to hold ; while we do the work ourselves.

Our Lincolns are great in character only insomuch as they are noble men; great in name only by society's making; great in power for good or evil only by society's power for good or evil.

OUR SHARE OF GREATNESS.

Stripping from greatness all that which is reminiscent of our barbarian delight—its grandeur, éclat, and magnificence of power—we then may say, all this we must place to the credit of the people.

Then we may shake hands with the street-sweeper or scavenger, and say, " As far as that greatness which made Lincoln's name shine before the world is con-

cerned, you are as well-entitled to consideration as he; for that was your gift, and my gift.

"As far as that greatness which made the world love him is concerned, you may have every jot and tittle of a right to that as well as he." What more? Well, we are willing to acknowledge that nature does a great deal for men, and that she did much for Lincoln, as she did for Napoleon, Mozart, Michael Angelo, or Shakespeare.

But we have, with one and all, been so dazzled by what we, the people, confer upon them, that we have forgotten ourselves, and their one talent has been multiplied infinitely beyond its true value.

We conclude, finally, that, in the majesty of the human soul, there is no greatness beyond true nobility of mind and heart, and that nature leaves men without the stamp of consequence, however marvelously endowed; and as both great worth and great power are of the people, let the great man take his seat with his neighbors, lucky if found of equal worth.

NO BALLAST.

What we want to do is to puncture, to a slight extent, this puff-ball of pomposity that makes some people think they are of so much account in this world, compared with their less-successful neighbors.

I don't contend that all this is teetotally correct, but

I do sincerely believe that it is correct in showing that these few people of the world are greatly mistaken as to their merits.

The reason I let myself down a little on a straight out-and-out contention that it is absolutely and exactly the truth, is because there must always be some truth on the opposite side. But we have set our eyes so long upon this same opposite side that it is warped out of all proportion to a just idea of the truth.

Human nature is prone to pile credit mountains high upon the leader; the historians do, the papers do, we all incline to. But the mountain-peak is on the other side,—the side of the people, and they the historian quietly drops out of notice.

There is still another point that should not be lost sight of in this controversy as to greatness, that is—luck.

QUOTED BY THE LUCKY ONES.

People like to quote Garfield's saying, "a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck;" but Garfield may not have been a very good guide on that subject, and he may never have given his own luck half the credit he should.

It takes a good deal of pluck to acknowledge our own luck: for we so like to think we are self-made; that we accomplish everything through our own energy of character and hard work.

But where would Lincoln have been if he had been born ten, fifteen, or twenty years later? The opportunity for a Lincoln was when he lived; and it has not been since nor before, unless it was in the time of the Revolution, and then we have a Washington.

Lincoln was just at the right age, in the flush of a vigorous manhood. Suppose there were other thousands born at the same time; nevertheless, there was only one such position to be filled, and Lincoln was the lucky man. And such a noble step-mother! The chances are a thousand to one that without her wise encouragement, and at the time most needed, he never would have been heard of; as surely luck as for Queen Isabella to be on the throne when Columbus wanted to make his great journey.

People like to term it Providence, but you might as well say any chance or opportunity is Providence: one is a little bigger, a little more important, in our eyes than the other; that is all.

A mere turn of your hand, and Seward might have been President; but it happened by good luck that Lincoln had friends that not only believed in him, but were almost as astute as he.

WORKED LIKE BEAVERS.

These friends knew that if they succeeded in getting Lincoln nominated, they must work for it to the

last drop of their blood. And they did work, night and day, and they kept it up like warriors who are fighting for their lives.

Does any one achieve success without many lucky circumstances thrown in his way? circumstances that have turned the scale in his favor and have left some one else out in the cold? Surely not.

And just such turns, if they had happened to go the other way, might have found the lucky ones, with all their pluck and ability, out in the cold themselves; and most people would have thought they had neither pluck nor ability.

Andrew Carnegie, as a mere boy, makes a lucky strike of twenty thousand dollars, else, with all his philosophy and money-making ability, he might have lived and died a poor man.

Mark Twain loses in the mines; and by a lucky chance he loses, too, else the world might never have heard that there was a Mark Twain to make it roll over with laughter; and he might have died a millionaire, "unknown, unhonored, and unsung!"

VI

IN one line I have always had fair success; sometimes even way above fair, so that I know exactly how success affects one.

You feel very important; of the very best you can do, you say, "Oh! it's a mere nothing; anybody could do the same if they tried," forgetting, of course, the hours and hours you have spent in hard work.

A HERO.

Isn't it ecstatic! People look at you in surprise. They say, "How wonderful! What a memory you have! Who was your teacher? Is it hard work?" Then they whisper—just loud enough for you to hear as you pass out,—"Isn't he splendid! My! I wish I could recite as he does!"

Yes, it's recitations. Many a pleasant incident do they bring to mind. Sometimes they were received with a genuine ovation of applause, which delighted the heart! In a country school I see a burly old fellow fairly rolling over with laughter. What jolly fun to have a whole roomfull of little children convulsed with laughter—I'm sure they didn't understand, but

they laughed, nevertheless. Once I came in late with the lecturer of the evening. It was in a church, and I was well acquainted with the minister, to whom I had given a sample of my work in private.

At once I was asked to recite. I did so, and the minister led the applause. It shows the effect of influence; for I was literally stormed with applause.

You may be sure I won't say but that I did my part pretty well; but that minister, sitting near the front, was so enthusiastic that the rest all caught the spirit of his example, and did likewise.

"AS FOR THE BLUDGEONS,
THEY PERFORMED LIKE PILE-DRIVERS."

If there is but one in the audience who is not afraid to applaud, and is full of enthusiasm, it often means the difference between success and failure.

Still, applause is not always a sure sign; for there are some people who will not applaud, who, nevertheless, will be willing to tell you afterward that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves; but applause reacts on people and makes them enjoy themselves more.

People, however, are affected differently. One minister whom I illustrated for, told me he asked a young woman in the place where he was staying, how she liked his lecture; and she told him she had not had time to think it over! I wonder if she had to think over the illustrations, to be sure she cared for them!

Now for thrilling experiences in the book-business! Yes, I had to take my turn with Washington and Napoleon as a canvasser!

There is freedom for you! No "boss," no foreman. Your hours your own. None to find fault. You are your own proprietor, treasurer, and paymaster! Some will say they couldn't; more, they wouldn't. What lack ye yet, say I, but courage?

That's what's wanted: get down to the hard-pan of courage; put on the armor of God, against the wrath of men, lions and bears, tigers, guns, and wars! Let the bashful lover not fear the beautiful maiden! Let your heart not quail: iron from top to toe you must be, copper-ribbed and buttressed round about.

WELL-SHAKEN.

And if you are timid, and old Nature, in the shape of the looks and the surroundings of men and women, doesn't make you tremble like an aspen, then you will not have been in this fellow-mortal's shoes, that's all.

The violence of such experience must, indeed, be proportionate to the sensitiveness of the individual. Fortunate is it that all are not oversensitive. We have even met those who delighted in this kind of work. Undoubtedly it is a fact that there are those who make from five thousand to even twenty-five thousand dollars a year at this business.

A moderate success—somewhat under twenty-five

thousand a year—was ours. Often have I heard it stated that no profession required greater ability—to which we gladly subscribe!

What profession offers such a practical training in the study of human nature? One learns to read faces as he would the pages of a book. And friends! I can now see a farmer jumping out of his wagon and running across the road to shake hands with me on a cold frosty morning—after not only taking my book, but entertaining me in the most generous fashion at dinner the day before.

"A SHARP MEDICINE, BUT A SURE CURE!"

But the galling experiences are all right for the development of character, knowledge, and intelligence. Shaving by shaving, it whittles down the character, till it makes it a dear business to be a man!

Some of the people whom he meets! Stuck-up because a clerk in a bank; while, likely as not, the president of the bank treats you with genial courtesy and hearty good-will. Some preachers, so pleasant! You'd join their church just because you loved them! Others, sleek, cold, imperious. You meet all kinds, rich and poor, intelligent and ignorant. And how you dream of coming back some day to give some who have treated you meanly, their just deserts, and rewarding the kind ones as you would reward the angels themselves if you could meet them.

Probably no one in the community gives it more for its money than the agent for good literature. Ahead of all the professions and next to the school-teacher does his work deserve to be placed. Boys and girls are the school-teacher's care; but the well-trained agent inspires anew the dormant desire for knowledge in those who have grown too old for school. At the very least, he popularizes education; the spirit of reform goes with him. So here's three cheers for the book-agent!

TIME TO GET UP!

When a boy myself, I may have let the other boy run away with my skates, or took to my heels as the safest way out of a difficulty; but the poor boy and the poor young man can't allow himself long the easiest ways.

But I could face the music, I must tell you, though it took my heart out; and more times than a few have I stood before men trembling so that I could not speak without disclosing in my voice how nervous I was; yet on I went, nervous or not.

Duty was there: and duty was superior to the fear within. The nervousness also was there, but we took our nervousness and all right ahead with us.

Who has ever done good work under such circumstances? You may well say, No one. And although it is possible to force oneself to do anything utterly re-

pugnant to his nature, yet in that line he must ever be distanced by those who have a different disposition. Let us be thankful for variety. But we had the courage of duty, shall we not say?

As to success!—ours was moderate; but, reckoned by the few times of exceptional results, we were a surprise to those highly skilled in the business. When you must conquer, you must; that is all; and that's why men become great. It's a case of kill or cure! But their sons, living on easier lines, enjoy life more, and never are heard of!

A COLLEGIATE DRILL.

But the great man has his reward. Think of a sale of a million of these books; and becoming greater and greater with each book sold!

At odd intervals, and extending over a number of years, our sales amounted to some eight or ten hundred books. It meant an experience, an education; to us it seemed severe, but as, from day to day, we meet men who "never surrender," but cheerfully accept the "odds against them" in life, we feel that our lot has been cast with an army that, from the foundation of the world, ever advances.

As this army gets its "lucky strokes" mostly by "hard licks," we find ourselves "marching along," surmounting many an obstacle, and contending with "the art preservative of arts."

If you have ever been in a printing office you must have noticed there long alleys of racks to hold the type-cases in. In these alleys you see three, four or a dozen men ranged side by side. When you have set up your type the foreman may bring you your proof, —that is, a print of the type,— and the mistakes made in setting may be marked on it.

This foreman took, it seemed to me, particular pains to come along with my proofs and stand—and you know there is hardly a punishment worse than waiting for the punishment—and look to see if he could not find some mistakes he might speak of.

NO COMPROMISE.

He found them! and he would always tell me of them in a way that "went right home." Yet I was determined to be honest and please that foreman. Was it not one principle against the human combination of principles?

Why, I remember once, when there was but little work on hand, he gave me what is called a time-job,— paid by the day or week,—my usual work being on piece.

"Now," I said to myself, "I will work exactly the same as on piece, and do my duty." I did, and off of that job I got very quickly.

But business is not run that way—however nice it

would be to have it so : and if I had acted like the rest of the men working on piece, and had taken my time, it would have been all right: time would have been taken up, and the foreman satisfied.

Once I spelled birth b e r t h. What a great fuss the foreman made about it—always polite, not loud in speech. "Go back to your berth, not birth," said he, spelling the words out. How different his speech, had he thought it would be printed!

For one like myself,—whose mildness of manner and too-courteous ways never, in those yet rather boyish days, allowed others to talk like that to him, nor he to talk back,—it was pretty hard to bear.

RETRIBUTION.

I wasn't an Andrew Jackson, who would have given the foreman a great deal better than he got; but old Time's answer may beat the sharpest retort. Men's harsh words are often a chevaux-de-frise to their own advancement.

Maybe you think I exaggerate the occurrence. Not at all. Suppose the foreman had sworn a "colossal nine-jointed oath" at me. Possibly he would have found there were "blows to take as well as to give."

But he aimed better: there is such a thing as great skill in making our words cut deep; but they will never cut at all unless they touch us so that we feel them.

Let us follow this incident a little farther—it may interest and amuse you. I felt compelled to relinquish my portfolio!

In that office no one entered without much influence; and no one, I suppose, except those whose parents were members of the firm, ever came in under better auspices than I: from a man of national reputation, thus making six I have met personally—let's see; with myself, that makes seven, doesn't it?

You see, the way of it was, I asked a minister—with whom we, as a family, were acquainted and who was himself a man of reputation and of standing in the city—to write to this man.

A GREAT EDITOR.

The letter had the right effect, and the gentleman, who was very pleasant and unpretentious, went personally into the printing department to see if I could not obtain work there—a true democrat! Most men consider their influence too sacred to exert it to any personal inconvenience.

Upon quitting the office I went to work at once at canvassing, and in three months' time I was, as it were, pretty well steeled to "meet the foe."

Then I went back to the same office. No more hard work for me now; no more eleven hours a day to keep the foreman in good humor. I worked steadily but easily, held my head as high as anybody; stayed there

for three months; and never a word of fault was found with me!

That shows what it is to know and act a little as the world acts, and not to follow too closely after an ideal. There is nothing more useful in the world than an ideal, if mixed with a little rock-bottomed common sense.

For the present, we are all in this world—a fact not to be forgotten—and if we think we can run it on a plane of goodness more perfect than it desires, old Dame Nature—in the shape of men and circumstances—will take us and our theories in hand, and give us such a trouncing that we will be glad to walk in a line less true to some ideal or principle, and more true to common sense.

The fault-finding of the foreman was, in general, the cause of my leaving the first time. As I was going I went to the proof-reader and asked him if my proofs were much worse than the others.

"Why, no," he said, "I thought they were a little better than the average, rather than otherwise."

LEVEL BEST.

The real reason, then, for getting rid of me was simply my eternal attempt to do my very best, thereby utterly ignoring the more independent and common-sense method of the ordinary man.

As I said, at the end of three months I quitted the

place, this time with a clear record, and of my own free will. And I never went back except to see some of the men, and even to see the foreman.

And he? Yes; I had lost all animosity for him, would even have done him a good turn if I could; but he had got out of his fine position, and was only a proof-reader, poor man. And this had evidently taken him down a peg or two; the fine airs of a foreman were no longer for him.

No longer, I suspect, did he dare come into the composing-room after dinner with the strongest cigar I ever knew any one to smoke. That was royalty! Also against the rules; but even he did not dare break them except at noon.

BLUE BLOOD.

There wasn't much of a workingman about him: for a generation back the blood of a foreman ran in his veins, and we workingmen might well look upon him as master; for, "by the great hornspoon!" was he not in command?

Who is this workingman we are writing these incidents for? are caring so much about? whose mighty works we have marveled over? whom we have worked with, talked with, lived with, and think we are willing to sell our life for? whom we believe in and honor?

What is he? Who is he? Are we a crank and a

fool to believe in him? Should we long ago have stopped such folly? stopped asking and asking and asking whether the workingman was abused or not?

Should we long ago have left these problems to those who are foolish enough—as we have been—to spoil the fun of their own living, by caring much about the living of others?

Should we long ago have said, "Out on this nonsense, if the workingman is a man he will get along, and if he is not, our bothering about him won't help him?

WHY.

"Who is he? Is he a mere ne'er-do-well, the offscouring of the earth? Why doesn't he become rich? Why doesn't he learn a profession? Why does he stick in the mud everlastingly, if there is anything in him?

"Why does he drive your carts, and shovel your streets? Why does he dress in poor clothes, and look grimy and dusty and dirty?

"Why does he pitch coal into mighty furnaces in the holds of big vessels, the thermometer at the boiling point? Isn't there better, easier, and finer work to do?

"Look at him going along our fine street, his pipe in his mouth, smoking bad tobacco at five, six, or seven o'clock in the morning!

"Why doesn't he go to work at eleven o'clock, like

a banker, and quit at two, then complain of the ill effects of hard work?

"Great Scott! What's the matter with him? Ten, twelve, fourteen, and maybe sixteen and even eighteen hours a day for a day's work! Work must be his sole ambition,—his one idea of living.

"Living? Yes; living where he does live, in a smoke-stack, called a house; in boxes, called rooms.

"How does he live? Packed like sardines; and he calls it a home.

"What of such as these? Did the Lord make them for men and women? They must be all stone, wood, mortar, iron—not men and women; not the people you're standing up for; you forget yourself.

ANACHRONISTIC.

"My dear friend, these are a race of creatures born to be the toad-stools of the rest of the race of real men and women—'alcholic selection' fixes them, and gives good men a chance to live.

"You are right: they are a soulless, miserable, shiftless, thriftless set, worthy of the scorn of the fine-souled, high-minded, cultivated, cultured, artistic, and well-trained man or woman.

"Let them go; the 'quicker the sooner,' and we will reform and get them and their ways out of our mind; while we think of and associate with the higher classes

—' of whom we are which.' But, first, by way of refreshment, we'll say a word in their favor."

A word in their favor! What a speech! Never! I am not so high and mighty that I can speak to or of workingmen with patronage. No, Sir! they have made a civilization, their suffering is the initiative of the world's progress, " we writers " but tell their story.

First, then, they have temperance: don't care if they consume more whiskey than bread and meat and butter and cheese and everything else. Again: first, they have temperance, though your temperance-orator grows white and red by turns as he denies it, and flashes before me miles of figures and statistics; I say, the workingman stands above all other classes of society as a temperate man.

ADAMANT.

You might as well deny that the world moves round the sun—it's simply the plain truth; the assertion is as sound as a rock.

How could they do all the work in the world unless they were temperate? They do the work, and they are temperate.

It's the idler that is not temperate. The workingman breathes temperance with every stroke of his hammer, with every brick he lays down, with every stone he puts into place, with every piece of wood he saws.

Is he not obliged to work? Is not necessity push-

ing him? Is not his own production tugging at his heels and saying:

"Stop here, my friend; stop there, my friend; if you go too far you're 'a goner,' and no mistake—bread and butter, life itself, is yours; your loved ones are yours; all the Heaven there is in this world for you is yours by temperance."

Does the idler, and especially the well-to-do idler, begin to have any such sermon dinged into his ears, day and night? Does he begin to see the results of such a sermon every day that he lives? No!

"LOOK AROUND YOU."

And all the art of man, and all the accumulations of wealth, and its constant augmentation, all the varied industries of our time are but the composite testimony to the inevitable consequence of the steadiness, the persistence, the energy, and the temperance of the workingman.

Another word: he is the wisest of men!

Now you call a halt; now you say, this is going a little too far; we can stand a good deal, but this is coming a little too strong!

Truth is always strong, but not always an agreeable dose. Still, it has to be taken now and then.

This is also a plain case. Wherein does wisdom consist? Doesn't it consist, for the most part, in leading a wholesome life?

Right there let us stop,—wholesome life; that's wisdom! And who are the wise men of this world, wise men and women, if not those whose wholesome lives have enabled them to build the works of man? Tell me that.

Who people the earth? Whose minds and bodies are attuned to this world, as a world to live in, to be healthful and wholesome in?

THE FORERUNNER.

I tell you there is no sign of wisdom better than hearty workingmen and women. They are an army that can point to a wise ancestry, who, battling with the New World's condition, have enabled this generation to build upon their experience and to settle wisely problems that were the dream of ages past.

Don't talk to me about Solomon! A man or woman in vigorous health, doing their goodly work for a living, are wisdom's children. And the wisdom that inspires to industry, inspires also to wisdom, and the working-man has the double inheritance.

Now for the final test! Now shall we "cross the Rubicon." Now is our reputation "in Chancery." This time we are to pass all records.

We hardly dare assert the claim; we, rather, timidly at first, ask the question, hoping to grow stronger as we ascend the scale of the grander facts of the world, —as against our fancied thoughts.

Who are the most intelligent people?

Stand up, Mr. Lawyer, and be counted! You dicker with a few people; you get your name in the papers; your picture appears in your various and pretty attitudes; and once in a while you say something that really is sensible.

We will say you are intelligent. Gracious! you must be, to get such enormous pay for so little work; but, take it all in all, they do tell me there are so many lawyers that when the pay goes round, it will barely make an average for a good hod-carrier. Horrible! how could they adjust quarrels—or help to make them, to keep business good—without their "three squares" a day!

NONE FINER.

Next, we have the ministers!—petted too much, as a class. They, of course, are intelligent. How could a man go through college and be well-ground out for a minister—knowing how to begin a sermon, how to end it, where to put in the enthusiasm, and how many divisions to make—without knowing a heap? Yes, he's all right.

Now for the doctor. Up to the front he steps with great alacrity to be counted. He hasn't studied medicine for nothing. If you think he doesn't know all that is worth knowing, listen while he says a few words. He is a perfect elocutionist; and reads char-

acter? Why, he knows human nature from a to z—that's the way he makes his money.

As to saving your lives, why, all the world would have passed off the earth long ago if it wasn't that the doctor was called in in the very nick of time to bring you round all right.

He'll tell you that himself: it must be true. We must give him a front seat in the intelligent row.

We might call up the business man, but he is too engaged and too important. Besides, there is no use putting questions to him. We are all sure that he is intelligent, for he gets what we all want. How could he get so much if he didn't know how?

Four are enough. We will now take a step back into history for a second.

THE FLAT WORLD.

What a miserable, poor old tramp of a man was Columbus! Poor old fellow! the "dull monks and ignorant monarchs"—excuse me; they were the learned ones of their day, the men at the head of affairs: leaders, men of means and influence; no ignorance there—not for a moment can you say it.

But there was that miserable Columbus. Think of him; what a dull man he must have been, begging, actually begging—look out the window and see if he isn't at your very door!

Well, that poor, wretched man, with his curious story about the world being round—crank! well I guess!

And that's the man the world to-day says was one of the greatest and most intelligent of the men of his time. Surely, the world is walking on its head.

All those brilliant men—for all the world, like our doctors, preachers, lawyers, and men of influence—all, all were as a pinch of snuff to this one man, when it comes to rock-bottom intelligence.

Look up the record again. Twelve apostles: poor, wretched men; no learning, no college instruction, no influence; workingmen, fishermen; what can you say of them?

See all the great people of that time; all the wealth, aristocracy, magnificence, and pomp; great kings, great statesmen, and orators.

And look at these twelve poor men—a forlorn hope as against the fine ones.

ROME FALLS.

What's the verdict? That these Twelve were wiser, abler, and better than any of their contemporaries; and more intelligent, a thousand-fold more.

Isn't the case settled? All these brilliant people who seem to be running the world to-day, will, in future generations, be quoted as "dull and ignorant," and some obscure ones whom the wise ones of to-day think are of no account, will be quoted as the truly great.

And let not men drilled to the automatic tread of a conventional business-type, laugh at the opposers of Columbus; let them weep for their comrades in ignorance,—eminent in all ages as implacable enemies of progress.

BLIND.

The simple truths of this world have been covered to them—though we pay dearly for their collegiate education, which the remorseless verdict of time doth say is little less than fossilized ignorance.

Intelligence has ever advanced upon necessity; and the casuistry of the æsthete, and the scholasticism of the conservative, may well look to their laurels, as against those who know the true meaning of physical toil.

Look at the bare-footed Socrates! It's hardship, not luxury, that forces wisdom into men's brains.

Ah! many a time have I been in a poor man's home in some country place; saw his little well-used library, and found him to have a scope of knowledge that would make the average business man ashamed of himself.

But your little lawyer, preacher, business man, and author—this tart criticism will be nullified by the sale of our first million books—all think they know so much with their little one-sided, lofty brain accomplishments, and the papers to applaud their greatness.

But, hark ye! How about the great accomplishments of this world? and the great questions that shall move the world and men for the grander advancement of human kind?

When there is a Revolution, and we decide to cut loose from an old and effete form of government, the people, in the majesty of a greater intelligence than our little great men ever possess, decide it.

When the suppression of slavery, as a great inherent wrong and a curse to real advancement, is the question, the people unflinchingly decide it.

Is it a question of the Corn Laws, or of some Magna Charta, or some great religious movement? the people put their heads together and decide, one way or another.

JUDGED.

Not the two-penny questions are put to them, but the greatest questions that the mind of man can conceive. And their judgment is its settlement.

Where's your intelligence now? Who shall stand up to be counted? Who now have the right to say, "I'm a man?"

We leave the palm of intelligence with the masses: it is theirs of right. The workingman is God's best example of a human being, and intelligence is a goodly part of his endowment.

VII

AND now let us transport ourselves some four hundred miles from New York City. I desired to secure a man to introduce me to the people, both as a measure of pleasure and profit. I was told that a certain one might possibly go with me; and, further, that he knew more than any other man in town. Averaging the town, I should say this was faint praise!

I found him an agreeable man, and, as it seemed to me, a perfect encyclopedia of political economy.

GREATEST OF HIS TIME.

And now I am sure that the reader will excuse me if I call attention to this day, October 31, 1897;—the day on which the procession takes place that performs the last rites for Henry George.

Few men have accomplished more in a lifetime. Few men have so highly honored human nature—from a sturdy start with a trade, to a nation's mourning his loss. Few men have so persistently laid their life-work

at the feet of the masses. The sublime spectacle presented to mortal man is a noble, wholesome life, teeming with efforts, vigorous and persistent, for the good of others.

Such was the life of Henry George; and to the good fate of our human kinship was it that he touched the heart-strings of a nation.

Borne along in the social stream of fame and greatness, bound closely to the spirit of advancement in the people, such a life is ever the advanced guard of liberty,—a benediction to the race.

A CHOPPY SEA.

Anywhere from twenty-one to twenty-five, with plenty of leeway both sides, when one is at the know-it-all age, I was launched into the sea of political economy.

A curious phase of this first indigestion of ideas was the fact that I was fairly transported with magnificent ideals, as unreasonable as they were gorgeous.

Then came the slow process of digestion, with the result of a more substantial thought, a firmer grasp of a great subject, and a better knowledge of some points worth contending for in our day and generation.

We need to work "amidships" of theory and practise, with common sense at the "foretop."

It is very pleasant to say that "truth is always practical;" but the trouble is that we are in a world that

has a great deal of error in it; and it won't do merely to aim at pure truth, in this form or that, we have to deal with truth and people; and we the people are not quite perfect yet.

We have that problem presented in this election, as we have it in different forms every day of our lives. Here is a noble man to be put in as mayor, and here are other men of not nearly so much account when properly considering the pros and cons of both questions and men.

A PLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.

Now, if there is no possible chance of electing the good man,—and you may possibly keep out a bad man by voting for some one else,—I am one of those to vote for the less-good man.

If the case were positive, then we could be decided; but as it is not, we will take our chances, this time, for the best man.

To sensible men the practical side must ever come up, as well as the side of our desires: what we wish to have is one thing; what we *can* have is another; a theory fits one, and a balance between it and the practical fits common sense.

Now the theory I asserted with all the ardor that I could, was simply that the different occupations should be on equal terms of compensation, but that skill in each should receive compensation according as

it was greater or less. So the carpenter and the architect would receive the same if they were of the same degree of skill in their work.

Why don't I hold to that now? Because it is not true? Oh, no!

I think, likely as not, it is entirely true, or, at any rate, that it is very close to the truth. And I am perfectly certain that it is vastly nearer the truth than the successful among men begin to dream of.

On the other hand, I am well assured it is not for us of to-day.

MAYBE TO-MORROW.

Think of all the avenues of business and of work receiving the same compensation, a difference being allowed only according to skill and the hours of labor; that is, a skilful carpenter, a skilful preacher, a skilful bank-president should all receive the same if they worked the same number of hours.

Absurd, you say! And so do I; if you mean for the present time. However, the idea is a generous one, and may play some part in the natural outcome of our inventive age—the dissipation of poverty.

A little community of sixty families are reported to be living according to this division of produce, and they get along very well.

But sixty families and sixty millions of people are

very different,—as we will discover if we learn anything about people, and as some noble experimenters *have* learned to their cost.

Any sort of scheme may work with yourself and a few well-trained and agreeable neighbors: as a man can run the finances of his family by giving all his earnings to his wife and letting her take care of them.

But if he tried that same method outside the family, he would have little difficulty in getting rid of his money, and having nothing for it.

When I went to this town, in my innocent, childish ignorance—a some-time qualification of Presidents!—great wrongs were but the "phantasmagoria of a dream."

MILLIONS BETTER INFORMED NOW.

I never supposed but that all was right, except here and there some little adjustments might be needed—the rich were rightly rich and the poor were generally justly poor, my father being no exception to the rule.

I had no doubt that good honest work would bring me out all right, and that I would be rich some day, and that that day would not be as far off as some might suppose.

My father was honest, but he had made some blunders, that was all; my business was to look out and not make them.

Why, if a man is intelligent, thrifty, and determined

to make something of himself, his career must, of necessity, be a success.

This was the entire thought I had on the subject; and to a great many people, even now, that is about their expression of belief.

I well remember hearing P. T. Barnum saying in his very pleasing lecture, that nowadays when a boot-black sees some one going along with a four-in-hand, he says, "Oh, that is nothing, when I get rich I shall drive a six-in-hand!"

We all recognize that Barnum was a great showman. His character and ability were in perfect accord with our fundamental postulate: he followed the people: their desire was his command. If he thought he led, he was more "fooled" than "fooling."

A SOCIOLOGIC PIONEER.

But now I am to spend three months daily with a man who has spent his life in studying social matters.

He is steady, solid, almost stolid, and tells me the most harrowing things in the most deliberate manner possible.

He seldom rouses to any degree of real enthusiasm, but ever and ever reviews, cogitates, and is careful not to make any mistakes in his theories.

He thinks over the great questions of labor, capital, wealth, poverty, taxation; how you and I are connected

in society; what we are really doing for each other; how my writing this book will cause some one to grow corn in California; and how the Californian makes me work like a trooper on this book. No matter how difficult the problems I propounded, his answer was always ready; indeed, he seemed a "walking encyclopedia" of political economy.

With me he found a mind as clear of knowledge on the subject as a slate that never had a mark, and every thought he gave me seemed to be scratched into that slate indelibly.

The main principles that that man uttered will never leave me; possibly for the reason that I have never ceased to believe they were, in the main, true. But, how curious to find this rugged pioneer or seer of these peculiar questions out there, in that little town of some ten thousand inhabitants.

ABLAZE!

It so happened that I had just the right sort of mind to take them up, to dwell on them, and to make them a part of my life.

Home again! And my father doubted the sanity of his eldest son as our war of words waged furiously: results of battle: two reformers, and that for which this book is written; simply to introduce the most useful servant of progress "since Cadmus invented letters!"

I now read Henry George's book; but in speaking to my father about it I failed to tell him anything he could grasp. Not from lack of study; for I had taken many pages of notes to help me to grasp clearly the problem. The fact is, the whole matter was undigested by me, as yet, and—I "own up"—I did not see that the one great fact in Henry George's mighty contribution to justice and practical religion—"Progress and Poverty"—was simply to place all taxes on land according to its value.

OUTGENERALED.

But, as in argument ignorance only adds fuel to the flame, so, in spite of the rush and roar, I would come out the worse for it. Notwithstanding the earnestness of our debate, my father had many a hearty laugh at my expense—as I presented ideas, facts, and fancies in an inextricable jumble.

Still, it annoyed him to see one whom he accredited with sense, talking nonsense.

My errors were ever those of the self-sufficient beginner: I undertook to defend or explain too much: my little knowledge was a great burden.

Eventually my father got the best of me. His well-aimed ridicule, and my surcease of knowledge, were a little too much for my persistence, and I subsided.

For that I am truly thankful; I favored all who

might hear me; for 'tis a blessing to be quiet when you have nothing to say!

I think I was forced out in this early battle, in which my father—who desired to inspire to a riper wisdom, by the "battle"—got the best of me, by another event. There was to be a small gathering of literary people at the house of a friend, and I was asked to prepare an essay, or speak on the subject of wages.

IN RETREAT.

I prepared an essay; but, not satisfied with it, upon the eve of giving it, I turned it upside down, and tried my hand at saying something extemporaneously. The audience showed temporary lassitude, over my great attempt, while the chairman added a very little pepper-critique—ahem!—just sufficient to give my tender feelings a terrible twinge.

It was a number of years before I tried my hand at that again; meantime, the subject never left my mind; but the "fire-eating" stage was substituted by a gently simmering condition of thought.

"Many and many is the time" when people might have said I ought to have been adding dimes to dollars. Instead, I was wandering along the roadside, or sitting down on some handy stone or log to think over the problem of the distribution of wealth, and the part of nature, labor, and capital, of skill and intelligence.

To stick to what you hate, is pretty hard to do. And how was I ever to get an education unless I took it "on the fly," so to speak?

Thus I scrambled my education—as do the best doctors, lawyers, etc.,—a few ideas battering against daily circumstances. My title, "Doctor of Finance!" my profession, to secure the poor man's monetary health, demands the most erudite education. "Thinking thoughts" is no idle process. Indeed, they may, and often do, rival the labor of blacksmith or hod-carrier, and they cost time and money, too, for who can work in one business and think in another!

With great severity grippeth the millionaire his gold; so it is necessary to stick to one thing to make it a success. "Dear reader," have I made thinking a success?

"A cautious look around he stole, his bags of chink he chunk, and many a wicked smile he smole and many a wink he wunk!"—as Mark Twain says. And so, with miserly care, I stole my thinking!

FAST TO A ROCK.

I had ideas to burn: but I didn't know which were best. I had, however, the bed-rock principle of labor for a foundation, and the absolute certainty in my own mind that the people were being constantly robbed, than which nothing could be plainer.

When, with a free and easy hand,—like one of the

painters of old, who painted an entire arm with one dash of the brush,—we talk of the robbery of the workingman, "why not tell how he is robbed?" suggests some one who acknowledges he differs with me in the fact that he doesn't know it all!

Not a bad idea! First, there is Protection!—That's a robbery, clear and plain. Here's the story:

I own a hundred-thousand-acre farm, and have achieved success raising papaws for bananas, the only trouble being that the foreign bananas are so cheap it is hard for me to compete and make a living profit.

I go to Congress. Of course, I may afford a trifle in the matter of expense if I can keep these foreign bananas out.

OIL THE WHEELS.

"Mr. Congressman," I say, "I have a little job for you. Can't you get a tariff on these foreign bananas? It's a little matter, to be sure, but you are not going to lose anything if you can help this along.

"The fact is, I can stand fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred or two thousand dollars, more or less, to have my pet scheme put through."

"Come down to the club with me to-night and see the boys, and maybe we can start the ball rolling, what do you say?"

So, after a time, I see just how the business is done;

and by putting it in the hands of the most astute lobbyists, and paying out my money freely, the tide before long begins to turn my way.

Thus I get my infant industry on its feet—a tenth of a cent on a banana: that oughtn't to hurt anybody; but, between you and me and the gate-post, that means a clean million dollars profit for me in a short time.

Now, then, who buys the papaws instead of bananas, who pays me my little million?

We all know who pays it; and there is no more to the Protection question than that; not a bit; it is just as beautiful a scheme for robbery as was "ever read of in books or dreamed of in dreams," and with such a pretty excuse, that it encourages infant industries—if I didn't think the workingman was a man, I'd think he was a fool, sure. Good men, however, have believed in it, and no doubt believe in it now, just as good men were Tories,—can't calculate!

PAUPER FARM.

But that's all there is to Protection; and as soon as I get my hundred thousand or million acres well under way, with papaws—they do remind you so of bananas, although they don't taste *exactly* like them—I'm going for Congress. And say I:

"I'll shake them up; I'll shake all the nonsense of opposition out of them. I'll let them know I believe

in Protection, clear down to the last dollar bill I can spare.

"You better believe that a little money will go a great ways in convincing them that Protection will be a mighty good thing for me.

"And as to the people, why, how can they know much about it!—they can't get in on the 'ground floor,' as I can, and know all the tricks.

"Tell the people we will put a little more Protection on wheat, so as to help the poor farmer along!—he won't know; collect money on wheat coming in when it is all going out!

"AH SIN WAS HIS NAME."

"Trust to the ignorance of the people and you are all right! And, also, can't I pay them back more money if they will give it to me? Why, certainly I can—tell them that, too."

Dear me! how devilish truth is sometimes! The truth is that Protection is a grand robbery; the truth is that only the few can be where only the few are.

And it takes an eternity of searching to find out about the works of these few when they are playing a game they don't want you and me to know about, for fear we might step in and spoil it.

That's the "ignorance of the people"—they can't all be noble "watch-dogs of the treasury," they *have* to trust to these few.

And the few, boldly filling their coffers from the people's pockets, moving heaven and earth to keep the people blind, say, with high and mighty patriotism, "What would the government come to if the ignorant workingpeople should run it?"

"Yes," say the few, "you would put untrained people in governmental places."

And I would ask any honest man to tell me what they are trained in, except to get the best of their fellowmen? Ignorance would be heavenly in public office, compared with such training.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AND BILLIONS OF MONEY.

Mightn't there be some other forms of robbery? It won't do us any harm at least to investigate further for a moment; and if we happen to find another form of robbery or a dozen mighty avenues for the robber to work in, well and good!

Such things need not disturb us; the world is large. A hundred thousand people may be dying in China of starvation, but you and I sleep soundly, eat regularly. Even the destruction of St Pierre is of momentary interest.

The world is not upside down at all, but some things need to be changed, and that is what we are aiming at. Men are not so bad—in fact, they are considerably better than we usually give them credit for. Why,

take the most lying of business men, and you will find that he may be as truthful as the day is long outside of business.

He may also be a man of the strictest principle, for there are all sorts of principles; his principle may be business, as against everything else; and he lies as an incident,—part of his principle in business.

It takes a great deal to make an all-around bad man, and I for one never met any man of such a peculiar make-up.

Even the worst of politicians may be the noblest of men at home; and most of us know that this is true. Let me give an illustration of the politician who has this double-sided characteristic.

During the hot campaign in which Henry George figured, he said of a political leader in a rival camp, that in case he, Henry George, should be elected, he would not rest easily till this politician was behind prison bars, or words to that effect.

TOMAHAWK.

Now that was not calculated to mollify the temper of that politician! It was hardly the kind of a remark to shake hands over! You could even imagine that he would feel red-hot, especially if the remark was well-deserved. That that politician must be in war-paint for Henry George, we would naturally suppose.

Mr. George passes to the great majority. Does this man say mean things of him?

Not a bit of it; he rises to the full stature of noble manhood, and speaks of the departed adversary with kindness and praise. We've all got two sides, at least, —an outside and an inside,—and it won't do any harm to remember it.

And now let us ask, Are profits robbery?

That depends on how you look at them. Is it anyone's business if I make a million dollars in a day or only one dollar?

A TOSS.

I buy wheat and make a million, as did "old Hutch;" or bonds, as Morgan did; or gold, as Gould did—and you buy potatoes and make a dollar. I guess it's all right.

I run a department store and make a million, you run a peanut-stand and make a few cents.

I make a million out of groceries, cloth, rags—what's the odds? I don't earn a million, as you say, but I've got a right to it, it's mine.

There's the trouble. A man makes profits according to the amount of goods that passes through his hands, not according to the work he does.

He can't earn a million in a lifetime, but profits enable him to get it.

Labor ownership, profits—figure it out. Is it a penknife or ten million tons of coal or ice? Hands off of ownership! What I own is mine!—sell high, starve consumer; buy low, starve producer. Labor is the foundation of ownership and of a just price; no matter—"avast there!" let the millionaire walk over us!

When a great banker succeeded in hoodwinking the President and the people to the tune of several millions, he unquestionably did real work, and real work should be paid for—that is, work in lawful lines.

Be generous with him; give him fifty, seventy-five —oh, well! it was a "mighty slick piece of business" —we'll go a hundred dollars a week on him, and let him pay his own expenses.

NOT A SINECURE.

Be generous: it pays! Throw in the expenses. He may have burned the midnight oil to "box the compass" of that scheme!—such labor comes high-priced!

Millions! There's profits for you—his two weeks' work! But pay the millionaire, he's a good fellow!—and will poverty never speak? God forbid!

Profits above the wages a man earns, are paid for nothing; wages are paid for work.

Large profits are received solely on account of our belief, our say-so, society's decree. Work is a reality, a fact, giving an inherent right to a just return;

but the right to profits that make millionaires is a chimera of the imagination—to practical beliefs the practical business men owe their great wealth. The whole story of such a book as I am writing, is simply that the laborer is worthy of his hire, as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago, or will be two thousand years to come. And can you pay the laborer his hire while you rob him?

In so far as there are millions in the hands of those who have not earned them, to that extent at least the laborer is paid less than his hire.

What more need be said of profits? If you are persuaded that these things are right, I can't convince you they are wrong; but if you are open to the truth, there it is!

THEY REAP WHERE THEY SOW NOT.

Men ought to have what they earn, but profits give them an opportunity to get a great deal more than they earn, because they are not measured by what is earned, but by what is handled.

How about a loss of profits?—bad for the loser; "bad for the coo!" as Stevenson said of the cow that should get in front of his first engine. But I call attention to profits as one of the means that has enabled the millionaire to grow in this country until there is more than one for every mile-post between Maine and

California. And what they don't own between those mile-posts won't be worth owning, unless you and I say, "Stop!"

There! See! We, the people, say it, and they're all falling down like a row of nine-pins!

What did I tell you! "Up!" said the people; and up they stood! "Down!" say the people, and down they fall!

Now for interest. Oh! to live without work!

Last night I put a lump of gold as big as my two fists on the parlor mantel: I left it there to earn interest for me.

"NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE."

Excuse me!—the shock to my mind is so great—I put the gold there five years ago. I know you can't believe me: no interest is there yet. That gold represents money. They say money earns interest, and that "Money talks," so, I said politely: "Mr. Gold, what's the reason you are not earning interest for me? Dear, good Mr. Gold, nobody has to work for interest! it just drops from the skies! Please get it for me! Oh, do!"

In "molten golden notes" he replied, "Sweet youth! you must let somebody else have me and he will give you interest or dollars or work; it's all one—for me."

"Excuse me, Mr. Gold! I don't want to make other

people work for me for nothing; I can stand on my own feet."

"No, indeed, my friend," he said; "they won't work for you for nothing, but work for me for love."

Well, after this little confab, I began to see that from the time Mr. Gold should leave me, till he came back again, I would do no atom of work for the interest that somebody else would give me for him.

Aye! 'Tis a cunning little slave-driver, is interest! "Please don't use that word." Then let us call it the "hypocrisy of finance!" How's that!

Shall I take interest? "Great author, great man, beware!"—great fiddlesticks! Let the nation beware that places me in its toils—'tis the trick of ten millions!

And before we notice another big robbery, this might interest you: Some people say that you are afraid to put on the shoe you would fit on others.

ALL SAILS SET!

Not at all. Suppose—for the fun of the thing—we say that a million copies of this book will be sold. That's so much more enticing than to think of having a little edition ten times too large.

A million!

Well and good!

Ten cents a copy to us—one hundred thousand dollars; well?

Do we earn it?

Not by any manner of means.

We will get our snug little hundred thousand—hoop la! big Ingin!—because, "Of course he ought to have it; didn't he write the book!" But where's my right?

"Collegiate education," say they; "twenty years digestion!" say I—great reasons; let us have pay also for the time of babyhood! But work, "good faith! good faith!" Don't forget that! Call it one, two, three, four years' work—as you will, and throw in enough of "living on hope" and fractious waiting, to make it a hundred!

"WHO OR WHICH OR WHAT
IS THE AH KHOOND OF SWAT?"

Of course, as a great man, it would be far beneath us to descend to an estimate of the mere drudgery of work, and our little hundred thousand we should scoop in without the changing of an eyelash.

While now but a mere Tom, Dick, or Harry, with a million copies sold you would shake my hand as you would "shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan!"

Then, too, as a matter of fact, I'd as leave do this as build a stone wall, which I have helped to do, or make a fire at five o'clock in the morning in winter, or weed strawberries till your back aches like a toothache! Pay me just the same for them all, and I'll write the book. And if its popularity is such that a

few thousands more than I earn come my way, more than I have any right to—except as wrong is made right by all believing in it,—more than the nation,—except in the lethargic sleep of monarchy—would allow me to have, shall I sweetly turn them in to the national treasury!—not while "my name is Captain Kid, as I sailed, as I sailed!"

Ah, did we live by the rule of justice, this book would never have been written!

How lucky I am if this book be popular, to live in such buccaneer times!

Let the poor divide with the rich:—'tis charity!—Betake to thyself neither wife, home, nor wages, but hold in unbounded joy a single chance—my book, my book!

Writ in words of fire: "The decline and fall" of the United States prevented! The people inspired! The worker recognized! Behold the building of a new nation!

But as the shoe must be made to fit, why not pay me a few hundred millions for my great discovery?

VIRGIN SOIL.

Here we strike the be-all and end-all, top, bottom, and center; solid trap-rock foundation of the labor problem—all other discoveries distanced!

Why, this discovery places us as far in advance of

the age of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, as the electric age is in advance of the candle age!

Talk about your millions ! " But, Jack, how did you make the discovery? " " Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which is a trick all seamen larn!" It was this wise, the " taller candle " of hard luck was burning at both ends, the sum total of the world was against me, fortune was as remote as a fixed star.

Suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, then an unearthly peal of thunder. The next morning, the roar of thunder still in my ear, I came to: the sun was ablaze, birds twittered sweetly, and in silent awe I gazed upon my discovery!

CHIEF ADVOCATE.

Democracy at last! The laborer stands preëminent, his cause properly defended, his hour of triumph at hand! The prize is mine! Competitors kindly step aside; I am " the first that ever burst into that silent sea!" Hand over your billions, please, and let the Vanderbilts, Morgans, and Rockefellers stand on their heads before me! A few billions! Why, for ten thousand years the billions have been rolling in to a few commonplace people, called kings. What for? Because of one-man worship.

What we worship, we are bound to have; so we " swapped " kings for millionaires, both superstitious

relics of a barbarian age; when, by as new a departure as was ever banned by church, fate accords them here their deserts! A truce to the policy of hate! Let the parent treat the pampered child kindly but firmly. We are all human; what we would do were we millionaires is seen by what the millionaires do. How can we blame them, when we who lead the leaders are all-powerful and have simply hoodwinked ourselves into believing them our masters?

Yes, the Kohinoor is mine. . . if, if—hush! there is no if—this book *is* popular.

Ages upon ages!—yet where or whence the workingman? Covered by the ashes of time!

When I, on the summit of ten million years, forth to the breeze unfurl the flag of his enduring greatness.

A SHIBBOLETH OF JUSTICE.

Hurrah for my billions! Alas, alas, for my billions! my very discovery denies them to me. That's the way: your great discoverer must sacrifice everything—lucky indeed if he isn't "out of a job."

Ah, weep, weep, for the fate of Columbus, myself, Demosthenes, and Socrates!

Speaking thus modestly of myself and these great ones, reminds me, did you ever hear of "an historic face?"

Herewith the incident: As I put my thumbs in the arm-holes of my vest, permit me to say that on my list

of personal acquaintances, I had, ahem, a preacher of national reputation: he desired to let his moustache grow.

The preacher who told me of this incident, said, he told this celebrated man that he oughtn't to let his moustache grow, for his was an historic face! That's the way to compliment your great man! The people in his church made such fun of him,—bringing in at a sociable a monster moustache,—that the old gentleman had to give it up. Being a wise man, he always followed his people, and, therefore, never let his moustache grow.

This story was told me as a fact. So you see the great man has to keep great all the time; set up in a frame, as it were: he mustn't make any changes in his appearance; for who knows, some of his greatness might rub off!

Now isn't that a pretty introduction to our own historic face?

THE ONLY BOOK PRESERVED.

Suppose ten thousand years from now some one should say, "What sort of a looking fellow was that great discoverer after the flood? That is, I mean the one who discovered the people?"

Could anything be more appalling than not to have a complete description of him, and from his own hand! —it is a case of compulsion!

You, as well as our friend in the future, must know the Right Reverend, F. R. S., A. N. Unknown, the minute you see him. Six foot tall to start with. Ah, how hard it is to "lop off" any of that six feet! But we must, for about three-quarters of an inch is lacking —shoes, however, make up for it. Besides, why didn't they make six feet that three-quarters of an inch less in the first place, and thus save my feelings? *I* could have given those people of a younger age instructions!

Fleshy? Hardly; but with a few good weights in our pockets we will stand you a hundred and sixty pounds.

Face: "Nose, a Roman; complexion, fair!" No, indeed! slightly the opposite, for the nose.

Notice—slightly; it's best to be exceedingly particular as to a little matter of this sort.

Mouth large, with extensive reverberating lung capacity! Chin large: English, Dutch, and Irish—extreme modesty prevents further mention of direct royal lineage.

Head narrow, rather than broad. Forehead: ah, that noble, historic forehead! how it cleaves the air and attracts the gaze of the populace!

Eyes large, "large white eyes," as a woman once said—never to be forgiven or forgotten.

After this you will know the great man the min-

ute you see him. Addenda: he is "sandy complected."

I AND CICERO QUITE VAIN.

All this, to be sure, is said because of great vanity —some people are not as vain as I, but I can't help that.

Greatness, you know, is my aim. Say we are in the Academy of Music, five thousand people present, twenty men on the platform, I am one of them. Not one is known to the world as I am. My reputation has spread to the antipodes. Take a good look, and see if you can tell which one I am.

Well, you say, "it's a little hard telling. I thought you were the man back in the corner, but I found that he was the janitor of the building, and that other fine-looking man was a carpenter, so I gave it up."

Oh, you gave up too easily. He must have the earmarks of greatness about him. When he goes into the grocery store every one must stand round and gaze at him in awe. See the news-boys! How they all stop shouting for fear their rude noise might disturb some world-thrilling thought.

Ah, he is none of your ordinary clay! But do you see that imposing front brick there, Philadelphia's purest and finest article—that's the kind of clay he comes from.

Look again! This time you will find him.

NO CLASS FOR CHARACTER.

A man crosses the ocean in the steerage to portray it for a fine paper; no end of trouble he takes to disguise himself, thinking his noble appearance would make his errand known. No wonder he is jostled precisely as the rest are, and maybe with less consideration. He forgot that he was different from the rest in dress and position only.

Did he think character was not to be found there as fine and as noble as among the people that could pay more for accommodations?

Let your fine captain, whom we all so readily recognize, go down and heave coal in the furnaces for awhile, until he gets acclimated to the work, then see if you would recognize the captain any more.

Nine times out of ten you would suppose he had been in the coal-heaving business all his life.

A TRANSPOSITION.

Take your elegant bank-president, with his white hands and face of the indoor bank-complexion, and put him on an ice-wagon till the lines in his face show the hard usage of weather, and his mutton-chop whiskers have long lost their elegant trim, do you think you would know your bank-president?

Put your longshoreman in fine broadcloth, and give

him indoor occupation for a few years, with easy ways and a pleasant life, and you will at once recognize in him a banker, a merchant, or president, as the case may be—one to the manner born.

Don't you think that is about the case? Don't you think distance lends enchantment to the view?

If you see a man only on the public platform, all dressed up, doing his best in his line, don't you think that the difference between him and ourselves is mostly a matter of distance? A banker gets into his carriage; the carriage looks fine, the banker looks fine, the horses look fine, the harness looks fine, and the driver looks finest of all. Doesn't that appear very different from what it would appear to chat with him over the fence, while he is in his shirt-sleeves, with a dripping face, weeding his little garden-patch on a hot summer day?

Fact is, we create the scarecrow of ostentation, the accessories of caste, then humbly fall down and worship. To cure disease: dose for full-grown adult, one half hour's reading of this book each day for a month!

"BEYOND THE OCEAN MANY A MILE."

"Once on a time, not many years ago," and in one of the most spacious and luxurious mansions you ever stood outside of and wondered how the people on the inside lived, a Mr. Robber and a Mr. Devil met to-

gether. They were evidently sociably inclined. They spoke in self-complaisant tone of authority, never dreaming that they were puppets of the people. Said Robber to Devil: "Do you think there is anything better than Protection by which the working people can be gouged without their knowing it?"

"You have me there," said Devil; "I think that Protection is hidden best of anything, for how is a man to tell when he puts sugar into his tea that some rich man has an interest in every spoonful he uses, and that that little interest may mean millions of dollars?"

"Or, who thinks, when he buys a copper kettle, that owners of copper mines make millions out of the two or three cents extra that he pays for Protection?"

"No," says Mr. Devil, "I guess we can't do much better than that, it is a perfect blind; a fine thing for a king to raise money that way; beautiful for the rich."

"Oh," says Mr. Robber, getting warmed to his subject, "don't talk to me; you're a back number: why, I can beat you two to one. I can take money out of people's pockets while they think they are putting it in."

WONDERFUL SCHEME.

"Excuse me," said Devil, "but how is that?"

"Raise the price of gold."

"Raise the price of gold?" echoed Devil. "What for?"

Robber fairly shouted, "What for! Why, you, you, you!... well, I'll tell you—so that all who have debts shall pay more, and all who owe interest shall pay more. Isn't that plain?"

To tell you the truth, Mr. Devil was severely shocked at his own stupidity.

"Then," continued Robber, "what a brilliant plea! call it honest money! And I'll tell you another thing, everybody will be getting their pay in this higher-priced gold or its equivalent, and you can scare the life out of them by talking to them about getting their pay in cheaper gold or its equivalent if they go back to the old way."

Devil was fairly petrified; he almost swore to think that he had not been in ahead of Robber. "But," said he, "how will you raise the price?"

Robber was quiet for a moment, suppressing his rage at such a question; finally he spoke. His first words were, to quote him accurately: "Holy smoke! Raise the price?" Then, coming down to a whisper, so that nobody would hear, he said: "Have the governments use it, instead of silver."

ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

This was too much! and Devil caught up Robber, and for ten minutes they danced round the room like mad; it was the most brilliant scheme they had struck for many a year.

I had to work hard to get this information out of them, but I finally did; and so I give it to you as it came from headquarters.

But wasn't it a pretty scheme?

And then the United States adopted the plan, and many other governments followed; for all the rich people and all the good people—for you know most of the good people are rich or at least well-off—were in favor of it; and it still goes down with them like hot cakes.

Being on familiar terms with Mr. Devil, I once took him by the button-hole and asked him if he regarded the poor people as especially ignorant because they let such schemes pass?

"Why no," said he; "they are, in fact, more intelligent than the rich. Here is the point: There is a great mass of them, and how could they all the time be looking out for such little games as these? They are strictly for the few to play at, the delight of kings, the pastime of wealth, and sweet incense to the world's rulers. When the people have a fair chance to see what is what, they are on the right side every time."

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

He kept on, and I listened:

"You see," said the Arch Fiend, "these schemes suit me; they make the rich richer, and the poor poorer: then I get in my innings.

"Why, sir," he went on, "I have some chance at the very poor, that it true. But," said he, "the rich are mine 'every time.'"

I looked at him, amazed.

"Yes," said he, "if you give a man hard work, and especially hard physical work, fact is, I have very little chance at him, and I really do sometimes get completely discouraged;" and out of pure sympathy, "adown my cheek the salt tear ran."

"Well," I said, "cheer up, there may be even greater schemes yet than the one you have mentioned,"

"Hardly, hardly," he ended.

And so we parted forever; but I still see him warming his toes by the fire of his imagination!

VIII

HAVING reached so far in our story, we may now take a glimpse at another scene.

The poor young man is as likely to fall in love as any one else; and just as likely to lose in the quest as any one else.

But, likely as not, the losing or winning is as much in the person as in his circumstances.

OR LOSING.

Still, any one knows that love has a way of going to the place it is sent; and while the poor young man may, as a young man, be attractive, yet the properly presiding parties to such events are likely, in a goodly quiet way, to put a damper on such matters when they think it should be done.

Whatever the reason, I hereby state I am not married. And you shall see, as the story unweaves, that it is not all my fault! 'Tis but the frailty of circumstance!

Half a life, half a life, half a life onward! shall I have my " better half." So does my " unsuccessful period " do penance to my " successful period." Hoop-la!

How jolly is fate!—one year, one little year, is one year less to wait!

Ah, but the reward that waiteth on the waiter! The Pyramids of Egypt and the Brooklyn Bridge were rewards for working and waiting.

Is it the dykes of Holland, or a great nation? Still is the test of waiting applied,—the waiting that waiteth on the worker.

So " cheerily, lads, cheerily! " tested by adversity, the boat shall ride merrily over the waves of prosperity.

LIONIZED.

Who knows but yet, when the ringing cheers of the vast populace shall announce, in the majesty of their right to announce, that they proclaim the unknown known, when, as the poet says: Your book it must immortal be, " Dear sir, it cannot fail, for 'tis incomprehensible, and without head or tail! "

And when the papers fly my name to their scare-heads, and whole pages are taken up with the color of my eyes and the cut of my hair—then, ah, then! may some gentle lady smile on me. And as she sweetly touches a glass of " the nectar of the gods "—pure cold

water—to her ruby lips, she says, "Here's to you as good as you are, and here's to me as bad as I am; but as good as you are or as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are and you're as bad as I am!"

I impatiently wait for that time of supreme bliss: the beginning of our sixty or seventy years or so of happy, peaceful, contented wedded life.

But living in such a delightful manner almost makes me forget my story: "where am I at?"

Oh, well! I was about to say that if I had had the wherewithal I should have been married long ago; but would I have cared for the same young woman?—there's your question. I then should have been more nearly on even terms with women.

PARALYZED.

Put it this way: Wouldn't a young woman of good sense enjoy first seeing the hundred-dollar bills come rolling in before marrying a man whose monetary opportunities rested on the success of a work like this? Suppose you were writing this book, what would you think?

Well, that's just the way I think, precisely!

As the heart is to love, so is money to the home.—Solomon—how fine! now that we know who wrote it!

But let me tell you of my first real love affair. You say it is not fair to tell the public, but the public doesn't know who I am nor who she is; and how are

you to tell that it is not an invention from beginning to end? And no matter what I say, not one in ten will believe I am telling the truth; so I might as well go ahead. The sequel is, the reader entertained, the writer rewarded, and the renewal of hope for the better adjustment of our civil polity.

In telling this story, the momentous question arises whether to adopt the Shakespearean, the Dickensonian, or the Sir Walter Scottian method. Each has its charms, but how dreary are they all compared with the sublime reality.

The young woman was quite pretty: I think you would have acknowledged that yourself. She was a little short, and I am a little tall, which makes a good average.

Few are they who do not have a pleasant retrospect of incidents along these lines, the first to be put out of mind by other affairs of a similar nature!

AMONG THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Of course, I called a great many times, and she called often at our house; so the smoldering embers of reciprocity glimmered brightly in the starlight of love!

Yes, now I do think of a real incident. I took this young lady to hear Patti. Ah, think of that! Shouldn't she have cared the world for me after that!

Previous to this occasion I had made a little extra money, something that was harder to keep than get, no

matter how hard I worked for it. Oh, the luxury of throwing your money away when it is the last cent you have! or, being so careless, to find, when you thought you didn't have a cent, a five-dollar bill in your pocket-book, which hasn't occurred to me very often. How I would relish such an occurrence now!

To see and hear Patti! I secured the tickets—two dollars apiece. That was not bad for my first love—or thirteenth, for that matter! But, alas! I was not satisfied with the seats.

What shall we do? Go back, and, to the speculators, pay our little four dollars apiece.

GRAND.

That's luxury, and fine seats! Why, many a millionaire has never indulged in such luxury! She can never say I didn't do my part up brown. It was in the Academy of Music, New York; and we had front seats in the balcony,—I think it is called.

I can never quite keep track of the names they use for the different parts of the theater; at any rate, it was just above the proscenium boxes, where wealth delights to disport itself. They were front seats, roomy and sumptuous, and the whole performance went off in what must have been its usual dazzling and delightful manner.

We had heard Patti! Five thousand dollars a night! Who says women work for less than men? I was not so

entranced by Patti as I might liked to have been. The play was Aïda, and quite a marvelous production.

The young woman, not Patti, was a lovely singer. It would have done you good to hear her; and she sang me to a perfect ecstacy of love until night and day, day and night, all the time it was nothing in this world to me but one constant thought of her. If it had not been for good health I might have gone crazy.

And now I made up my mind—to what?—tell her I wanted her for a wife?

Well, I hardly think that was it *exactly*. You see, I didn't want a wife who didn't want me! Question: Does she care for me?

ON TO RICHMOND!

To tell you the truth, it is a little past my recollection to know what I said; for was not the intensity of sentiment equaled only by the perplexity of mind? I had wrought myself up to an almost frenzied state to know the momentous issue of the case.

It's all right to laugh now, but, then, it was like laughing as you see a man with his hand on the trigger, ready at the slightest breath to blow your head off!

I couldn't state my case to her in so many words: that was impossible. Of course, you readily understand the situation. What could I do?

Why, I could write, and then read to her the

document that should pen the dictum of my fate; that is what I did do. She was a lovely girl; and I read that little document fairly trembling all over, and letting her know exactly how I felt, and wanting to know if there was any returning or answering sentiment.

The young woman put her hand upon her heart; and seemed in an agitated state of mind. She could, however, see nothing in her feelings that corresponded to what I had hoped for; and she said so. That was ended.

It took some time for me to get over it. I went to the Park, took many walks, and bestirred myself to understand that the world was all right, even if such loveliness was not to be mine.

It was a severe dose. What seems worse, was the fact that it was to be repeated in severer doses!

Some people never know what it is to fall in love. With the help of a clear-headed young man, I think I have solved that problem—that is, as to what love is. Not how to have a lovely vision transform "no" into "yes!" It is intense concentration on one object.

ESSENCE OF EXTREMES.

People become crazy in love, crazy in business, and crazy over religion. The process is identical—concentrate, concentrate, concentrate.

The story goes that some foreman in a printing-office would go among the men when there was a

rush, and say, "Gentlemen, concentrate!" That's the way to write a fine book like this, or only make millions!

"In a year or two or more or so," as the poet puts it, what more natural than to find another of these beautiful ideals of nature that can so readily destroy men's equilibrium.

This time we find "the maiden fair"—the apotheosis of the imagination—in one of the most beautiful towns in Connecticut.

I remember the first time I saw her. It was at a church fair or festival. I took part in the performance of the evening, by giving a recitation or two.

ASSURANCE.

Previously I had been told of this young woman by the preacher, who had "taken me in," so to speak, and provided me with much of churchly wisdom. He was a man well-along in years, and told me very many of his experiences. He had won his wife by proposing to her the very first time they met—an odd performance, but eventually his unceasing persistence conquered all obstacles. A man of great self-confidence; he once said to me, that he could marry any woman he wanted to, which was nonsense, according to my opinion.

He told me how the ministers would meet together in their little country gatherings, some half dozen or so of them, and how exceedingly radical some of them

would be at these meetings when they were perfectly sure there was nobody around to report what they said! He, I expect, was as radical as any of them.

All the details would be so skilfully worked into his stories that one could hardly help believing every word of them.

I remember his telling me about his raising a subscription fund for church purposes, and the trouble he had to get the last twenty-five dollars. Some one—possibly to test his abilities as a collector—had promised to make up all that was necessary if he could make this final collection. The only one left to call upon was an old skinflint that no one could get to pay anything.

The minister called, saw the man, and asked for the money; he couldn't get it, but was asked to stop for dinner. He stopped, and he ate, and ate and ate; he was a big man and could eat a good deal.

AN UNWELCOME BOARDER.

Then he told the good people who had provided such a bountiful repast that he was going to board it out!—they didn't jump at that, but he insisted.

Somewhere about four o'clock a lunch was served, and this time it was life and death with him, but he made great headway with the victuals.

There was no getting rid of the minister; he was bound to stay; it was a serious matter. The old skin-

flint—a farmer, by the way—had to surrender. So the minister got his money.

To hear him tell the story, was to me as good as a feast in itself. I think I can appreciate a good literary joke, but the physical kind make me laugh the most, such as the joke of the darkies who had a companion take seidlitz powders separately, "the meeting of the waters" causing much consternation!

But as to the young lady: I was not especially attracted to her at first.

It is doubtful if I would ever have gone ahead at all had it not been for this minister, who should have had more sense. I, however, gained a certain portion by further experience.

OH, NO! IT'S NOT YES!

You have often heard that when a woman says "no," she means "yes."

That's all well enough as a theory or an adage, but you may find that there is such a thing as a woman's saying "no" and meaning it!

This was the little joke I was not acquainted with, as yet, I thinking that a "no" or a manner that meant "no," might mean "yes."

Of course there are exceptions to every rule—and there is no rule for love.

Still, a no is sometimes no, and a yes is sometimes

yes, and it is well to appreciate it. Why shouldn't the girls like any bright young man who is polite and used to good society?

"Might as well be acquainted with him, or many like him;" for, as my mother says, you can't say "no" till you are asked to say "yes!"

Singing! Fine! Outside of that church you could hear her voice above the whole congregation, and as clear as a bell; a strong, sweet, clear voice.

She sang in the choir, and her singing was enough to make one fall in love, if nothing else would.

Maybe you are not interested, but still I'll go on. In the first place, this was my mistake, caring for only one, or limiting my calling to only one.

I soon was strictly caring, calling, and seeing only one, and, worse, thinking of only one. I did some business, but the thought of her was mostly in my mind.

WELL-TRODDEN.

And now let us walk to the young woman's house from my boarding-place, which was on a little side street.

You go about a block, turn to the left, cross a bridge, when you see two streets coming V-shaped together; you take the left-hand one, soon turn again to the left, pass up a beautiful street, lined with fine old trees.

Now turn to the right, crossing the edge of a little

park. You are now on a narrow street, at the head of it you come to a board pavement, or sidewalk, turn to the left a little ways; and now you climb up a flight of steps and it brings you to the porch of the house. Here you have a sweeping view of the surrounding country: of water, hill, dale, and rock, such as would delight a painter.

Here it is that you meet the young woman, a fine specimen of young womanhood; though, as some woman remarked to the doctor—that is, the preacher, whose room I occupied when he was away,—"What did I find in her to attract me?"

Why not ask the same question of any human being? Isn't there a soul in us all?

ENCHANTMENT.

If we are not too far apart in the scale of humanity, the young man might fall in love with any estimable girl if his attention be properly turned so that he thinks of her to the exclusion of everything else.

And she would sing for me as the other girl had sung. Everything she did, in fact, every look, every gesture, would be turned by my willing mind as a sign that she cared for me. When the Doctor twitted her about me once, she told him: "Mind your own business!" Good advice!

I accompanied her to church sometimes, and no doubt paid her enough attention to be talked about.

But, you see, that sort of talk never came to my ears; for, not only was I a comparative stranger in the locality, but, "The friends thou hast and their affection tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel," not having grappled many such friends, a general knowledge of my impression was not vouchsafed me.

My attentions were kept up under the solid and unflinching impression that maybe she cared for me, no matter what she said or did.

To that impression I was as true as steel,—if I do say it myself; and I would accompany her, though the heavens fall, it was no matter to me how fearful the dose I gave myself.

While it is right enough to say that it is such a wonderful pleasure to be in love; and while there is an ecstasy of enjoyment at times, I think that such a part as I was performing was little less than hell upon earth.

LOVE'S STRIFE.

Think of being scared to death of a girl, and, at the same time, going, "of a Sunday," to accompany her to church whether she would or no! That was your humble servant's position to a dot, or a "single allspice," as a friend of mine says.

Yet I feel thankful that when I attempted such an escort, she could have been rid of me if she had tried with all her might!

On one occasion I had made up my mind to accompany her from church—that is, to ask the privilege.

At the proper time, when the services were over, and friends were standing around having a pleasant chat, I boldly walked to where she stood. But she seemed to stop for an everlasting while, and moments were as centuries then!

Here the minister's part of the story comes in; for he told me that he saw me standing there waiting, and that I was as white as a sheet, and so he hastened over in order to set matters right. She accepted her escort, and I went home with her.

At another time I took dinner with the family. You can, thus, understand that it was not teetotally all on one side; and that she must have shown me some pleasant attention, which led me to suppose that I was not altogether wrong as to her feeling toward me.

LIFE IN SECONDS.

However, these intense moments can't last forever, or we would not live to tell the story, even if we are and have been generally in good health and strength.

But, on the other hand, it may be well to note that you or I can tell a friend in five minutes what it may have taken a year to perform.

This book takes me some months to write, but it takes only a few hours to read; and it has taken me all

my life to act out whatever of history it may have in it. Intense moments may do for books and stories; but we may live weeks, months, years, in fact, a whole life-time before we meet those that stir us the most.

But the claims of business compelled me to leave that locality, and I went some fifty miles away. Not so my heart; it was there, never turning from its one incessant appeal.

Finally, I determined to know whether she really cared for me.

I called, and had a long talk with her. She did not care for me, I found, as she thoroughly informed me, but in the pleasantest possible spirit withal.

A GLAD FAREWELL.

A lovely smile may be instructive! and when she asked me if I was going to accompany her to church the next Sunday, and I informed her I would not, or that I would not be there,—I am not quite sure which, —she looked as pleased as possible; and that smile of honest satisfaction put matters in a clear light. With it, I left, never to see or hear of her again.

I had presented her with some fine bouquets; and I now asked her if she thought it was right to have accepted them while caring nothing for me. Anything in the line of presents, she said, did not necessarily pay for her affections; and it looks as if she was right.

If she had not accepted them I should have been affronted, and when she did accept them I took it as meaning entirely too much.

So there is a love story " for all true lovers to admire."

But in all this there is a supreme, if I may call it so, satisfaction; and that is, that I feel profoundly glad if these gentle maidens did not care for me. Ah, ha! sour grapes!

QUEENS.

I don't say this with a feeling of triumph; it is simply the fact that it doesn't seem to me, as I remember the young women now, that they and I were in any true sense properly fitted for a long life in the married state. Therefore, I more than exonerate them. In fact, when I think of the other side, and remember some who have cared for me, I sometimes think I have only had my deserts, if I have even had that—but those I'll not talk about.

There is a feeling of fairness in thus telling you about the young women who have gotten the best of me, but as to the dear souls who were wrapped up in me, it's a shame even to think of them as if I were a conqueror. Let them, in turn, rejoice as I do! Let me regard them all as heavenly.

As for me, I am of very ordinary clay, and am afraid

that the sunshine of heaven in these matters has come down to *terra firma* with a bang—that is, if sunshine can come down with a bang!

Says one: "He must have been an awful flirt, or else very fickle;" but does that follow? For, even supposing there was a round "baker's dozen" of such cases of more or less intensity, in which "my hopes were shattered forever," possibly it was only that "when poverty comes in at the window love flies out at the door!"

What's your opinion? Or wouldn't you express it in public?

Why, if one has this love-sentiment in his nature, then nature says love! and surely a year or two should be enough time to take oneself in hand and forget a girl who never cared for him.

BE JOLLY.

With matters settled, it seems to me that the best part to perform is to down the sentiment or the memory at once, if possible.

And surely, it is better not to be miserable and moody and sour over life, either; but ready for its battles again in whatever form, with a stout heart. Find another girl, and more girls; and if burnt once, then burn again more carefully!

It is this multitude of experiences, taken as nature

gives them, disagreeable to take, through which we "bob up serenely," and which unceasingly pound and push human nature higher; it is through them all—pleasant, good or bad—that the working-people more that any other class rise to a better and firmer footing in this world.

It must also be because of these many trials, with the sunshine blazing through here and there, that they are the wise leaders of the world.

Let us for a minute think this matter over more particularly: you read, and I'll argue!

I'm taking the time to write, even if I steal the time, and who knows but you find it even harder to wade through the doses I give—ah! there's many a true word spoken in jest!

"Stay not upon the order of thy going, but go at once!" as my old friend Shakespeare says.

UNIVERSITY.

Oh, I'm well acquainted with him! he and I went to the same school! And we didn't go to college, either!

That's a point for you—the greatest writer of any age! And the college didn't train him, either; some chance for you and me yet!

Yes, we, the people, take that chance, and let us look a little more directly at what we accomplish.

As it requires different points of view to learn of

the sun and its elements, so with *the* problem of this age.

Our part in this book is to contend for the world as against its shadows; for the people against the few; for the intelligence of to-day against the ignorance of the past.

No mere building of Pyramids or East River Bridge our task, but the rebuilding of the liberty of nations!

One would think, to read history, that there were only leaders doing the work. For instance:

General So-and-so fought the great battle of Bloody Neck, and won; King Toe-the-mark the Great built the great city; the Emperor moved his palace to such and such a place; Johnston ran the business for forty years, and died worth ten millions.

We hear of Napoleon's great battles, of the victories of Grant; but not of his corporal, Rand—"The bravest, keenest, sharpest man to plan or execute a plan; if long as time his fame don't stand, then my name ain't Alexander Rand!"

"PAGE-MARKS IN HISTORY."

We hear how the President ran the village, or nation, or business. We read of the lives of these few men, of their good points,—always popular, because the triumphal progress of humanity is ever a search for the best. But as for the people, where are they?

The historian says, "No time here to bother with

them, I must write the great deeds of the mighty men of valor; the Little Church Around the Corner may do that sort of business!

"The people are not of much account, anyhow; the trouble with them is they don't know enough to get out of their own way; or they are always traveling in their own dust, as Barnum once said of some people."

Oh, the delights of caste! How stupid everybody except oneself! To look down on all; to have a title!—is it general, business manager, president, doctor, lawyer, preacher? Trained to obeisance, to worship position. Your superior, the *littérateur,* proudly commands attention!

Is it likely that literary people will go out of their way to say anything that will lessen their distinction as a class? Adulation is dear to them! It is only cranks, such as I, living at the dawn of a new idea in the human heart, that could thus go back on his kind!

All who are not cranks, listen to the Oracle:

IMAGINARY.

"A close observer of the truth must understand that people are very much like machines: they can do hard-bone labor, we all know that; but it is also as plain as the nose on a man's face that they need the strong hand of men of force and of character to keep them in check.

"The leaders of mankind may, and often do, have

their faults; nevertheless, they are a strong, enduring segment of humanity, while the great body, herded like sheep, are moved hither and yon at the voice of the master.

" If the masses were different, then we could get along without leaders, but so long as they are as they are, it is necessary to have those who can direct them and show them the way in whatever avenues of life you may place them.

" And further, that is the reason, beyond a question, that it is better that the wealth of the land should be in the hands of the few—else, alas, who would take care of the millionaires' estates? These few are really the guardians of the public welfare.

" Why, when this country was started, and it was said we believed so much in the people, it was practically evident that we did not believe so at all.

" Washington was no Democrat, and the government never has been run by the people. It is and always must be run by the leaders, the few men. Their wiser heads and more experienced thought direct.

NEEDS TO BE CARRIED!

" The poor hod-carrier, content to run life on a narrow plane, sees little beyond his hod, and must allow those who by nature and surroundings are fitted to look into such matters, run the government for him.

"Your great exponent of Democracy, Thomas Jefferson, we should add, was a man of wealth, owning his slaves, his immense plantation, his library of thousands of volumes, the great chieftain of a small village, finally to become the leader of a nation.

"He was a genuine Democrat of Democrats in theory, but in practice living like one of the finest of Southern country gentlemen.

"At the same time, he was generous to a fault, unpretentious in manners; and withal, as fine a citizen as the country could boast."

Isn't this democratic treatment of a great Democrat? Have we not given a fair presentation of the way ordinary, well-to-do men look at these questions of wealth, and of the proper standing of the leaders in society? Isn't much of this simply because of birth?

OR THE LEOPARD HIS SPOTS?

If I had been born rich I hardly see how I could ever have thought as I do now—the rich see one way, the poor another.

But one of the greatest wrongs connected with these thoughts is that not only the rich but also the poor have believed in them. Haven't the poor believed that the leaders, the rich, the wealthy, were what they were because it was best?

Yes, or they wouldn't have been leaders and have

been wealthy. And the more they received only showed the more desert,—the greater man.

To many a poor man the whole case is summed up in his willingness to face the music and to look at his own imperfections—didn't have wit enough to become rich.

You know as well as I that before the Civil War the slaves were as likely as not to think they were slaves because they were not equal to the whites; and it could not be otherwise that many of them should have thought it was all right, and in God's plan. Their condition was such as to cause inferiority; but the wealth of the South is a monument to their industry.

I'd hate to say that the very poorest people are as sound and solid and knowing, mentally and physically, as are those better-off.

Should I be writing this book if I deemed poverty a good thing?

INFERNO.

On the contrary, I believe it is the abomination of God's footstool; responsible for more wickedness than anything else—except—and don't forget the exception—vast wealth!

Wars, pestilence, famine, and vice are the boon companions of poverty and wealth.

Who are the real leaders of the people?—The people themselves, of course—good to reiterate.

Take a Napoleon, as good an illustration as one can find, a man who thought he could move, rule, and whip, if necessary, the whole world; who looked upon the common people as needing just such a man as he to lead them; who regarded himself as a man of destiny—not a bad idea for any man to have—and far above the masses.

He felt that he was born to lead; to be at the top, to control; as surely as he felt that the common people were born to be controlled, to be led, and by him—their master, their superior.

Napoleon would have been snuffed-out like a candle,—wouldn't have been a drop to the ocean,—if the people had not been with him.

Did he ever make a move, ever write a decree, ever wage a battle, but that the age was right, the people in the humor, and educated to the standard necessary for such work to be done?

The real leader was the people. What was Napoleon?

He was a man, who filled a certain situation made by a civilized community.

A CLOSE FIT.

He never made that position, but whole ages have molded our systems of civilized conditions into such forms that he happened to fit them.

Not only that, but, let us repeat, by the very neces-

sities of the case, a general is known to the world, while a carpenter is not; not because of the goodness of the general, nor his greatness, but because the position is in itself an advertisement, and to be of any use the man must be known. If you are a lecturer or a preacher you will be known to a fairly large circle of people.

Suppose a preacher, with a large congregation, happened to be sick, they might fall back upon you or me as a last resort, for one time; then see what a large number of people might know us, even were we poorer at preaching than would be the corner grocery man.

With a farmer or a blacksmith it would be almost impossible to be known to so many, unless "elected by the people to be justice of the peace." Even the President is often unknown until he becomes President, and, if not unknown, comparatively of little influence, afterward.

Step right up, gentlemen, and take a look at the Emperor!

TIED-UP.

He is supposed to rule as no one else rules,—a veritable god to millions of people—; and yet, he can hardly turn over in bed except the people let him—built up, hammered in, and pounded down into a set place; not a subject but is freer than he. Talk about his being a leader! All leaders are led; they do the

people's bidding, for they are the people's making; and their wisdom, if they have any, is the gleanings of many minds, which is but to say the people have instructed them.

The poorest leaders have stupidly not done the people's bidding, and they have always come to grief. Look at the times when they changed kings faster than we change aldermen! in those good old days when kings were comparatively poor, and "boodle" aldermen unknown.

But, you say, suppose a man is their master—the master of the people—what then? Isn't he their leader?

Suppose not the impossible! He can't be and never was their master? Are you a master when the people say you must be a master? When the people say strike, and you strike, who is doing it if it be not the people?

DICTATOR.

When a man is a bloody tyrant, as it is called, and cuts off the heads of people as if they were stalks of wheat, and gains skill in the business by plenty of practice, as did Peter the Great, what's the tyrant but the bloody people themselves, who look upon his deeds as the proper thing?

Take the pretty little illustration along these lines of brotherly love, of the general who, to show his per-

fect authority, casually points his finger to a couple of men on a high rock, and instantly they jump off to their destruction.

That wasn't the commander's power at all, it was the perfection of belief of the people in such power, and in giving one man such power. Let your powerful commander try such tricks to-day, and see how quickly his own destruction will ensue.

How often the historian speaks of the church leading the people, and of the oppressions of the priestcraft. But have the people ever been led by the priests of any denomination? Haven't the people compelled the priests to do their bidding?

There is not a pulpit in the nation,—nor in any other nation, for that matter,—but that there is preached therein what the people want, not what the minister wants; else the minister would be minus a congregation, and, still worse, a salary.

OUR WAY IS YOURS.

In even the most enlightened churches in our cities clergymen preach only to that kind of audience that cares for the enlightenment they give; and if they preached differently, they'd have to step down and out —as many a man, true to his convictions, has done. The churches stand, and the preachers preach "to witness if I lie." Even though Heavenward, 'tis the desire of the people that guides the ministry—the true

leader, if such there be, but kindly follows the lead of his flock.

We seem to be sure that the newspapers lead the people. Nothing is farther from the truth. They never lead. The best of them can only be better led than others. Never was there an editor who succeeded in selling his paper, but he reflected the opinions of his patrons. How could he do otherwise? When a paper runs counter to our prejudices, don't we get another?—and it must suit those who still take it. Take the little "Liberator," published by William Loyd Garrison, do you suppose that circulated among those who hated Garrison?

When one reflects upon these things, he wonders how any one can think that the people are led: *they* lead, from start to finish.

Why, you have to begin even before the start; for, unless the people's minds are ripe for the new idea, they won't even give it a hearing.

IMPERIAL EDICT.

And thus I listen to the reverberating musketry of the people's thought until its accumulating power, like resounding thunder, comes to my ears, and the people, in their grandeur, allow me the noble privilege of telling their own story.

It isn't necessary to suppose that because the leader doesn't lead, he is of no use—that isn't so at all.

Of course he is of use; but he doesn't carry the people round in his pocket; rather, they carry him round in their pockets, while lending him their pocket-book!

And the papers! Do they lead? Not at all. They advertise, and they place the popular idea where all can see it, and they blend the thought of a million. God speed to their work! 'tis but the people marching on. Now, with kindly thought and keen discernment, let ye well-trained editor write of this book as the prophecy of the people for victory: poverty surrenders to justice.

Let us take a step into the future. Looking backward, we thank the editors of many papers whose cordial words have so often delighted us, even though their praise has been greater than our deserts. Our success—beyond our most sanguine hopes—is due, in no small part, to the kindly attitude of our editorial friends.

" The ring " now comes to the front, and people say, " the ring " rules the poor with a rod of iron.

Again we have the spectacle of a great city in the toils of a barbarous foe, a tyrant as bad as any monarchy, utterly unscrupulous, looting the public treasury rather than caring a particle for the people—such at least has often been its history.

SKILL IN HIS LINE.

" And," as you say, " as to its leader, no words are hard enough for him; no kind of political corruption at which he is not the handiest of the handy.

" He sits in his office and dictates the whole scheme of party action. He appoints the different captains or generals, as the case may be. The ' Black lies ' and ' wicked plots ' come from his fertile brain or those of his satellites.

" He knows just where to put his hand on the ' plug uglies ', when wanted for a row at the poles, or whom to depend on to get them there. ' He knows about it all; he knows, he knows! '

" And the primaries, those institutions of the popular will! with what skill and dexterity they are managed: each part of the game is played with consummate art, from nomination to election, whether it's ' jollying,' ' bulldozing,' or lying to—the people.

" ' Theirs not to reason why,' but to ' pay the piper.' In truth, the people are never represented in the primaries or in the conclaves of political chiefs; nor are their interests cared a rap for."

FOLLOW THE TIDE.

But in spite of all this, let us firmly " put the question ": Are not the people leading the politicians? Are not the politicians simply their tools? Are not the politicians actually " whipped into line,"—literally, slaves of the people?

They are trying to win; but who wants them to win? who demands that they shall win? Isn't each side determined, above all things, that its own side and its

own officials must win? And isn't every lie and trick rejoiced in so long as it catches the other side?

The politician's lies are his ammunition; but who compels him to use that ammunition?—the very people whom he is supposed to lead.

From the chief cook and bottle-washer down to the ordinary scullion, they must promise to fulfil the people's desires; why, it's a dead-set cast-iron compulsion, that's what it is, no half-way matter about it.

A secret conclave—lies concocted to deceive the people. Yes, but the people demand all, they give the power, they make the position, they inspire; and the politician is all eyes and ears to get their every whisper to do, or say he'll do, just what they want.

As the son is to the father, so is the politician to the people, and when the father dictates without knowing how to exercise his power, and forgetting himself in idolizing his son, what can you have but a spoiled child?

SCATTER INTELLIGENCE BROADCAST.

To change all this, we need to intensify our activities; clear away the brushwood of foolish personal animosities, and work for that swiftly-dawning knowledge of how to run a government to our own advantage.

But we must work, work as men only work when digging out their brothers who are covered up by a

mining catastrophe: such must be our war of peace.

Now, though the leader of "the ring" may deal in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," yet he is true to a principle—the principle to win!

He "takes his instructions" from the people, and what do these men without work, without homes, without owning anything in this world, without a prospect of owning anything in the future—what under the sun can they care about this government?

And especially, when, as is the case, many of them came to this country thinking that, at last, they had come to a free country, where there was plenty of work and good wages.

Have they come to a country where the honest man can earn an honest living, and some day see wife and family happy and contented, not everlastingly working like galley-slaves for a mere pittance?

What have such men to think of a government that pens them into tenements, works the life out of them, imprisons many in crowded, ill-ventilated shops, and then calls it all justice, freedom, liberty?

ONLY A FEW HAVE "THEIR PRICE."

Yet, when one thinks of the millions who, on election-day, stand in solid phalanxes opposite each other, who never swerve a hair's breadth because of money, whose conviction that the right is on their side deter-

mines their vote, one feels that the sterling integrity of humanity can never be overestimated.

Still, we are not angels yet! And many a man would like to "get even" with the government that does so much talking and so little acting in his behalf; and "the ring," in giving expression to this feeling, gives itself great credit for "leading the people." On the contrary, the thoughts and ideas of the people have simply been gathered up, as it were, and returned whence they came.

Thus, when "the leader," with more force than elegance, says, "To hell with reform!" it goes right to the hearts of the audience. What does reform mean to them? Are they at work? Has it meant a dollar in their pockets? These people believe in "one-man-power," in dictatorship, in having a "master" over them.

SUCCESS, THEIR BATTLE-CRY!

The "machine politician" is a little monarch in himself, the idol of those who want a "strong government." He wants to succeed; his constituents want him to succeed, and neither he nor they care a rye-straw *how* they succeed, so long as they get to the winning place.

Now, as the audience gives a faint ripple of applause, and a great sigh of relief over that last argument, I take it as all I need for an encore—much to the regret

of the audience—and shall finish this chapter with a short, sharp, and spicy little speech; ahem!

Some one has the temerity to say to the great man—that is myself:—"It is my extreme modesty, that's what I like about me!"—"I see you are generous and your intentions are all right, and once in a while you seem to have a glimmering of sense. Tell me, in a few words, and without any verbiage of eloquence, what you want this vast army of working people to do, these people who are honest enough, good enough, steady enough—we acknowledge all this, whether it be farmer, carpenter, hod-carrier, mechanic, or day-laborer. But, you know well enough, you don't want them to rule you; you, an intelligent man, trained to thoughtful observation, a philosopher,—withal, an equal of men of title and renown,—you surely don't want the riff-raff of the world to be your rulers, when a person like you should rule thousands."

Stop! stop right there, "right in your tracks," and give me a chance.

REGULATION POLITICIANS.

Who under the light of Heaven is ruling me now?

There's your question; and the answer is just as plain, too.

For unadulterated ignorance and absolute wanton carelessness of the interests of the people, where do you want to go but to our legislatures?

Stupidity and ignorance is rampant there; that is, understand, I mean anything that is not simply and wholly a matter of their own gain; there they are as ready to spring as a steel trap set for a mouse; but when it comes to doing anything for which as a body they were ever instituted, surely that part of the whole matter is past redemption.

Why, candidly, I'd be glad to take my chances on better conditions, if, instead of men, we fill our legislatures with genuinely honest boys, under fifteen years of age; the silly bills they introduce, their twaddle and personalities, their utter misconception of duty as representatives of the people!

Did you ever hear a blue jay swear? No? Well, you should read Mark Twain's account of it; it fits the case exactly.

MEN OF PRINCIPLE.

I am talking about men, hark 'e unto that! I am talking about poor men who have not dabbled in politics.

Besides, I am talking about men not skilled in taking money from others, but skilled in making money for others to take.

Any honest carpenter, shoemaker, blacksmith, or hod-carrier, and especially if he have some idea of his proper standing toward the masses—of whom he is one—is the man for my vote.

Let him have never made a speech, have never written a word that has been in print, but simply been a good ordinary workingman,—the more intelligent the better; and with such men in our legislatures, even though but partly filled by them, we would have a purification in politics such as hasn't been heard of for ages: a consummation of the efforts of the patriots of the Revolution to establish a Democracy.

I don't mean any poor man who is a trickster in politics; I mean the workingman, the workingman, the workingman!—that's plain enough.

As John Hancock said, when signing the Declaration of Independence, in a big round hand, "The British Ministers won't have to put on their specks to read that"; and if you have read it a dozen times, just read it here once more.

ASTONISHING, BUT TRUE.

Can you think or dream of any greater outrage of political chicanery, than that the people who have placed in the world almost everything you can lay your eyes on, and whose integrity and energy is the foundation-rock upon which this or any other nation rests, have, practically, no representations in the government?

It seems strange, indeed, that a country could start as if it were really democratic and interested in genuine equality, while hardly a single man of the class

I am talking about, the men to whom the country owes itself, should have been in our legislatures at all.

Talk about taxation without representation!—when the only substantial part of the world is thrust aside as of no use; while the mere surface—the wealthy, professional, literary, and business class—is allowed to manage the government, and regards itself as so remarkably endowed with intelligence and capacity that it should also have charge of the earnings of the rest of the world, because, forsooth, the rest of the world doesn't know how to spend its own money properly!

Isn't this the hard-pan of truth?

Sorry am I, indeed, that it is.

Let us have a little more of the true grit of intelligence, and less of its froth.

The man who splits a rock, knows something. And I will take his knowledge rather than that of the man who looks on,—every time,—even if he does wear old clothes and doesn't look quite as respectable as he would if he had a little more of this world's goods and was used to fine society.

IX

SUPPOSE we regale you with another incident "in the sad, sad lesson of loving!"

Did you ever see a picture of the loveliest young lady you could possibly imagine? Well, pick out such a one in some paper or magazine, and you will have the picture I once looked upon in real life.

I couldn't believe it possible—such perfect loveliness; and in the country, at that.

"O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

But so it was, and that picture not only looked at me as I passed, but turned and looked after I had gone past.

This beautiful vision was patting a big dog at the time, and standing at the gate of a fine, large old country residence.

After some love-affairs of greater or less moment, this was to be my last up to the present time.

I haven't told you of my most heartless episode in

that line, for it hardly pays. This one came immediately after that,—as a sort of relief.

What is life without change?—either money or circumstance?

With such beauty before me, no wonder I lost my heart at once,—forgot all the other girls, and was to think of her and her only for a year or two subsequently.

As you must know, in this book, the event is all over; and I have never been quite sure whether I am sorry or glad.

But that it makes me gloomy or sorrowful to relate these events of sadness, as they passed in my career, is altogether a mistake.

"YEO HO! LADS! HO! YEO HO!"

Ferocious beasts try the hunter's mettle; savage tribes descend upon the pioneer; more formidable is a sweet girl's face to the lover. But all, with a laugh, mingle their stories in the crackling blaze of the old-fashioned fireplace!

My family think that maybe I was not so much in love as I imagine, else I would not have been able to get over it so readily. Likely as not, they are right.

Still, at the time I thought I would rather stand almost any physical pain—even the cutting off of a leg or an arm—than to go through this delight of loving and losing.

But, at present, thank you, I'd much rather relate the experience of loving and losing, than that of having lost an arm!

At the same time, love has a way of getting in cuts and jabs that lets one know that when it comes to giving pain, old Dame Nature doesn't need any instructions!

The young lady was a perfect rainbow in my thought. I attended the same church. I am not a churchman,—exactly,—but, " if they was all like you I don't know but I'd join them!"

However, it was some while before I got an introduction. That was accomplished at a sociable at one of the fine houses in the village.

The young lady's family was very rich, but sensible and unpretentious withal; while I was very poor—alack!

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

But poverty, you know, wants to hold its head up; and I did not want any girl to think I was not as good as she, even if she was rich. And I can tell you, I never carried myself one whit less of a man because I was not as well off as others.

Not I! I felt then—and I might as well own up that I feel now—as good as any millionaire " who ever did on horseback come." Maybe that made things less pleasant with us: it's bred in the bone that those

who have wealth, like you to appreciate it; and sometimes it shows good sense to appreciate it. Don't you say so, too? And the "cuts and jabs" of love might prove dainty little taps!

It might not be unfair to remark, just here, that it seems to me I have done a great deal that was unfair in these matters, and that possibly, all along, even if I have loved to distraction, I was getting, as hereinbefore mentioned, proper recompense for misbehavior.

For I would do and say things that would aggravate the young women very much: and that is hardly the way for true lovers to agree.

You can imagine how much a young woman, talked of over all the village, would have had to lay up against me in the following instance:

REVENGE.

She had not treated me quite right,—as I considered,—and so, at a very delightful entertainment, I told her it was nearly time to go, leaving the impression that I would ask to accompany her home. Instead, I walked home without her.

Still, I shouldn't wonder if all the time she hadn't cared two straws for me.

In love, as in business, sufficient means, or equality of conditions, add much to self-assurance, and pave the way to success; but, you see, I was aiming high—an heiress, where heiresses were scarce.

But when under way before an audience, I feel dauntless, and having listened to the "tintinnabulation that so musically wells" of success, we naturally expect, by vigorous work, to enjoy more of those "molten-golden notes."

When I am a great orator, speaking to an audience of five thousand or so, and you come along and make it the five thousand and oneth, see if I don't have more success than I have had with "the lasses O!"

She managed to give me a pretty tough dose: once when we were playing a game called Professor. When her turn came to ask questions, she asked me, right before the whole company, if I was in love!

COMMOTION.

Well! I was so dead in love, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, that it was a terrific conundrum; and in the mêlée that went through my mind at the time, I don't know what I answered. I suppose it was so apparent that the question came promptly to her lips; and in the laugh that followed an answer was not necessary. Love and revenge seem often interlinked! It was after this I almost asked her to permit me to see her home, yet did not take her. She met her match. Alas, not a matrimonial match! We were "quits!"

At one time I went with her and a number of young

men and women in a big two-horse wagon; and after a pleasant entertainment, we all rode back.

Isn't it fun!—a rollicking party of young people off in one of those big, lumbering wagons, filled with straw, so that you are not bumped to pieces. And of course you have your arm round the fair young lady of your choice! *I* did not, else she would be telling me now what not to say on the subject! Let the fair creature *yet* to take her place, criticise with imperious air!

Oh, well! it's just as well to laugh as cry over such things, or over anything, in fact.

I am living now, and I expect to live for the next fifty years; therefore it would prove a long time to feel sad over one beautiful young woman, even if her father did own a good share of the country for miles around!

LOVING AND WINNING.

And so I don't feel sorry. Indeed, I may tell you some day of a successful story in this line. Still, if it should be successful, I should never tell: it is best to wait till one gets to Heaven, where he can send the news forth in a golden trumpet.

There is a solid grain of truth right there. How many marriages are made unhappy by taking outsiders into family troubles: worse than jumping into

a fire, I should say; still, not being married, I am not an authority.

"When I was playing with my brother," or, rather, when I was quarreling with him, when we were "little shavers" and were going for each other at a lively rate, a strange boy put his head over the fence and told us to go for each other. He mistook his man. We were not the kind that wanted interference in our private concerns, and, in letting him understand that he had better attend to his own affairs and let us alone, we forgot our own quarrel.

It reminds me of having read somewhere that Andrew Jackson, sometimes remiss in his apparel, was told that a lady of distinction was waiting to see him, and a suggestion was made to him to "fix up" better; he replied, that he once knew a man who made an independent fortune by attending to his own business!

"HEAR THE MELLOW WEDDING BELLS."

This dazzlingly pretty young woman kept me greatly captivated for a long time. I called to see her as often as I could, I've no doubt—it was but a few years ago.

But, as will sometimes happen, there was "another Ben whose Christian name was John!" and he "did me up," as one might say.

However, I think I was "too slow for any use"—isn't that what the girls say? Here, for instance, what

do you think of this? In the course of a pleasant entertainment, in the interchange of candies and mottoes, I gave her a ring, and she went round the room showing it to the rest as given from me. Now, why didn't I fix things right then and there? and tell her to keep that ring until I should exchange it for one to blissfully bind us forever!

That suggestion came from my mother—a trifle late; but, dear me, there are others! It might prove a perfect success next time!

Well, I was never up to anything, except to worship the girls. And I am afraid I always will.

If a man is only half a man till he is married,—and I am convinced that is true,—why shouldn't he worship the other half, and trust that he sometime will really be a man?

MORNING MEDITATION.

To show you how matters were finally concluded, as we draw a dim religious light over the close of this little drama, let me give you a scrap of poetry.

I wrote it one morning before seven o'clock, and finally presented it to the young woman, though no more was I to think of her.

I am thankful to say that I have been able to put a cast-iron padlock on my mind in such cases.

Let the man "used to war's alarm" laugh at such

adventures. The cannon's mouth may have no terrors for him; but a fair woman has been known to subdue many such a one.

THE WARRIOR LOVER'S LAMENT.

Before another moon shall have passed
Into the filmy depths of an unknown intensity,
Another lover shall depart;
And the sweet and gentle zephyrs
Of life's fading joys shall no longer cause
A dulcet requiem in his heart.

He passes, and 'twere well,
Though the symposium of earth's ecstasies
Expressed in the graceful mien
Of his heart's desire
Should no longer thrill him
With unwonted zeal.

Afar he shall roam,
Singing a song,
And the world shall rejoice;
For 'tis the blithesome essence
Of things of inharmonious intent
From which we evolve a life
Both long and wisely spent.

Do you think she ought to mind my printing that in this book?

If it is not popular, she will never hear of it; and

if it be, she might even feel a trifle honored by having had such a lover; don't you think?

And, as she is married and I am not, she ought to be very glad to have me add a little incident that would help to make people interested in the book.

If she be selfish, and think it a shame to have printed a line already known to a few friends only, then I will say, it is too bad; and if I had only known what she ever thought of the lines, or what she ever thought of me, it might have saved me a little experience—that's all.

Speaking of poetry or rhymes, here is another. I once read this to my brother in a casual sort of way, and then asked him who he thought it reminded him of.

He said he thought it sounded something like Byron! You may be sure that was the best compliment in the line of poetry I ever received. A good one on my brother!

The greatest man the world e'er saw
Had his many failings;
'Twas not his failings made him great,
Nor yet his lack of failings;
But 'twas, that fail as fail he might,
He'd strive again to do the right.

Some one asked me the other day if I was writing any poetry nowadays.

When I was in the rhapsodies of ecstatic love, I poetized.

A great poet says, "Think not the composing of a deathless lay the pastime of a drowsy, summer day," and I think I had better stick to prose; it would be too hard work to put such a book as this into poetry!

Now, as the piper has piped his minstrel lay, will the audience be so kind as to listen to his story; for, be it told, he hath said, "with the emphasis of his hand on his heart, that there was something rankling here, which he wished to relieve"—vanity of vanities, saith Webster, that one so great should quote me!

My subject, "oh! ye children of a conquered race!" is the mightiest robbery atween the two ends of time.

Let us take the universe—excuse me, we will take the sun, to start with!

If the sun's in the market, I should be pleased to pocket it as the best means of robbing the people.

Wouldn't they pay me their last cent, or last billion dollars, if I owned the sun!

"Going, going, gone!"—and I missed the sun!

TAKES OUR BREATH AWAY.

How would the sky do for a monopoly, in lieu of the sun? Or, "here's your last chance, only a few more left! suppose you take the air!"

I'll go you one better, my friend, being a practical

man, and not used to dealing in the heavens, I'll take the earth! Well said; and the few bought it up.

Do you think this is all nonsense?—I guess not.

Step out on the outskirts of this city; there is an empty lot, except for old cans "and bits of harness and straps and strings."

Yes, and there are other lots, numbers and numbers of them—millions of acres, bread and butter to many and many a starving man and his family.

But what of it? Speculation's desert waste, my friend: and you and I can sit on the fence and say:

"Work, work; oh, why can't I work!

"Give me a shovel, give me a trowel, a hoe.

"I'll dig with my hands, yes I will, and praise the Lord and men, too, if you will only let me go to work to earn an honest living on that bare land."

Oh, pshaw! that's nothing! Why, there are millions and millions of acres, almost millions of square miles, of unused land in this greatest of all the nations.

"Where is it, Jack? Where is it? Where is it! Taken from us it is." By Jove! Old Shakespeare said the truth that time!

Enough land to make five States as big as Ohio, owned by capitalists in Europe—"what in the name!" Don't get excited; they may be good men and true.

ISABELLA.

Even the Queen of Spain, it is said, owns more

property in the City of Brooklyn than any other individual.

What have the foreign owners of these vast stretches of territory done to make it so valuable? Nothing; lived in Europe, that's all.

And if they would take up their residence in the moon, the land would increase in value just the same.

The early settler, the pioneer, the backwoodsman, our forefathers in the Revolution; men like Daniel Boone who fought savages with one hand, while the other was on the plow; the poor farmer, working his eighteen and twenty hours a day; the mechanic and the people of trades in our cities, towns and villages; —work of the most energetic people in this world,— to these, to their work, their hard, persevering industry, is due the value of every acre and every foot of land in this or any other nation.

"Oh!" says the capitalist, "you're stone-blind, and no mistake, can't you see that we put our capital in the land?"

Yes; paid for the privilege of extracting an annual tribute from the people.

WHO GOT IT?

Do you see that little speck in the air—that's our balloon; we've been all round the world to see how it's owned. We'll drop right down here in New York

City—400 years ago, twenty-four dollars; to-day, billions; who did it?

You; certainly you, the people. And we've found it the same the world round. Here comes a tidal wave; it sweeps you, the people, all off—what's the city worth?—Nothing.

From one dollar or less to fourteen millions an acre—that's the record; made by you, made by me, made by every honest worker in the land.

Poverty! Great Jehoshophat! Poverty! There's no poverty. Am I talking sense? Am I blind?

Here's your mountain of gold!—right at your feet. Start from the top of it,—Broadway and Wall Street will do; now move toward the outskirts of the city.

Look at every town—village—hamlet—city; haven't you the same mountain of gold?

Every cent, every dollar, every million dollars, every billion dollars that have been added to the value of that land, from year to year, since it was virgin land as God left it, have been made by the people.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S STORY.

"My grandfather owned twenty lots in Chicago. He sold a few from time to time, either to obtain sufficient money to build on the lots he had left or to pay taxes, or have an income. To-day I am worth ten millions." It is "plain for all folk to see" who made those millions—no riddle about that.

Have you heard the story of the Lenox Farm of forty acres, near Central Park?

It was bought of a widow, and a large price—five thousand dollars—paid.

But the generous buyer suggested in his will that it be kept, as it might be valuable some day. That little farm increased in value from five thousand to fifteen million dollars or so; and is there a ten-year-old child who couldn't tell who made the increase?

Surely, the facts are plain. If you or I own land, we can't make it increase in price, can we—the bare land? The community does that for us.

Then who ought to have that increase?

Now then, as oil on troubled waters, comes the one tax: "To Mary Queen the praise be given, she sent the gentle sleep from Heaven that slid into my soul," as the one tax comes into the mind to dispel the fear of eternal oppression.

WHICH ARE CAESAR'S.

It comes to let all thinking men know there is a practical way out of financial wickedness other than "by dealing out flannel and sheeting a little below cost price!" when we know that the poor man pays for his charity and supports those who give it to him.

Yes, the one tax comes to open the way to men's ownership of themselves, to homes and peace and a

mighty future, instead of the dried-up skull of a democracy.

But how will one tax do all this?

Simply by taking this mountain of gold I've been speaking of—by taking for the people the yearly tribute levied by the foreigner or by our own speculators.

It would be almost a guarantee of a home of his own, steady work and good wages to every able-bodied earnest worker in the land.

And if in this age of the world, you are looking for any more than this, I can refer you only to Heaven itself.

"Lend me thine ear, Clarinda, for a moment," and I will show you the truth of this little nugget of golden possibility.

We'd like to have the home of our own; and we should like to have the one tax to get it with.

Would there be a vacant lot or vacant strip anywhere? Wouldn't millions of acres be thrown open for use?—held now on speculation.

But there would be no speculation if the yearly increase in the value of the land was taken for the people.

KEEP OFF THE EARTH!

Wouldn't the people go for these lands? Go for them! As well ask if a man would put bread to his mouth when he is starving. Look at the pioneers of

the Far West! Look at the opening of the Oklahoma Territory! Look at the Puritans!

Do you suppose they would have come here as they did if every acre of land had been held on speculation, and they had seen a sign on Plymouth Rock, "No trespassing here!"

People say workingmen won't leave the cities. Did you ever see a man who would not pick up gold if he had the chance? That's what I am talking about now; not about isolating men from their fellows for less reward than they obtain in the city.

Twenty times this annual tribute is an average price of land; so that we have nineteen times as much left to make our start on our little place as we should have had before—that's about it!

Yes, sir, a home of your own will be in plain sight; for wages will rise as surely as the sun shines, as surely as a more equal distribution of wealth would make wages greater.

People would leave the cities and give others a chance; rents would go down.

WOULD HAVE TRIBUTE FOREVER.

A distinguished man says rents won't go down because men of means won't build if building won't pay; that is, unless they can get the same rents as at present.

Where will they put their money?

Ah, one-tax is not a little mite of a remedy! It's

like some mighty Atlas carrying a new world upon his shoulders; big enough as a starter, in all conscience, if we can only ever get it.

Where's he going to put his money if he's not going to build? Does the capitalist propose to get off the land? Salt mines, gold mines, iron mines, copper mines, silver mines, coal mines—the one-tax takes them all in and give their yearly rental to the people. It would give all a fair chance in a great Klondike discovery, and, while destroying the chance to make millions would also destroy the barbarous condition characteristic of such discoveries, and prove a wage-raising influence for the nation, if not for the world. Let the millionaire put the stored-up labor of others in railroads, trolleys, telephones, telegraphs. Their franchises mean the most valuable strips of land on earth; our one-tax puts a damper on these bonanzas in the future.

There's the Standard Oil—beautiful! same as a mine,

valuable land; a thousand could deal in oil instead of one—no more shall they "fly to woods and caverns when they spy thy thrice-accursed sail!"

Rubber trust, paper trust, rope trust!

Well, our one-tax will come near enough to them to make them shiver till they have the ague, while the people will come in for their innings.

"But," say our opponents, "why not tax improvements, for they as well as people add value to land."

Do they?

Houses can't walk, boards can't talk, rooms can't make themselves agreeable.

An improvement can't make money, can't labor, can't buy and sell; can't jew a man down to the last cent, can't eat, drink, and be merry.

What can it do? Stay right where it is till the end of the world—it rests forever!

But people labor, they have desires, wants, ambitions. Place your house a thousand miles from anywhere or anyone—and it is valueless.

Place your house where the people are, and you have not only the value of the labor in the house, but the people will add value to the spot you place it on, because they make it of use, make it a center of attraction.

No, sir! neither doors, windows, curtains, roof, nor walls will make a cent of money in eternity,—reckoning eternity from beginning to end,—any more than

DROP, BANANA, DROP!

if you should lay beneath some fine bunch of bananas in the tropics, and a luscious banana should take a good aim and direct itself into your mouth, all properly peeled!—nature scorns to work for us.

Still, you have placed the improvement there. Cer-

tainly, as you would place a basket of oranges in the center of a lot of boys and girls; pay the men for placing it there.

The basket is covered. Uncover it—a discovery.

There are undiscovered gold mines. Do they make the land around them valuable? Discover them; you have placed them in the eye of the community, and who gives them and the land around them value? The community.

How would this one-tax affect the farmer? Of course, we all know the farmer is rich. Are not his the cattle upon a thousand hills? Ah, the millionaire farmers!

If you have ever paid taxes you know that the rich pay less than any one else in proportion. The poor pay the most, until you get down to the tramp, when all is taken from him, even to decent clothes—not so far from the truth; for the tramp is society's making.

Maybe the farmer isn't so rich after all. Then we will put all his taxes on land; hasn't he enough taxes already? Enough? Taxes on his tools, buildings, clothes, food—that is nearly enough!

Sweep them all away and try one-tax.

A CHANCE FOR HIS LIFE.

How does that work? Isn't it as good as oats to a starving horse? Don't you and I see how the rich would be caught?

Surely the farmer toiling for bare subsistence, would rejoice to give the rental value of his land,—if he owns it,—to be rid of every tax that produces millionaires.

Please show me the farmer's mines, his railroad franchises, and his million-dollar acre lots in the city. Slide your taxes all on them; and then think of the millions upon millions of the railroad kings alone that might have been pocketed by the hard-working farmer and his coadjuters in every community.

How about personalty? All in sight with the farmer! all out of sight with the rich: to the rich a sweet morsel; for it is dust in the eyes of the poor.

As the rich swears them off, the poor man pays the rich man's tax. But the poor swear not at all.

Here is one curious fact connected with the one tax; and that is that one would not be paying any tax at all! If we all make the land valuable, then the tax-payer would simply be paying back what the people have given. The land-owner becomes the tax-payer for every man, woman and child in the nation. Rents go down, you better believe; and the rich men will be glad enough to take less for their money.

ADVANCE INCH BY INCH.

One of the great beauties of the one-tax is that you don't have to take all the yearly tribute to the rich at first. Go slow, take part, remove supports with

care, till they stand on their own feet as proudly as an honest man. Keep putting more and more taxes on land. Oh! but the rich can rent better land than the poor man, so what's the use of your one-tax?—pays into the rich man's hand every time.

Isn't there a little difference between the rich man's paying rent and his taking rent? That's difference enough; the greatest monopoly on earth; and he can't make a cent out of it.

Some people think the one-tax is not great enough. Its only trouble, as I see it, is that it's too grand. It's so immense that if it were not for its simplicity, it would not be practical.

Put all your taxes on land, and according to the value of the land—that's the one-tax!

You can see it, I can see it, a ten-year-old child can see it; the world is seeing it, and we will live to see it in operation,—see if we don't!

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Every time we hear a word about taxation in which there is any thought of taxing the rich more and the poor less, we are hearing a faint sound of the one-tax.

Every time it is proposed to tax less and less things, we are hearing a tinkling sound of the one-tax.

Every time that somebody is crank enough to suggest that land should be taxed more, or that vacant

land should be taxed the same as other land, we are hearing the sound of the one-tax.

"And the muttering grew to a grumbling, and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling," and that muttering and grumbling will turn into a genuine cyclone; and "all at once and all over" we will sit down some morning and read in the papers: "Here's Mr. One Tax at last; he has come along by a slow train, —like everything good."

"And," says Mr. One Tax, "I have come to stay, to live right among the people, to be a true friend to liberty; and shall be the greatest friend the people ever had, and without distinction of classes.

"I'll befriend the rich from themselves—their greatest enemy.

"And when Time's benignant face looks down upon the United States centuries hence, he will say: 'Yes, that country just saved itself by adopting the one-tax. If it had waited much longer, it would have been one trust, one corporation, one department store —all run by one man, who cleared his billions of dollars yearly, and kept the United States for his country residence!"

X

HAIR-BREADTH escapes! There's the ticket for you! If I could fill a book with them, my fortune would be made—sure.

Wouldn't you like to bet—if you were a betting man—that thousands have had hair-breadth escapes, to one who ever put them in print?

But here's one; and in the time when it happened it was exciting enough! Kindly accompany me on a trip out West, where I stayed for the year. A run-away team of horses!

"APPLE AND PEACH-TREE FRUITED DEEP."

Sye Rodman was the driver—the young workman on the place. He had two very spirited young horses attached to a well-loaded wagon, and the load was to be left in a little pear-orchard near the house. I remember the pears distinctly, for they were little dwarf pear trees, and bore fruit only boys know how to eat "out-of-hand!" But it is my impression that that fruit was not for eating, but for selling. Anyway, I didn't get any of those fine, large pears.

Sye drove the horses from house to house and down a line between the pear trees, and must have turned out of the lane a little way. He halted the horses just across a ditch, so that their forefeet were on one side and their hindfeet on the other. As the ditch was at right-angles to the lane, to go back, it was necessary to cross the ditch, turn round, and come back down the lane.

And now occurred one of those curious incidents that lend faith to that little dash of superstition that we all have in us, and make us feel as if we, once in a while, could foresee an event: such, for instance, as the success of this book!

"THE RAPIDS ARE BEFORE YOU."

I asked Sye what he would do if those horses should run away. I don't suppose I really thought they would; I asked merely out of curiosity. He said, Oh, he would turn them into a fence corner.

So I jumped aboard,—in the hind-end of the wagon, —and they started off. Sure enough, they ran away. I think myself that Sye was a little to blame for leaving the horses standing astride the small ditch; they naturally would jump at the very first start,—which is what they did,—and away they ran!

He must have managed them somewhat at first, for they had to turn and go toward the house. And the

fence corner was as straight ahead as you could ask it to be; I was confident he would run directly into it.

But he never thought of that. A little this side of that fence corner was a gate, and still nearer, a large walnut tree. Around this tree went the horses for all they were worth, then into the gate.

This gave the wagon a tremendous swing round, as it went through, and with this fling it struck against the gate-post, and the wagon was pretty well broken-up.

As for me, I must have gone out with that swing round the tree, and maybe, instead of the horses being stopped by that fence corner, I was!

THE WORLD DISAPPEARED.

At any rate, I was insensible for a minute or so; the only time in my life that good old hard horse-sense ever left me! Maybe it had gone to join the horses; they needed it! A sore shoulder was all the harm that experience did for me. A little caution and care would have prevented it, just as it saved Captain Marino Leboffe and his crew from perishing, with thirty thousand people, when, with but half a cargo, he sailed from the harbor of St. Pierre on the day before the awful eruption of Mount Pélée.

And think! I can tell of another hair-breadth escape. One should be enough for a quiet young man like myself, but two is what you might call a "royal

flush"—isn't that the term you use in poker? "*You* use?" you see, I say. Oh, well, I am not much of a card-player; used to play "Little Casino" with my brother; or is it just "Casino"?

No matter, we played till we got sick of it—when we gave it up; and now I am too busy telling the world what it should do, to play cards! But as to this "closest call" I ever had: It was a few years ago, when we had a little place in the country.

Ha, ha! I was nearly caught napping! You might think I owned my palatial residence in the country and also had one in the city.

If that were the case, I'd leave this book for you to finish—it's a fearfully hard job! Moreover, who in all this wide world will ever publish it?

A JOB FOR JOB.

You better believe, though, it's going to be published when I have written it, even if I have to set up the type and print it myself. That would be a job!

Now, excuse me, and I will go ahead. This incident was in this wise: There was a lane at the foot of the hill, and a gate at the foot of the hill, to enter the lane by, and on this gate. . .

Well, first, I started down the hill as fast as I could run, racing with the dog, Prince, to see if I could beat him. I kept ahead. The hill was pretty

steep, and it is not very safe to run down a steep hill as fast as you can at any time; but, then, one will not always be careful.

Across this gate that I was making for, were strung several strands of barbed wire. Some one had gone up the hill, and left one strand of wire running from gate-post to gate-post—maybe to keep the cow out the lane; the gate was wide open, and the wire—invisible, except at close range—was pretty slack.

"On came the whirlwind"—Prince and I, for all we were worth; never a thought of danger ahead.

And that wire—barbed—took me right across the throat! My whole weight was stopped by it, although the wire gave a good deal. Astonishing as it is to relate,—else I wouldn't relate it at all,—those barbs on the wire never cut my throat.

NOT SNUFFED OUT.

That means, of course, that I am a man of destiny, exactly as our old friend Napoleon was, who, for once in his life, instead of taking his snuff himself first, gave it to his dog. The dog died; for the snuff was poisoned, and Napoleon was left to fight many battles; while I—Mr. Printer, find an extra large "I"—am left for greater battles—but battles of peace, remember—than Napoleon ever dreamed of, even in the exciteing days of his greatest sanguinary conflicts, when royalty trembled at his feet.

I only received a scratch or two, with a little bleeding; and only the least bit of a scar to identify me by; so if you don't believe me, look and see that scar! Only two of the hair-breadth variety; so I will tell an incident of another kind.

When I was twelve or thirteen I used to travel about considerably, because I could go at half-fare. I therefore felt very sorry when I became too old or too big to pass for a boy of the requisite age. As it would cost but little, I was often sent on a collecting tour, and reduced expenses still further by selling little lithographs, which were quite popular.

A PEACEFUL HARBOR.

Once I went to a New Jersey town, and, as was often the case, I had started with no more money than was sufficient to reach my destination, expecting to sell or collect. This time, by some mischance, I arrived at the town late, and didn't know where to stay. What was I to do? Well, on the big stoop of a large hotel was one of those hearty, good-natured women, who couldn't refuse to do a good deed if she tried. I laid my grievance before her.

Whether she was the wife of the proprietor or not I don't know, but, at any rate, I was crying at the time, and she let me stay all night; and I had my breakfast in the morning also. That finished a little incident in which no money was involved.

I remember another occasion, when, in about the same region—Northern New Jersey, among the picturesque mining-towns—I found myself at night a long way from the next stopping-place, where probably there was a little business to be done.

I was still but a child, and the tears would come as I left the house.

Just then the man came in and asked what that little boy was crying about. Result: I was called in and stayed all night, had a play with his children, and was sent on my way rejoicing next morning.

DIDN'T CARE FOR LOOKS.

It was in this region that I saw the women meet and take snuff together. They had a little brush made of iron wood, which they called a "boonder,"—but not in the dictionary, so far as I can see.

They would dip this brush into the snuff and rub it on their teeth, it making the teeth very black, as I remember.

Tracing memory's tablet, we note another incident characteristic of the varied experience of the traveler.

I had left a town, or mining-village, to call on a man and see if I could deliver a book to him. It was a long walk, but I finally found his home. And that reminds me, it was more like the home of savages than any I had ever seen, yet I was informed, on good authority, that the man was well-off.

It was one of those little, one-story, country barns of houses, way up in the mountain. A half-dozen large girls were playing not far off.

I went to the house. The floor was bare, and a big, powerful woman, slatternly dressed, and barefooted, came to the door.

To deliver a book there was disheartening, even if the man had agreed to take it. But I knew it would not help matters to tell her, so I asked about the man; he was expected home before long.

"AN' THE GOBBLE-UNS 'LL GIT YOU
EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!"

So I went down the road, and waited to see him. As it was now growing late, I started back to the village, some three or four miles distant.

Now, you may be a man, and used to roughing it, but when you are tired, and it *is* late, and you are hungry, and on a lonely road, a stranger to everybody, things aren't what you might call "pleasant."

I tried to stop at one house. The woman was quite severe with me for being out at that hour, and not having made better calculations for the night.

I let her know, nevertheless, that I was hungry, whereupon a girl brought me a large slice of a sort of cake. After I ate it, I was in a better state of mind to continue my journey: I would take to the woods if I found it impossible to stay anywhere.

I got my bundle of books from one house where I had left them, but I couldn't stay there.

One of my customers was the foreman of the mine; but as he was a big man in that community, I was afraid he would not take me in at that hour—ten—long after bedtime in the country: Washington's retiring time, two hours late for Li Hung Chang, four hours too soon for Napoleon. I determined to try him, so I went to the house—a nice one—and roused him. He put his head out the window, and I asked him if he could keep a foot-sore and weary traveler over-night, expressing myself, no doubt, as sorry to disturb him at such an hour.

THEY ARE MYRIADS.

He kept me over-night, and wouldn't take a cent for it, either. Thus we meet good people every now and then in this world; and it's a benediction every time.

But that woman's finding fault with me reminds me of the story an old soldier used to tell:

As he was being transferred from Andersonville to Libby Prison, he and a companion agreed to try to leave the car.

So he managed to get off and roll down the bank, like a log; and, for a wonder, without being discovered. He was almost starved, and was suffering from the scurvy,—destruction almost as sure as bullets.

He wandered round, obtaining food from the negroes, and ate and ate, still seeming never satisfied.

Going through a field of sweet potatoes, he ate them raw. And that was his best medicine. He went through that field, I guess, before he saw the darkies. The farmer coming along, the fugitive laid down between the rows and wasn't discovered.

One night he camped in one of the little sheds so common in the open fields of the South; the next morning he was discovered.

The farmer gave him a severe lecture as he was being taken to the house, about the wrongfulness of trespassing on people's property in that kind of way; but before the escaping prisoner departed, he was given an ample supply of provisions.

A FREE LECTURE.

This is but an incident of an intensely interesting story, as I remember his telling it.

But that was a queer time to find fault with him! especially as that little trespassing alone saved his life.

The farmer must have been very generous to have given him the provisions, after all. But he and the woman who found fault with me were alike; they could see only one side of the story. And, like a good many people, they probably wouldn't see the other side, no matter what one said. Like the priests of old, who

were so sure that stars could not be seen by the aid of the telescope, that they would not look through to see!

I trust that the old soldier won't mind my giving this little hint of his story.

Besides, this book is mine! Need I withhold the play of my imagination? Who will say the old soldier is not a myth—except, perchance, it be himself! "Ha, ha!" say I,—as the reader, in high dudgeon, closes the book with a bang, "Perhaps the writer is a myth also!" But, myth or fact, he has a great truth to preach, the sunlight of which is full of good cheer and hope and maketh for a jollier world.

"Be careful, there! Keep quiet! Feet be still!" says the clog dancer when he hears a jig; and that's the way to feel for a great cause—then work.

ROUGH-HEWN.

At one time I had three customers for books among some people up "on the mountain," some four miles from where we were living.

These people were all poor; or seemed to be. They hauled wood for a living, and were wood-choppers as well.

I have said that the canvasser for books learns to know human nature perfectly when he is in the business all the time. On the other hand, he gets rusty when he is out of it for some time, even if he has an aptitude for reading character.

I went up to deliver these books; good-sized books, too, four dollars apiece.

No money with the first man!

Well, if you don't trust a man you can't expect him to do much for you; so I left the book. The next man was in the same fix; I left his book also. The third man—this is no fairy tale—I had to treat as the other two.

Three books! Anyone of your fairly well-off class would say that I would never get a cent for them.

I did not, in fact, dare tell my family what I had done. But kindly persistence may work wonders.

UP BEFORE BREAKFAST.

I rose several mornings at three o'clock and went up to these men; and, at times, it was pretty cold weather.

But these men did their very best for me; and when they saw that I could be up there even before they started off to work, and that I was never overanxious, suspicious, nor angry; when they saw I was pleasant, and had a fellow-feeling for them, they were stirred to do their part in turn; so, finally, I got every cent of my money. And I sold another book right among those men, who lived with their families in four or five houses quite close together.

But I could always collect every cent due me from any one, if I was only given time enough.

I remember once, after making several calls upon a poor man, he handed me out the last two dollars,—quite unexpectedly to me.

To prove that I am not so much on the rush for money as some men are, I asked that man—and I meant it, too—if he could spare all that money; because, if not, I would return him part, or all:—I'm not quite sure I said "all".—I would wait longer.

And if a man is to live a hundred years and wants to keep every customer he gets, that is not a bad policy.

COLD CUTS.

But there have been times when the tables were turned.

I went into New Hampshire once with a man to illustrate lectures for him. I received a "liberal retainer" for my services as an expert; we gave four lectures a week.

I don't think he ever made anything like as much as I did. He seemed also to think I was very clever at a bargain! And there were incidents for you! It was very cold weather; sometimes ten and twenty degrees below zero.

We rode round to places from seven to fifteen miles from his family, where he was staying, and would give the entertainment; then I would pack things—a good, solid hour's work—and we would return home. I tell

you, it was a cold ride! He was heavy and solid, and would sit in the wagon all the way coming back, but I would get out and run behind. And here comes in a little story of cold weather:

At that time, I used to take a cold bath in the morning, which, in such a climate, even to a Siberian traveler like DeWindt, might have seemed heroic.

One morning going through this course, it seemed to me it was pretty cold, and I could not but notice that there was a pane of glass out the window. The room was small, at the end of the house, without heat. I went ahead, however, but got through pretty quickly; when I went to comb my hair it was frozen.

You won't believe anything I say after that!

It was not frozen as solid as a chunk of ice exactly; still, it was frozen, and I broke my comb trying to comb it.

Later in the day I found it had been twenty-seven below zero—the coldest day I ever experienced.

In our trips, as we would come back in our buckboard wagon,—the cylinders, at times, making a lively racket, as we trotted over the frozen country roads,—I would take out a little bread, only to find it frozen; and it takes pretty cold weather to freeze bread, hard. I never saw it that way before: ice cream and bread separate for me, if you please.

Up in this cold region there appeared one day a young fellow whom they called a "paper-mill tramp." He was of medium size, and a great fellow to swear. This rather amused me; for, although I am pretty well over it now, in the first office where I worked I sustained a well-earned reputation in that line.

Possibly to offset that, I was called Benjy; some one having first called me Benjamin Franklin. Thenceforth I was Benjy to all. What keen foresight in my compatriots to discern the budding genius of a Franklin!

The paper-mill tramp was an interesting specimen of humanity, but the people whose house I was staying in could scarcely endure him.

UNDAUNTED.

To show how tough he was, on the day he arrived he had walked about ten miles, and ridden about the same, yet, I am sure, he had no overcoat. At a time, too, when the weather was somewhere about ten degrees below zero. I took a fancy to him at once, and he told me many interesting facts connected with his life.

One story was about the way he got the best of the "Italys," as he called the Italians.

He had been born and reared in the down-town districts of New York.

You know, it used to be very common to see an Italian carrying a great bag of rags on his back. Well, a wicked street arab, such as my informant had been, would walk along, and, when conditions were right, he would take hold of one corner of this immense bag, and swing it round, so that the poor Italian would go sprawling upon the sidewalk. One can imagine such a boy's delight, as he, with numerous companions, scooted off to a safe distance and laughed as the Italian vented his rage upon them.

AN ARTIST.

He was a typical bad boy in school. Once, when the snowballing was good, a companion suggested—as he came into school—that the bad boy throw his snowball at a boy working on the black-board. For the good boys—those who pluckily stick to their studies, —he—and such as he—had the greatest contempt.

That snowball went where it was sent: he was of the kind who had plenty of time to learn to throw a ball straight.

The chalk went out of that boy's hand, and my friend went out of that school! Indeed, he went out of several schools.

Possibly, it was on this occasion that the teacher either punished or attempted to punish him. As was natural, he "fired" a slate at her, and she started for him!

But he had not played his "trump card," if you will permit the expression,—in talking of a bad boy. He fell in front of her, and she over him; then I suppose he charged for the door as fast as he could, with her after him! Those are about all that I remember of his experiences.

If any boy desires to emulate them, just let me add, that that man's chances for a comfortable life were certainly of the slimmest. It takes sturdier stuff to be a good boy, and the man will prove it.

But, as my brothers would say, when two of a feather flock together, they, of course, get along very well! and I really succeeded in getting him to promise not to drink.

Now, I don't think a drink once in a lifetime is the worst thing in the world; but, as Mahomet says of wine and gaming: "In both there is great sin and also some things of use unto men; but their sinfulness is greater than their use."

But let me go on: he couldn't leave off tobacco.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

His very earliest memory was of going to old Mrs. So-and-so's shop, and reaching up to the counter for a penny's worth o' tobacco; but he said there might be a barrel of whiskey in the room and he might not touch a drop; that he took it mainly from friendship or good-fellowship.

He wrote to me some time after I left that locality. I have always regretted that I delayed answering him, till I never answered at all.

But his grit aroused my admiration. He had come to that town, and been marching for seven hundred miles, in search of work—so he said. He got it! and put in three days' labor into two days'—as a starter. I felt he would make a solid man in a community if he could only once be started on the right lines.

As I said, it was cold weather, and the landlady was good-hearted and motherly. One evening she was warming a brick on the stove. I suppose she had made motions that led him to think it was for him. He asked her, and she said it was.

NO CODDLING.

"Oh no!" he said, "I'm no canary bird!" Why, he had not, he said, worn underclothing during all that cold weather.

How quickly the candle of life would be burned out if you were to subject our hot-house people to such rigorous treatment.

I wish, however, to relate one more of my collecting experiences. This time it was in one of the pleasantest and most attractive little towns on the Hudson. And not so very little, either; say, a good five-thousand inhabitants. The man was a carpenter, and very pleas-

ing, indeed. I called on him nearly a dozen times to collect a small sum.

He was one of many customers, most of whom paid promptly; in fact, he was a rare exception to the general rule. He lived in comfortable style, and one would have thought he would pay without any trouble.

At last I determined to follow him with no let-up till I obtained my money. So I called, and met him outside of his shop. He was going somewhere, he said, and would have a check for me when he returned, in an hour or so.

"'TIS DINNER TIME,' QUOTH I;
'MY GOLD!' QUOTH HE."

I either waited or was on hand when he returned; but no check. Then he said he was going into the house and he would have a check for me when he came out.

This time I was to meet him in an hour, or maybe it was a few minutes—I am not sure which—at a certain street.

I went there and waited—waited a long time.

At last he appeared; but no check. I said to myself that I would now stick to him till I secured that money. I expect he felt his time had come, so far as that money was concerned, and he had better give up.

We walked along for a block or so, then, turning

into a drug store of an old acquaintance, he borrowed his check-book and wrote a check for the amount.

I was acquainted with the druggist, and, having told him about it, he said I was lucky: he had owed him five dollars for a year or two, and he never expected to get it.

There was an old grocer in the place,—a wise old man,—and I told him about it. Well, it raised me in his estimation. He knew everybody, and he knew this man; and the fact that I could collect my bill from him was a wonderful testimony to my ability as a collector. But, you see, if time is worth much, I paid dearly for it.

However, as I give the reader the benefit of the incident, it will be seed to a golden harvest. To me, indeed, time was not worth as much as to a Vanderbilt, though modestly estimated at a thousand-fold more benefit to mankind!

"MISS—MISS—MISSMISS,
NO NOT MISS MISSMISS."

I once just missed a miss—not the young-lady sort, although there have been several of those misses. This miss was a train, and so close a miss that I think it worth relating.

I was to illustrate a lecture some fifty miles from New Haven, in a town on the Air Line that runs from

that city. I had been waiting for some time, having gone by an early train to New Haven to look after a screen I had sent on ahead: I thought I would inquire about it, and probably also take a little run round the city.

I could learn nothing about the screen, which was a large one and of vital necessity in the illustrating business.

At about the time the train pulled out on the Air Line, I went outside and waited to see a Through-train unloading its express packages and trunks, thinking my package might be transferred to the Air Line. I didn't see it. Finally I saw the Air-Line train moving out. I thought it was going out a little way and would then back up on the track of the Through Boston-train. I was in no worry.

Just then I saw a woman with a little girl running down the platform and beckoning to the brakeman or conductor on the last car to stop the train.

THE MISS CAUGHT.

That began to look alarming; and when the car was stopped for the woman I ran ahead and got on also. That was as near a miss as one often comes without missing, wasn't it?

And if it had not been for that lady, there would have been an audience without any pictures, and, I suppose,

without a lecture. But my screen did not arrive, so I bought sheeting a yard wide, then cut it into eighteen-foot strips, and tacked the strips to a narrow piece of board about eighteen feet long.

Then I hoisted it between two poles that I had stayed in my usual way, with twine attached to three sides and to screw-eyes in the floor.

But when that screen got up, those yard-wide strips of muslin hung in every possible way! The minister came in, and he was utterly discouraged.

TRIO FOR SUCCESS—WORK, WORK, WORK.

But I thought we'd come through somehow—which is my custom, instead of making the strictest calculations beforehand; rather, going right ahead, and feeling sure we could accomplish, in some way or other, what we had undertaken.

Same as with this book. If I were to stop to ask who will publish it, then think of the five hundred obstacles in the way of its ever getting before the public, why, I should be so discouraged I would have given it up long before I had begun.

That screen was a picture!

I began at once to pin it at the bottom. Then some ladies came in, and we all set-to and pinned it and pinned it, till it was not in such very bad shape, after all. Just shows, you see, that if we would only make

the little calculation at first, it might save a great deal of trouble! Thus, for instance, it might save writing a book that one can never get published!

All I needed to do would have been to lower that screen a little, then take a narrow tuck in the top,—that is, pull one corner of each breadth up a little,—and there you are, straight as a string!

However, all went well, and the minister was well pleased; for he was returning to his first charge, to show his people what he could do as a lecturer while still pastor of one of the largest churches in the city.

And if he ever gets hold of this line, I want him to know that he was the "whitest" man I ever worked for, and that isn't to say that I have not done work for very fine men.

PASTE CHRISTIANS.

I think I may tell you that he was a Methodist minister; especially as I have illustrated for several Methodist ministers. He once said to me that he had met some pretty small men in the world, but that he thought some of the Methodist ministers were the smallest of any!

Well, he was so generous that he would give his services for nothing, and even came short on expenses, but never short on paying me and treating me as generously as possible.

But when I say that, I must also tell you that another man whom I did this sort of work for, had me travel just as comfortably as he did himself. When we stayed at a hotel, which was always first-class, he would have me occupy a room next to himself; and when we came down from Troy twice, didn't he have me return each time with him in the sleeping-car.

A BETTER JOB THAN MINE.

That was my first experience in a Pullman; and I offered the porter five cents for having brushed my shoes. I am sure I never asked him to brush them, and he needn't have done it. He said he would keep the five cents as a souvenir! I expect he would have thought I was treating him as was his due if I had handed him a quarter. But that way of speaking about my nickel didn't make me give him any more. The fun I missed! If I had then pompously handed him out a quarter, he would have thought I was one of the owners of the road!

This minister was a large man, about six-foot two, and it was amusing to see a lot of little fellows up there try to get him to take less for his lectures than he had agreed to take.

He let them know, while they were bobbing round him, and trying to make him hear, for he was somewhat deaf, that they should have advertised better, then they would have made more.

However, I think he let them off a little; he was getting over a hundred dollars a lecture.

Later I went with him to Wilkesbarre, Penn. That was a fine trip! While there, I went into the Empire coal mine. Down we went, five hundred feet into the crust of the earth; and way down there we saw stalls for mules, plenty of room for them, so it seemed, in those black halls, running for miles.

But a barn in a coal mine was a little out of my anticipation. Still, the roof was not shingled. Like barns oftentimes, there were plenty of rats around.

"AND IN THAT COUNTRY COALS ARE DEAR."

I believe it was said of one of the mules in this mine, that having been down there for thirty years, it was taken out to enjoy its last few years in well-earned comfort.

Such a quantity of coal that they don't take out at all!—leave in about a third of it to support the roof.

I said to the man who showed us round that I supposed it must make a great hole in the earth, taking out, as he said, sometimes as high as a thousand carloads a day or two thousand tons. If I have made a mistake of a thousand tons or so, I am sure the reader will excuse me. That's nothing! think of the mistake we are all making as commanders of the coal barons, in giving all of God's bounteous coal-fields to them!

To make sure, we will say they took out an immense pile every day, but were not, when I visited the mine, taking out more than maybe five hundred tons a day.

He said you would hardly know where the coal came from it made so little impression. *That* showed the size of the mine, one of the largest in the United States.

With this lecturer, I had the most pleasing anticipation in the way of traveling I ever had in my life; and that was, that I go out with him to California; and I would have gone if he could have arranged for two more lectures, but the trip fell through.

However, I extracted all the fun possible out of the anticipation, and dropped the regret instanter!

XI

AND now we have heard all your arguments about the workingman—maybe not quite all!

"We see you think he knows more than anybody else, is shrewder, more intelligent; or, as Mark Twain puts it: 'He can jump higher, hit harder, run faster, and hold more tanglefoot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties!'

"We understand all that! And how he has written all the Shakespeares in the world, has all the religion that is of any use, built everything, painted everything, been everything.

A BOULDER.

"But here is our little point against your whole scheme, which downs you at one thrust, and leaves you utterly demolished.

"And that point is this:

"If the workingman be all that you claim, why, in the name of all that is true, doesn't he possess the mil-

lions of the world? Why are not the workingmen the kings of the earth? Why doesn't the workingman have your big positions? Why doesn't he have your servants and livery, and all that is fine? Why doesn't he own the earth if he is so intelligent, and has such ability, power, and prowess? What's his idea in giving all this away? Where's his common sense gone to?"

Ahem: that last is a question! Yes, a very good question. It is a question that might well make one think twice, then think that twice over again before he answered.

But, there isn't much that the poor man can't tackle: from tough beef-steak to tough problems; and, as the poet said when he tried "to secure the bivalvular hermit, a neat little swallow I term it."

OURS TO SOLVE.

Not of yesterday, but of to-day, is our problem; not the common sense and intelligence that should have been exercised, but the common sense and intelligence that is now and is to be exercised. As well blame our forefathers for not riding in trolley-cars as to blame the workingman for giving up his rights through inability to solve the problem of the distribution of wealth —it is of to-day.

Ah, such an answer! After that, let the Sir Isaac

Newton of his time rest content! To have the workingman take his shovel and throw it on the ground and say, "There, you've been talking all day, and now one question punctures your whole scheme!" That would be too bad, but, now, let our answer stand for the ages!

However, as the workingman picks up his shovel again, I say: "It isn't I who answer this, or any other question; it's you who answer it, and answer it a thousand times over. Yours to experience both the baleful influence of unjust conditions and, by vigorous thought and work, to remove them; while I, with zealous art, but picture in words what you do in deeds."

Do you remember how it was that Washington at one time tried to make some acknowledgments in a speech, but could say nothing.

"BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

Then some one who had the "gift of gab" gracefully put matters to rights by saying that, Washington didn't need to make a speech, his works spoke for him.

The workingman speaks like some mighty volcano, that sends forth lava and smoke and fire for the whole world to look upon.

Then some little mite of a man, like myself, for instance, will say, "I will show you how that volcano belches its smoke and fire."

And the volcano says: "Great Scott! Will you defend me from the aspersions of men!"

"Certainly," say I; "just get out of my way for a moment, please, and I'll whack 'em!"

First, then, let us say a word as to the impossible. Napoleon said that impossible was the word of fools; but I'd like to see him grow grass upside down.

So I would like to know how a million workingmen could be a million kings, or a million presidents, or a million millionaires even. Where's the room? They say "There's plenty of room at the top;" but where? Show it to me.

Suppose you and I get to the top, anywhere. If we have good stuff in us we will stick. Who else is going to get there while we are there? It accords better with the facts to say that there is no room at the top.

THE TOP'S PRETTY FULL.

Look at Li Hung Chang! He once got to the top. And when he got there, I tell you he wasn't ousted. Good, bad, or indifferent he stuck, fortified himself "all round about."

I grant that he seems to have been a pretty good man for the place; but *where* was your fine "room" at the top for every one to have a chance at?

The truth is, there is plenty of room at the bottom, but no room at the top. And when any one gets to the top, he sticks, for life or death.

The top is one, the people are millions, and the im-

possible confronts them if they want to get to the top. So it is that, if a very ordinary man once gets to the top, and holds on, he may keep off men of vastly greater ability.

Such is the case with the majority of positions of all sorts the world over, held, as they are, by men of less ability, less force of character, less of the native grit of honor and honesty than the working people have.

But, besides being impossible, suppose you don't want to get there, how then?

A million people can't be kings and potentates, and if they don't want to be, why, you can't make them, even with a Napoleon knocking off crowns and putting them on again as fast as he can.

CUSTOM HIS IRON RULER.

I well remember how strange it was to me when I found that it wasn't everyone that wanted to be a public speaker; and, strange as it may appear, there are those of such good sense that they would not care to be kings if they could. What has the king to offer as recompense for a man's loss of liberty? for his loss of a good home, of wholesome, honest living?

Just sit down with any of them,—as I haven't done lots of times,—and ask them what they think of their job.

Does it make them boil over with happiness all the time? The vast majority of them will tell you it is really all nonsense to say it is such a fine thing to be a king. "Why," they would say, "my dear fellow, keep out of it; fact is, the business of being king is overdone, everybody wants to be king, and it's 'no good.'

"Once it paid to be king. Yes, in the good old days of our forefathers there was something in it; but those times are past. My dear boy, take my word for it; if you know when you are well-off you will never be a king.

"Your democracy," continues the king, with warmth, "has spread over the world,—a modern king is more of a democrat than his page was a hundred years ago. The papers make him so: everyone is 'cheek-by-jowl' with him. My boy, I'd rather be an independent American than any king that was ever born!

CAN'T LEAVE IT.

"Furthermore," says the king, "you are bothered forever by place-hunters, politicians,—anyone who thinks he can make a tool of you or a fool of you, until you wish you were at liberty to go and hoe corn or dig potatoes for a living.

"Yes," adds the king, "I'd do it, too, if, as Widow Bedott says, 'it wouldn't create surprise.'"

So I sympathize with the poor fellows and say, "Well, Mr. Your Gracious Majesty and High Potentate, it's exactly as I thought."

But, further, what have you to show that the workingman needs to obtain?

"Greatness."

But look at your great men: Carlisle, Poe, Byron, Mozart! What, under heavens, does the workingman want to be like them for? And poor Bobbie Burns, with his noble poetry and his misery.

Great! these are the typical great ones, whom children are taught to look up to; and a Napoleon, conceited, overestimated and half the time wretched.

Surely, then, with good wages, a chance to own his own home, married, healthy, and hearty; surely you can't contend for an instant that the lives of those renowned men offer the first scintilla of advantage to the workingman.

BOTH SIDES.

He must give up a great deal if he is to get down to their level of unhappiness. This is but the reverse side of the picture of the great man, not the side shown with a grand blare of trumpets, which causes us to forget to estimate his ascendency wisely in comparison with our neighbors.

I am talking of the worthful side of life, not of airy gossamer-like fancies and nothings, which we some-

times indulge in. I am talking about genuine happiness, not childhood's fairy-like dream of greatness; and I say that the great people of the earth, with all their magnificence, have mostly been "sold" in this respect.

Look at the example the child is shown of Stewart jumping up on one of his wagons at seven o'clock in the morning and rushing to work.

"Heaven help the hindmost!" if that is happiness—a millionaire on the dead rush for the last penny he can make.

Why, my companionable friend, these people are all one-sided, worked to the last end of their being on one line, till dash! smatter! bang!—

And the poor mortal that you say the workingman should aim to be like, goes to the insane asylum, for a longer or a shorter time—a nice little cost for greatness, indeed!

And is that an aim above the workingman? Who can point to the whole material world and say: "I builded you."

LOSES AS MUCH AS HE WINS.

Ah! but the millionaire! Yes, the millionaires. Yes, look at them! Open their skeleton-closets and examine. Tears, aye, tears that only the devil's unrighteous work can wring from the human soul in secret.

Wasted, miserable lives; meaningless pictures, with gold frames: idleness.

I am a man, and so are you, but ask yourself if this hasn't the true ring in it for us all; we are but human: Let any of us have had nothing to do for the last twenty years, or fifteen, or maybe ten, and plenty to do nothing with, wonder of wonders, if there would not be more that we should want undone in a day than there is now in a year.

The fact is, our professional life and the upper life of society is a one-sided brain cultivation. Neither for product nor happiness does it offer much beyond dross as a workingman's reward for such aspiration: he is doing just a little, and maybe a good deal, better work with pick and hoe and shovel.

What men should do, is to hoe and to think at the same time; then we should have none of the shilly-shallying mental development of society.

EXTREMES MEET.

Our great men, then, might show genuine greatness, which would result in a long, useful, and happy life, instead of a mushroom development on one side, as now.

The workingman has both power of mind and of body, as well as force of character: his necessities and struggles develop those attributes.

You can't be virtuous and happy, and be idle: as well try to grow standing on your head.

The millionaire is paralleled by poverty.

The workingman has no reason for getting off the mountain peaks of worthiness. "Excuse me, Mr. Millionaire," he says, "I own that I do want to get into a little better social condition than I am now in, but your poverty—oh, excuse me, again! I believe you call it wealth. Really, as long as I retain my common-sense I can't come down to that; this world is more than a corn-crib, and I am getting more out of it than you are."

Let us approach another subject; and with skill and care:

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum—on this subject I pray you be dumb!"

Little matters like this must necessarily escape a great man's attention: the thought of a "nation builder" reverberates only from nation to nation!

WORTH WAITING FOR.

You must, therefore, excuse me for not telling you of my marriage to the heiress of a few hundred millions.

You have seen the picture of the Princess Louise of Prussia, so beautifully, so womanly dressed, stepping down the stairway?—that's her, that's whom I'm talk-

ing about! And the mighty problem that now fills my mind, is how to spend the money!

Well, first let's give the one-tax a million, or ten millions, which shall it be? We will have that off our mind! I hate little worrisome things like this!

President of the United States?—not much!

Why, didn't you hear that one of our President's wives—I mean the wife of one of our Presidents—wouldn't be admitted to the best society because she wasn't able to return the fine dinners? And that might easily be so.

Look at his twopenny fifty thousand a year. Why, some lawyer of proper standing gave his advice free to a great railroad corporation,—I think it was the New York Central,—and what did they do but turn round and present him with a fifty-thousand-dollar dinner-set. A great show your fifty-thousand-a-year man would make with a fifty-thousand dinner-set!

Charity; yes, we'll put out a million or so that way; it looks good, makes you feel good, and won't do much harm, anyway.

COOPER UNION.

And here's another good place to put a million or so: We'll give it to the Peter-Cooper people, and let them start another institution like the one named after the philanthropist: it will save us so much bother if they take charge of the money.

We are too generous; it's really absurd!—we have forgotten ourselves!

We must have our million-dollar residence in the city, and a country home that costs several millions in the Catskills or the Adirondacks. As we take our private palace-car, with double-flexible rubber springs, telephone, manicure, and so on, it won't make much difference about a few hundred dollars. Also our million-dollar yacht for the high seas; and, to be sure, our castle or two in Europe.

You see, we'd get some good out of our money. Wouldn't it be elegant!

And all the poor people? We could let them in by the back door, and give them all the cold victuals they wanted.

Why, one of the richest women in the land hires a person by the year to look after her charities. She pensions off old cripples now and then; spent hard work in looking up one poor paralytic, going through tenement after tenement till she found the poor fellow whose pleading eyes had fairly haunted her kindly soul.

What's to hinder us doing the same? We'll keep a whole army of men and women looking after all the cripples and the deserving poor.

ON EVEN TERMS.

And we are going to look after all our poor kinsmen and our wife's also. Oh, excuse me! she hasn't any;

besides, she doesn't like to be bothered too much with such matters. She says she married for love, of course, but also because I had a great name, which would match her wealth; but she hates to be vexing her mind with too many of my ideas. So I tell her we can put all this business out to a manager.

Oh yes! I forgot! I'm all right now about publishing this book. And to make certain that it is read and read by everybody, my first edition is for a million copies—all to be given away! And, furthermore, as a million dollars isn't much to a millionaire of the first-class, my friend, tell no one, but accept this dollar with my compliments, for 'tis a serious task I give you. There; that's off my mind!

To-morrow I drive out with my twenty prancing iron-grays down Broadway to start on my yacht for my European tour. I want to see Mr. King and Mrs. Queen and all their dear royal highnesses, who claim me as their own.

EXCHANGED COURTESIES.

Having enjoyed for long the privileges of royal society, I find that it is whispered that a title will be given me if I will come over there and live. That set me a-thinking. I said to myself, "Maybe, maybe, *maybe,* I'd better put my millions in business, as other men do." It seems as if it was a mighty good thing

that charity comes hard; it makes a pauper out of a man to get something he doesn't earn.

And don't you think I place the truth in a nutshell, as I said before: the poor man not only pays for his own charity, but supports those who give it?

And even the one-tax mustn't find me too generous. Why? Because, my friends, money never yet bought the real heart of a man.

When one poor man tells another about a new and grand idea, they both become genuine reformers, and everybody knows they tell what they believe to be true.

Don't you feel that the man who sacrifices his time, sometimes even "losing his job," for his ideas, don't you feel that that man's story went right to your heart?

Ah! never in God's beautiful world did millions of money buy any reform; it takes millions of drops of the heart's blood to do that—only paid for in Heaven itself.

But, isn't money good in reforms? Oh, yes; the money that's hard to get.

MANY BE CALLED, BUT FEW CHOSEN.

The right man, true and tried, does his work for love, for honor, for justice; one such is worth a thousand mercenaries.

Do you think that the Christian churches have the kind of workers they had a century ago? when men worked at preaching as patriots fight in war?

As to the financial reform of our time: Take, for instance, my own reluctant acceptance of the Presidency for a "mere song,"—three thousand a year. To be sure, one gets his house-rent free! but what an immense barn-of-a-place to live in! However, as to the aforesaid sum, we may figure the possibility of its being earned in this wise; but, first, we must allow a good comfortable home in city or country. If you are a carpenter, you know what experts can do, and you know that no man, however perfect, can keep up a work that equals three times what an average man performs.

That's true everywhere, in all trades, and, as likely as not, in all professions.

"Now," I say to myself, "allow three dollars a day for average work, then maybe someone could earn ten. There's about your three thousand a year!"

Now, then, further, I doubt—I don't say I know, for I don't—I doubt if the professional man earns a cent more than the man with a trade.

That's all there is to the problem. And I wouldn't be surprised if I were squarely inside the fence of truth, and that no man in this world ever earned more than his three thousand a year.

A SCHOOL OF SENSE.

Laugh, if you're a mind to, at such reasoning and such a sum; but when the centuries have rolled over

our ignorance of to-day, it's more than likely to be said, "Why, that fellow struck it pretty straight, after all; and although every fool said he was a fool, they might have all gone to school to him and learned sense!"

And, as I said before, that is a sum that would give any man ample means for happiness in this world. Don't you believe it? You, you, who are getting five thousand? Let me also ask the millions who are not getting one thousand, or the millions on millions who would like to see five hundred a year, in wages. Let me ask them if three thousand wouldn't be ample for this world's needs and luxuries thrown in?

WHAT'S THE WAGES OF AMBITION.

What eternal bosh to talk about needing greater salaries than this outside-limit—three thousand dollars—for the very best possible work men are capable of.

"Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum." "Right you are! And so is three thousand dollars." It might be twenty-nine hundred; it might be twenty-five hundred. It's the salary Washington got as President—a million takers for the job at that price!

Call our limit three thousand, and I am yours for the next half-century; but when I receive my yearly stipend of three thousand, I shall appreciate how beg-

garly the sum is for my valued services, and I shall proudly demand more!

Come, my top-lofties! you who are getting more than three thousand, prove to the noble army of veterans who have had five hundred, that, in the name of God and the king, you are earning what you are taking!

"What impertinence to speak of such men in such a way!" And what heathenish barbarism it represents that such men should not be able to prove their case! Are we crazy, with a fascination for chances of more? Have we lost all sense of duty, that men will not be true to principle unless spurred on by seeing more than they earn dangling before their eyes?

"Out on it!"

We are poisoned by our own self-sufficiency, by thinking that we earn and need what we neither earn nor need; while the so-called "practical man," struggles on in a hazy dreamland, pitiably grasping for more than he earns,—a stumblingblock to his own happiness.

STRIKES NO LONGER NEEDED.

A thousand a year is grand wages; and if all honest workers could get that it would so distribute the wealth of the world that the millionaire and the box-room tenement would fade away before the dawn of home-

comforts and wholesome satisfaction and even luxuries for all—all honest workers, I said.

Let the roll-call be sounded for the million!

Let eternities yield up their distressed ones;

Let armies upon armies pass in endless review;

Let the heart-pangs of untold myriads of people be read,—

And then let silence reign; for, worlds upon worlds of people, with uncovered head, as in the sacred presence of an angelic host, declare the wrong—dark as the abyss of hell itself—of their receiving the little that meant torture and suffering, while the little more would have given happiness, and have melted away the vast accumulations that have made sepultures of pride and misery.

XII

SOMETIMES we have to go into the bowels of the earth, sometimes to the mountain-peaks.

Let us go to the top of Bunker Hill Monument, if we won't make Washington Monument jealous; and looking out upon houses and streets and harbor, see what we spy; and there it is.

The unseen is greater than the seen.

We don't see the multitude at work after the work is done, we see the results.

BELOW THE HORIZON.

The power came before the houses and streets and railroads—they are here, monuments to the unseen, monuments to the labor that we do not see.

Well, what of that? Think you are telling something new?

Not at all.

Meandering round the Mammoth Cave of my mind, I happened to stop at this side-gulley, lake, cavern,

or patch; and there we are! Let that be our text for a short time—the unseen.

A whisper is unseen, isn't it? Somebody whispers to me, "Acknowledging the vast power and ultimate benefit your principle or reform must be to the workingman, why should you proclaim his unseen power?"

That's a loud whisper, it reminds us that "his sigh was a hullabaloo, and his whisper a horrible yell, yes, a horrible, horrible yell!"

We think we see each other. Do we?

All we see is the outside, and the real human being is inside of that outside surface.

Isn't that exactly the truth?

Do you know me to-day while I am here writing? No; nor care for me, either. Will you know me when you are reading these lines?

Yes; somewhat; and care for me somewhat, whether it's to think I am a fool or a wise man, or neither one nor t'other.

SUBMARINE CABLE.

But how will you know me?

Not by seeing me, nor shaking hands with me, nor hearing my voice—it's the unseen in me that you will know me by; and that's the most there is to any of us. That's right, too, isn't it?

I like to ask you, because, while possibly I bring

the wood to your door, you can chop it exactly as well as I can.

Let us call, by telephone, way down through the unseen facts of history, and the unseen activities of a mighty nation; and in a magnificent marble palace, well-equipped with "modern improvements," is the office of Mr. Julius Cæsar, the Great. He is at the 'phone!

"Mr. Cæsar, if you please, a moment of your time! What was one of the prime secrets of your success? —that is, you understand, of course, outside the thousand and one circumstances that helped to make you; and also outside the fact that the people gave you your power, and that you followed them.

"You understand all this, Mr. Cæsar, and I shall be much obliged for your reply by 'phone."

"Well," says Cæsar, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "that's a poser, so to speak!

"But I should say that one of the greatest factors of my success was a never-flinching belief in myself."

"Thanks, Mr. Cæsar."

There! you see, it's just as I said: it's the unseen power.

If you call up Alexander the Great you will find you'll get the same answer; and Joan of Arc answers up sprightly, too. In fact, she is the best illustra-

tion of all; for she was a poor, simple, country girl, unknown to fame.

No matter how she came to believe in herself, she *got* the belief, and led the armies to victory.

Do you think that that inborn belief is egotism, self-assumption, or assurance? Not a bit of it; *they* are used only to cover weaknesses.

But real power doesn't display itself by saying, "Look at me, see how big I am!"

Talk about modesty! Why, bless your heart, even the great writer of this book is overwhelmed by it!

Look at Grant. There was your really great general; and his great opponent showed his true greatness by never allowing any disparaging words of Grant in his presence.

THE BOASTER NEEDS BOLSTERING.

Did Grant boast either before or after his work? Never: as modest a man as you would meet in a day's march.

But there was in him the never-dying sternness of an unflinching belief in himself.

Why, even as a young fellow at college—and rather dull, too—he sees a general in his fine trappings, and thinks, "Maybe I'll be in his shoes some day"—so he tells us, somewhere.

That wasn't much, but it showed the tendency of his mind and a belief in himself that it might be pos-

sible; and every movement during his war-career found him as little doubtful of his ability to win as that he would take another breath.

Of course, we may say, Suppose he hadn't won? Or, There are thousands who have such beliefs and don't win—don't you doubt that a little?

When we have a full belief in ourselves in any direction, isn't it when we have a good foundation for the belief?

At any rate, the belief is unseen; who ever saw a belief? And whether it is the greatest thing in the world for success, it is very great.

NEVER CORNERED.

You see, you can't catch me in an argument! For, "tho' I do most horribly" exaggerate, yet will I retract!

But there are one or two other shots left in the locker. After they are discharged, maybe we will begin to see the use of this argument—noting, by the way, that argument prevents that mental torpor that is ever the menace to liberty; it is the very breath of freedom itself, the civilizer of the world.

There are not many people in the world—especially in the United States—we are thankful to say—who starve to death; that is, I mean a direct, continuous, persistent starvation. Thousands, no doubt, *do* die

because of insufficient food and clothing and care and shelter.

We often hear of starvation wages. But look at the Chinamen—in China they will live on a few handfuls of rice a day, and, I suppose, get as strong as anybody on it, though, as we see their pictures and judge of them generally, they seem a thin-looking race. Still, we ourselves are not a very fat people: they don't picture Brother Jonathan as if he lived too high.

But starvation wages in these United States doesn't mean down to the rice-limit, nor to Tanner and his forty days on water.

What starvation wages mean is, what men are willing to live on, or what they think would be starvation wages; and that is very different.

UNSUBDUED.

Men will die before they will live on starvation wages; that's the point.

In the United States the workingman is used to a certain way of living; it becomes a habit with him. To be sure, he will stand considerable pressure, still, he stoutly holds to the belief that he must live about so and so, or it means starvation.

And even if it doesn't quite mean starvation, it means near enough to it to fight for all he is worth rather than go to that limit.

Surely, you will say, this is almost the truth.

You see at what I am aiming: the power of the unseen! the hidden belief! Why, it's the same in almost every stage, from genuine starvation clear up to wealth.

Take the man used to his glass of lager beer every day. He knows he wouldn't starve if he didn't have it; but he believes in about that way of living; and a war-cry wouldn't scare him if it would save him his glass of beer.

It's all a belief. You and I could live on rice just as well as a Chinaman, but we won't—that's the long and short of it.

Why, even a tramp won't live as it would be possible to and yet not really starve. No; he will work hard at begging first, and proudly declare that he gets his "three squares" every day.

MISTAKEN IDEAS.

"If you are to be a genuine hobo you've got to work hard," is the advice one tramp gives to another just starting in; and I expect it is true.

Don't we hear now and then of men worth vast fortunes losing a large part of them and committing suicide while they still had a paltry hundred thousand or two left? They'd rather die than live on what seems to them a starvation basis.

It's all in their mind; but it is none-the-less powerful. It is a determination to live as an aristocrat. It is the worship of caste. Although they could live more luxuriously than any man should, they will die rather than not live still better. Such is the power of the unseen belief.

Should we not proclaim this unseen power? Must not the use of this power to the advantage of the workingman prove the next progressive step of civilization?

If every workingman believed in himself after the manner of this book, he would never allow, or, rather, force the few to stand over him as conquerors. This book is written on the threshold of what he is going to believe,—with the pride of an ancient Roman in being a Roman. When a man believes in anything so that he will die for it, he has but one conqueror.

Don't we all need independence of feeling? Don't we all need to feel equal to any man on earth? Does God put a birth-mark of hod-carrier on one, and of king on another?

THE EARTH OUR RECOMPENSE.

How can we feel and act equal unless we have this power of belief in ourselves? You couldn't hide such a belief. And half the battle for better conditions, conditions of greater equality, conditions in which the rec-

ognized leadership of the masses shall advance our civic and national polity equally with the arts and sciences, will be won by that belief. You can laugh at such a statement, but it is true, nevertheless.

Why couldn't the Indians be made into slaves? You know as well as I. We may call them all sorts of names, shoot them down without quarter; but no slavery for them.

On the other hand, take the Afro-Americans. It was my fortune to meet and deal with a considerable number at one time. And here I am reminded that Fred Douglas said Lincoln was the only man to whom he could talk without being reminded of the fact that he was not of the white race.

But, with respectful difference to time, the angels and greatness, allow me to say that I can go Lincoln one better.

TREATED AS WHITE MEN.

For I not only treated the colored people so that they were not reminded they were not of the white race, but they almost thought I was not! Shades of my Mayflower ancestors!

At one time I was in the vestibule of one of their best churches in Baltimore; and the janitor, with whom I was acquainted, said to me, with considerable hesitation:

"Are you, are you—?"

I saw what was the matter, and I finished his sentence:

Am I colored?

" Well," he said, " you treat us so differently from other white people that I thought it might be." I told him that, so far as I could go for several generations back, there was no colored blood in my veins.

I told this incident at a meeting once, and a man said to me:

" Take you for a colored man!—much more likely to take you for an Indian." How hard to keep to one's race!

I remember going, at one time, to a public fountain for a drink of water, and a negro stepped out of the way for me to drink first. It was an unusual act of consideration, typical of the very thing the workingman should not do. Politeness is always desirable, but not the " deference due to pedigree."

It is all a matter of a superstitious reverence for a power of our own creating: we, the workers—not those whom we support—are the ones the world should bow to.

A RELIC OF KING-WORSHIP.

Perfect equality is equality, it isn't standing with one's hat in one's hand when " the boss " has his hat on. Oh, I know what I am talking about!

I say that the workingman is more independent than

any other class, and I believe it. But I also believe this is the greatest and freest country in the world to-day. Still, it isn't what it ought to be.

And the workingman's independence isn't what it ought to be, or is going to be.

I know how difficult it is to be independent when one's bread and butter is opposed to it;—witness most of the professional classes. There is also hard sense at times in *not* being independent.

Isn't it good to cultivate this independence?

Cultivate it until every workingman has the look in his face—the true index of what we are—that shows that he is independent, not that he knows what it is to be for years under a boss; but that he knows and feels and carries out practically in his everyday life the look, the thought, and the understanding of a man equal to his boss, or to any man, whether born to a throne or to a dug-out.

WITH A NATION BACKING.

The man of business carries himself as if he owned the world; and he finds it aids him greatly to own it.

Let us further remember, that all this is the unseen in men which has untold power.

Look for a moment at such a man as Gladstone. Do we suppose that he could have been the choice of a great multitude of people as one who could best express their ideas and wishes unless he had an uncon-

quering belief and confidence in his own abilities? This, with his experience, made him just the kind of a man the people were delighted with.

And that's the story of every conqueror; even of conquering peoples: they have a superhuman strength because of the belief in themselves, which inspires them to great accomplishments in every field of mental or physical activity.

Gladstone says, in effect, somewhere, that you can depend on the common people to be on the right side of great questions. That is but prophetic of the working people's advancement; for they *are* on the right side of the problems of the social wrongs of to-day.

He thus grants that they have greater mental ability than their opponents, the aristocrats of the world. And we but add, they control the aristocrats of the world.

UNLIMITED FORCE.

But the unseen feeling of power requires genuine reality behind it; and that is what the workingman has in a preëminent degree.

We wish to call attention to the immense Krupp guns and solid forts behind the wooden cannon and the obstructing brushwood of men's imaginations. We want to call attention to the workingman's inherent power, and to the fact that he has exercised that power to lift the world from savagery to civilization.

Our word is that, He is a mighty Niagara, that nothing can withstand. He is a great Mississippi, that carries all before it.

His power is great enough to have this world just as he wants it—good wages; to live under his own vine and fig-tree, and have his well-earned share of all that is fine and worthy in this world. All obstacles may be to him as trees are in a hurricane,—mere pipe-stems, if the majestic power within himself is but once clearly apprehended.

Do you suppose you could control a horse if he knew his strength?

It is this proper appreciation of one's own position that shall come, and must come, as the workingman takes the reins of our Republic and says:

"This time a democracy shall not be a lie; for we, the people, the solid, honest workingman—with his red shirt and his hard hand and his good sense,—like the good brick he lays, or land he tills—he is to represent himself."

"To hell with reform!" we may well say if it is to be forever the blasting curse of a mere change from one little set of politicians to another.

REFORM OF REFORMS.

But a reform that puts the people where they ought to be; a reform in which the people themselves stand as the rock of Gibraltar, against the little, petty chaff

of humankind that supposes itself above them—that sort of a reform is the kind we will proudly live for; and in living, show a greater patriotism, and, let us hope, stand a severer test than a soldier on the battle field.

I am but telling, now, of the dawning of this unseen democracy in men. I am seeing the unseen that each and all of us are beginning to see: the electricity in the telegraph, the power in the engine; the electricity that we never see, the steam that we never see; the air in the hurricane that we never see.

When a workingman comes into an audience, he thinks himself rough, uncouth, illiterate; and "Listens like a three-years' child, the mariner hath his will."

Let the workingman see himself as a man of controlling power and capacity, and with this mental awakening is coming a control of government to his advantage.

"AND CHOSE HIM FIVE SMOOTH
STONES OUT OF THE BROOK."

Let the workingman see himself as David of old: majestic, calm, serene; while his enemies are giants, powerful only in the mind's eye; but his unseen power is as the majesty of God's truth, which conquereth all things.

Suppose the poor man carried himself with an inborn "die or be damned" feeling toward the rich,

haven't the rich on that instant lost half the use of their wealth and position? the rich who want deference in their presence, who desire others to feel the sense of their grandeur?

But if you and I and tens of thousands of others had an honest contempt for wealth, its effect would be as a tornado to clear away the rubbish of superstition that entices men to unnatural desires for vast accumulations.

I read an interesting account, some time ago, of a man of remarkable ability who went to England and soon "got in" with the Prince of Wales and other great people. The man told all about it, and how the prince spoke of him to others and gave him a great boom. But did he ever show his true independence to these people?

Of course not: it wasn't policy. He did what they like; he treated them with much concern, as if they were great; and that was all they wanted.

But your independent man must talk to the Prince as if he was a prince himself; then where is your Princeship?

NEW GOSPEL.

My friend, take my word for it, this book contains the gist of a new democracy, a new sentiment of worth, that is starting to blossom in the human breast;

a new belief; an unseen power, that is to rule us and rule our nation.

Aye, the spirit of independence is abroad, and the feeling of power that shall accomplish a fuller independence, the spirit that knows no master and that brooks no usurpation of rights—that's the spirit, whether we reach to its full limit or not.

But here's a little fact,—a crystal of it all: If we don't believe in ourselves, and if the workingman doesn't believe in his being worth as much to the world as the rich man, then we may as well close up shop, sell out, and move instanter; for, in that case, this country will be as old as ten Egypts before the workingman gets anything but drubbing.

I am only telling you what you believe; and if this work is popular, that will be the best proof of it. If it isn't. . . .

But, you may rest assured it *will* be popular; for, from afar, I hear the whispered mutterings of the people's desire; and a friend says:

"I hope you will make a bull's-eye shot!"

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette."

Aim! Fire!—And we wet our pen in the heart's blood of the people, for it is wet in our own heart's blood!

XIII

AND now for the thrilling cheers that resound in the orator's ears!

Well, hardly; but that's not a bad line to begin the chapter with. As Demosthenes would say, "Oratory is not 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' but it's more such as hard knocks pound out."

And there Mr. D. and I agree; but he was at least two thousand years behind the age as to the working people. His was the Golden Age of Oratory; we are entering the Golden Age of Labor.

As I was about to remark: When I filled the shoes of Demosthenes they seemed a trifle roomy; but no doubt his hat would have been plenty small for my big head.

CLOSELY IMITATED!

I might remark, further, that Demosthenes was a great man, without especially detracting from my own greatness. And, as he lived before me, I trust I may be excused for having imitated him, although the similarity is not so close that you would have had diffi-

culty in telling us apart. Still, I never found it necessary to talk with pebbles in my mouth, so as to speak plainly; in fact, in the open, with a truck for my platform, I used to drown the sound of passing carts or shouting boys with my own fascinating yell. Thus, at one time my voice was penetrating; till you would have asked, "Where is that steam calliope?" Nevertheless, a man across the street called, "Louder!" With withering scorn I sent my voice a few blocks farther.

PRESIDENTS, PRESIDENTS, EVERYWHERE.

Now, to our three trades and a profession—elocutionist—thanks!—we add that of public speaker; and as we recount many a trifling incident, let the justification be, that they typify daily happenings in all our lives, from which to judge—as Presidents *pro tem*—the nation, and taking action, to bind Democracy and prosperity together.

So our pen bowled over into the subject of Free Trade. And when a shrewd politician came to the little town that proudly claimed me as resident, I gave him a sample in private of my effort.

He seemed pleased, and promised me a start in some place in the city.

Ah! had my name been found in the Élite Directory, or had I had a pull with some strong politician, or been well-known to "the boys," my talents would

have been monuments to my progress. As it was, the aforesaid shrewd politician saw in me, a week later, but little to commend, thinking my effort too literary.

Thus it is, my friend, an average effort only succeeds, but your man capable of wresting the laurel from the brow of the greatest, is ever thought by average men the least! And so the future orator, who could be heard for blocks and blocks, was turned down; but only to turn up again at the first opportunity.

To start! Aye, but the money! Lincoln, for dress, borrowed a hundred when *he* started in the legislature.

OH, YES!

Hand in your crisp fifty-dollar bill when they need funds, and see if they don't start you as a public speaker, and treat you like a grandee!

But if it is *you* that want the fifty dollars, or five, or are willing even to work for nothing, they may not hasten to start you.

Was I to tell them I could do what I didn't know I could do?

Not I! And then, handicapped as I was with timidity toward men personally, who would have thought that such a one could do anything on the platform?

However, I gave my little speech, partly read, in a country meeting of Protectionists. Several expressed themselves as much pleased: I had helped them to see the other side.

Once, in a country place, I spoke for an hour and a quarter. But that was a little too long, both for the audience and me, although in the country they are not satisfied with short rations in that line.

"When I was with Grant;" or, rather, when I went to college—that is, when I got the best part of college experience, and that is, association—society; when I associated with professors, lecturers, and preachers, —then I learned a little trick. Oh, yes! I learned it, too, in many an argument.

And it is so cute I must tell it to you. All speakers now attend!

POPULARITY.

And a few others can listen, also, for it's the very finest little scheme ever heard of to make an audience like you; it is: don't talk too long.

To some king of oratory, a Beecher or a Webster, this rule would be "inoperative," but it's all the difference between success and failure with the smaller fry; for we will listen to the most miserable speaker for a minute or two, and be well-pleased; but let him or her get their "second-wind," and "it's good-by," to

our attention or care for what they are talking about.

Rufus Choate said an hour was as long as a man could hold an audience; but he, of course, might have held his audience ten hours—fast asleep.

What he meant was, to keep people on the alert so that every word was appreciated, every point quickly seen, the enthusiasm kept right up to concert-pitch.

It sounds as if he was pretty nearly correct, doesn't it? As for you and me, we couldn't be on the very last burst of an overpowering enthusiasm for an hour: a good deal shorter time might answer, and would also give somebody else a chance.

A NEW ERA.

"Oh! dinna ye hear the slogan far awa?" as along the path of time comes the ever-increasing sound of an inspiration toward better work to-day.

As the voice of liberty is heard in the land, each age awakens slowly from its lethargy.

Not you, nor you, nor you tell the gladsome tidings, but a vast muffled cry of the oppressed announces God's unyielding purpose of freedom. Glorious majesty of the new-born day, that finds liberty the people's intention! when the oppressor deigns even to smile at the darts of the oppressed!

And this most auspicious of days we found during the recent campaign—the people's day of a million years.

And high up, around the throne of greatness, you find my name enrolled, "a warrior bold" on that day.

Alas for "the wooing o't!" You will look the great list over, and after giving up the search, you will find my name—as Daniel Dougherty said—as one of the "and others!"

But not so my attempts to get started! You will find my name well up toward the top of those who received the "cold hand" and the "marble heart!"

I haven't been in the school of necessity with three trades and a profession—as hereinbefore mentioned—for nothing. So this time we shall appeal directly to the highest authority.

We did; and we received a short line from the chief of chiefs, signed by himself, in which he pleasantly referred me to the headquarters in New York City.

"ALL CRY AND NO WOOL."

I sent the letter there, with my application for work as a speaker; but that is the last I heard from it. I am sorry now I didn't keep the original—the great man's note.

A week or so later found me at headquarters. I saw there a pleasant-looking man of literary taste and business capacity,—too nice a man for such work,—it would have done better for you, or you and me.

But it was enough to scare the life out of one to go

there and pass halls and corridors full of men who looked as if they had political work down to its final atom. And where would I be? This pleasant gentleman wanted an outline of my speech.

Well, now! I was anxious enough as it was; but to let him know what I would say when pitching in at a two-four-and-a-quarter rate before an audience—that was too bad!

He had me at a disadvantage! I quickly made it apparent, however, that I loved not the rich less but the workingman more, and that I should incorporate that tendency of thought with every breath I uttered. As he was of the wealthy class, we reached political conclusions by different routes; he didn't like mine.

A SKILFUL MANOEUVRE.

He suggested my writing a synopsis of my speech, and sending it to him. Ah, ha! There he had me! A speech in cold print is turkey without sauce!

I wrote the synopsis. Did he read it? Probably it got no nearer to him than his waste basket! Such crowds! he had no time to read essays.

However, he remembered me when I called again, and gently shelved me off on someone else. And all for the lack of the rich man's pocket-book! With *that*, how I could have strutted round! Alas, I could not have written this book, than which a thousand millionaires' millions would not compensate me.

This, my first brilliant experience as a politician, lasted almost two months, I meeting many genial gentlemen while enjoying the pleasures of anticipation.

Meanwhile I determined to be no longer caught napping, and the pertinent question as to an outline of my speech only added to my energetic preparation. I also became acquainted with a clever Wall Street man, whose generous enthusiasm helped to push me on.

"Give 'em hell!" this man said to me as I got up on a platform to address a crowd in the street, while darkies for the opposition were singing and holding high conclave in a wagon near, to drown us out.

But we waited, on the advice of the "Colonel,"—another acquaintance,—till the darkies were a little tired, then we pitched in; yes, and our voice was tested to its utmost.

CHARGE!

But do you know that, during such excitement, straining one's voice and talking as if you meant to die right then and there, it's one thing to say "give 'em hell!" and it's another to do it!

You must put the enemy to rout by sharp and well-aimed thrusts, and follow up your advantage with that greatest of all weapons,—truth.

Somewhere between five and seven minutes proved my limit for my first out-door attempt.

By that time I was not only hoarse, but it seemed as if there wasn't one idea and hardly a word left in my head, so it was a good time to stop.

And should I be blamed for seeking compensation as a public speaker? As well blame a man for asking pay for plowing or blacksmithing. Let us declare it as a truth: 'tis in nature's plan, man can do nothing well without hard work.

'Tis just as true: in nature's plan, man can do nothing well without play. Too hard work! Too long hours! All hail the dawning day!—Transformed the weary toiler; opportunity is his: invention doth yield both comfort and recreation.

TIT FOR TAT.

As to blame aforesaid,—if blame there be,—let me take my share, and pass it on to the audience. Shall they receive good service and pay nothing for it?

I learned, in time, there was no pay for me, and no start from headquarters. The fact is, they had other fish to fry, and to fry the fat from the other fish left them no time for the small fry!

Such the ways of politics! But, methinks,—I'll whisper low,— the politician and man of business are sentimental artists, plying their craft for the sake of gain. How gentle, how persuasive, how indulgent! But, when the struggle for dollars waxeth hot, when

the battle is fairly on, there is no quarter, and in the grip of the strongest the dollars are held. Then "to the front all" stands your Standard Oil, and A. T. Stewart, or "Old Hutch."

"Business principles" indeed!—built on what the workingman earns but doesn't receive! Oh, pitiable monstrosity of mind, that, in such a condition, sees only justice!

However,—as truth will out,—let us be thankful that those who receive more than they earn, often maintain a sterling integrity of character.

Yes, the rich, guided and instructed by their master, the workingman, must retain some of their master's principles; and, while accepting his dictation to take his hard-earned dollars, are not nearly so bad as the taking of those dollars might seem to warrant us in supposing.

But, Generosity, thy name is not business, and the taking of dollars that bring misery to countless thousands of humankind, must not be set down in the same calendar with human virtues.

"THE COMBAT DEEPENS."

But I must put down one more point, spike one more gun, and right here: You and I want high wages; whereas, doesn't the capitalist and business man want our work for low wages? Then, can the capitalist

and you and I ever be in perfect harmony with each other?

Not while the world standeth; not till capital shall be so distributed that there will be no capitalist, and the workingman shall have every cent that he earns.

What a two-edged sword is truth! For, by the "same token," you can't blame the rich for giving small wages, any more than the poor for trying to get larger wages. The responsibility rests with you and me, workingmen and poor men; we cause control and produce.

Whether it be a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller, a Pullman, or a Mark Hanna, all are but puppets in our hands. We tie them hand and foot, body and soul; they are of our making; and it rests with us to untie the bands of hell that damn men's souls on earth, whatever may be their heavenly deserts! Strong language, my friend, but true.

But we're going largely to get rid of such conditions, and that's the reason I was doing my best, like many thousands of others, to put in my work for the workingman.

IN POLITICS AT LAST.

Thank the Lord I did my little, after all; for I finally. . . Well, to tell you the truth, a political organization gave me my first solid encouragement; no money, of course, not a cent, not even car-fare. But,

for that start, I must say a good word for that organization; and that good word is:

It was a worker—that's a coat that covers a multitude of sins!—a good coat, indeed, and a hard one to beat.

I believe if that organization had had but ten dollars, it would have spent it sensibly: Your truck was there, your chairman was there, your circulars had been distributed, your audience was there—all was on time; and, for the speaker, shelter provided in case of rain!

This meant money, but it also meant hard work. All their other principles may go to smash, but I would almost have them win just for that.

Two, three, or five-minute out-door speeches seemed to be about what I put in. And the other speakers on the truck were a number of times quite generous in their remarks to me when I had finished.

But I started also outside of this political organization, and spoke in two or three small halls; in one hall I got off a full twenty-minute speech.

WITH A FLOURISH.

After I had finished, the chairman said he hadn't heard a good, rousing cheer in that hall yet, and he wanted the audience to give three cheers. And as I was through, standing with the audience, I cheered as heartily as any one.

To my surprise, he said that that cheering was out of compliment to the speaker they had just heard, as well as to one who had spoken before me; so I had been helping the cheers on for myself. As I had been the last speaker, I guess I must have been the one who had stirred the audience to some enthusiasm.

At another hall, the speaker had been somewhat long of wind, so I cut myself down very short: there were others with honorable to their names who were yet to speak, and of course there is common sense in paying some deference to title, especially while trying to get above it!

So I sailed in for all I was worth, with all steam up, "and a nigger roosting on the safety-valve!" "You're a dandy!" some young fellow shouted.

SHORT SPEECH COUNTS.

After I finished, the chairman kindly let me out before the rest were through, it being a long distance to my home; he also spoke feelingly of the fact that he was sorry I cut myself short at all—what did I say about a short speech!

It is curious, though, that in the campaign no less than three men spoke of my giving the people "hell!" I must have created the impression that I was on fire!

So, after all, my campaigning brought a little success,—an encouraging outlook for the future. Had I been receiving a liberal compensation for my ser-

vices, quite possibly my brother-workers might have felt less inclined to say genial words of encouragement or commendation. How we hate to acknowledge the supremacy of others in the same line of work that we are in! There's a test for you!

How preachers will run down other preachers; how doctors hate to acknowledge that others are better than they are; how one school or class will find the greatest fault with another—as the homeopath with the allopath; and if you recover under either it is due more to nature than to anything they can do.

How writers think others in their lines are of no account—like the story of Cobbett, who, when asked by some one what works he should read—or grammar, it may have been—replied his own works.

So, when you ask if any one has covered the same ground I am on, or advanced a truth of greater use to humanity, you may be sure I will put up my hand and say, "Teacher, I've got the answer, 'No!'"

EACH THE GREATEST.

The same is true of the different great reforms: all are first! The one *here* advocated is the greatest: A new Democracy! A practical recognition and exercise by the working people of their leadership of the body politic in obtaining every right that a civil government should afford. Then comes the Socialist,—with his lesser light,—who regards the one-taxer as a

crude economist, to put all his eggs in the one basket of taxes; while the man of one-tax thinks the Socialist should broaden his outlook and recognize that all his wants and more, too, are covered by the magical wand of the one-tax. And neither has patience with any other great scheme.

Your woman suffragists are sure you can never do anything, however good your financial arrangements may be, without their having the suffrage. The Prohibitionist will strike us dumb with figures that won't lie; while the religious teacher scorns all else as mere dross when compared to the majesty and glory of the conversion of the human soul. So each of the "four and twenty jarring sects" will have their way; and "Yet the vote is attested true; two hundred and seventy voting 'aye,' of two hundred and seventy-two."

A GREAT SIFTER.

It's the mighty popular vote, actual or silent, that decides; popularity is the very instinct of reform, 'tis the test of civilization itself.

Ever-advancing, it touches each page here writ with its golden scepter, and the spoils are mine, and "shouts of victory!" Popularity has learned its power and never more imposes on the toddling few the reward it craves for itself.

But, let us ask, where is popularity's great advertising agent, the orator?

Most of the learned people and learned writers, and learned papers and magazines, would probably say: Gone with 'ye towne halle meeting' and the passing of the candlestick.

But Time's happy fancy, leaning ever kindly to the side of the oppressed, reverses learning and ignorance, and allows us fearlessly to say, When oratory is dead the world will be also.

What does the orator do but talk as if he meant what he says? His effort is simply tremendous energy of thought and feeling made vocal. But wherefore the energy without the occasion?

DOGMAS OF THE PAST.

They say there are no orators in the churches. Surely not; what do they want them for? Nobody believes in the old-time doctrines that were felt to be so important three-quarters of a century ago, when religion was the topmost theme for orator or writer to devote his attention to; when a vast amount of energy was spent in proving the amount of heat in the fiery pit, and predestination or foreordination were themes of daily importance.

And the lawyers! where are the orators among them? Where is your Daniel Webster, your Choate, or Henry Clay?

All gone, and their places filled—well, hardly filled—by a totally different class of men. What's the

reason again? Why, the orator isn't wanted. Even Congress is appealed to to-day for business, not for talk—money talks there.

It's business ability, not oratory, that a lawyer needs to-day. In politics no orators are needed, for the politician is in politics for what there is in it, so genuine oratory is out of his line.

Where away, then, is our orator?

Of course we are sorry to acknowledge that the universities do not produce him; but rather let us look for our Patrick Henrys; and where are they? Maybe we could have found them in a recent campaign.

"Yes?—you spoke then?"

"Yes, I spoke then, and a few thousand others."

"Were they all orators?" Wait, hear the story of our candidate:

"THE GREAT COALITION."

Papers against him, magazines against him, universities against him, bankers against him, politicians against him, trusts against him. With keen discernment, and a generous unanimity "unparalleled in the annals of politics," the "leaders" stood valiantly on the side of the pocketbook. There was an exception here and there, but it was as a drop in the bucket.

And yet the millions stood seven in favor to eight against—one in fifteen turned the other way and another man was in. Something must have happened.

The workingman, led by the nose by the papers; easily bribed by the rich; cajoled by the politicians; intimidated in quiet but far-seeing ways by his employer—of course we all know that he must have been hotly opposed to our side.

So where was our vote? There's where it was.

The workingman, the descendant of those poor, despised, ignorant fishermen of long ago, who nevertheless moved the world; these poorest, hardiest, most robbed, and most abused—they were never led by the nose in this world; and they never will be.

CHORUS.

The papers preached with all their venality, the politician howled with all profanity, the rich talked with intensest scorn and pride of worth; and wealth fairly jumped out of its boots to show how liberal and grand it was, until the poor man might have fairly cried his eyes out to think that he should have principle when the chance of a year if not a lifetime was open to him. His a principle that advances with the advancement of civilization: the martyr-spirit is perennial.

Orators! Thicker than hops!

Well, no; hadn't we better draw a veil over that orator who stands for wealth and gets splendid pay for doing it?

The fact is, there were orators, and plenty of them, orators when there was no pay for them, orators when

they had to lose days' work and nights' sleep to do their duty—and that is what makes orators. These men felt they had a cause, and "they fought like brave men, long and well."

And they almost won! But, to tell you the truth, the other side pulled a little too heavy, in spite of it all. But the workingmen, where were they? They were where they always were, on the right side, and where they always will be. And the orators, were where they will always be, springing from the people, and for the people forever.

MEN ON FIRE.

Why, in that election I heard workingmen, who at other times would carry the hod or use pick or hoe, make speeches that would have made a Parliamentarian turn green with envy. Whether you wanted figures or the noblest sentiment that roused one into a passion for the right, you could have had them both; and so clear and plain that even a child might have understood.

There are orators as there are men, but it may not always be that society will give them a reputation that extends to the antipodes.

The man who rises out of oppression and has in him the manhood to help others, always has in him the real touch of the orator. And you agree with me, don't you?

XIV

IF there is one thing more than another that the opponent of ideas, such as are advocated in this book, are glad to put forth, it is that the workingman's accomplishments are due to the directors of enterprises.

A horse, they say, can pull a rock, but it takes brains to put that rock in the right place, so that we have a Brooklyn Bridge.

That is true, and there is no use denying the truth in order to gain one's point—that would only weaken it.

PYRAMIDS.

No such prop for the workingman, standing on his own feet and supporting the rest of the world so far; he's good for his own support for all time to come.

He can stand alone.

But you have built the Pyramids with your brains! Your brains go to work, and, high presto! up goes a Washington monument. Brains do it!

I sit here in my office, in my fine upholstered chair, and with my brains I am going to build a new and

magnificent building; three hundred and fifty feet up it shall go above the sidewalk.

Talk about the workingman! He merely works with his hands; but I, with my brains, shall build for the ages to look upon.

I look out of the window, and I don't seem to see my grand building going up—unless it is in smoke!

Oh, of course, I must have the workingman do the bone-labor, but I shall furnish the brains.

"'Callooh Callay!' He chortled in his joy." If brains build, how much more it must require to own! —a million-dollar gift, and what brains go with it! But let that pass.

As to our furnishing the brains of directorship: I don't claim that brains deserve nothing. Never! I believe in brains as much as you or any other man.

MIND OF ITSELF.

But I think it is well to remember that my brains, however fine they may be for a great man—after, don't forget, a large sale of this book,—or however ordinary for an unheard-of man—that my brains, sitting here as I am, won't ever in this world make the least impression toward chopping down that fine tree on the sidewalk: I try to keep that in mind.

"But," says my friend, "I want that tree chopped down."

You want it chopped down? "Yes."

Well, if you've the money, down it goes.

"Yes; and I want a fine house built, and I want it built to suit me, with a fine lake near by; I want a house 'With seventeen rooms in its pensive glooms, where the burglar sleeps alone!"

"I want a library room on the 'sou', sou', by west' corner; I want 'books but few, some fifty score, for daily use and bound for wear;' I want, I want, I want. . ."

Precisely! Well, the workingman will supply all your wants.

"Then he's the man for me, every time."

Yes, but where's your brains? Let them supply your wants if they can do so much; let your brains alone build your fine house for you.

"Oh! well, then, I suppose I may as well own that I am willing to exchange some of my mental brightness and acumen as a director for your workingman's labor."

"There; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand!" Exchange! "say you? Pard, it ain't no name for it!" Exchange! Well, don't forget how much you owe the workingman for the privilege.

Friend Brains, did it ever occur to you, as foreman, architect, or "boss," that the amount you receive above the people "under" you is wholly due to their believ-

ing it to be right—and that belief is mostly borrowed from European worship of position?

It's your luck, not your merit. Whole armies of men could do your work, had they the opportunity and experience. Why, Mr. Foreman, the workingman commands you by the concentrated thought of ten million minds acting in unison to do your part and to take your pay, and, verily, to think you are more important than your dictator!

You exchange! Heavens! if there's justice in this world, and I believe there is—sometimes—you will one of these days recognize who the workingman is.

"AIN'T MY BUSINESS
IMPORTANTER 'N HIS'N IS?"

Aye, 'tis a topsy-turvy world when you, Mr. "Boss" should think yourself more important than the workman with his trade,—the backbone of all productive industry, the very foundation of civilization itself. Dear me! how can I even pity one so insignificant! Your master, the workingman, alone is worthy of my attention!

Mr. Brains, you as a director ought to get down on your knees to the workingman, and thank him for his belief; thank him for commanding you to take fine wages—often no more than you earn, instead of commanding that you and he shall be fleeced together. You do good work, and should be properly paid for it,

but when you would ask for much more than the workingman is entitled to, it's my private opinion the roof of the house is declaring that it doesn't care anything about the foundation, and thinks it ought to have all the credit.

"But," says Brains, "with withering scorn," "do you expect me to work for the miserable pittance of ordinary people? You fail to appreciate me, sir!"

Who are you?

"I'll paralyze you with a word!—I possess vast fortune; I own houses, lands, stock, bonds, and"—

Yes, you own, but I am talking about brains.

And when you look for brains you will find that they would cry their eyes out with ecstasy of joy should they be compensated as the workingman ought to be.

Brains are, above all else, cheated: look at the army of inventions—but an imitation article gets hold of the money.

ALLY OF THE WORKINGMAN.

Brains really are but a part of the workingman power, and he might as well be honest and claim them as pretty nearly all his own.

The man of brains is on an exact footing with the workingman: he has no time to be learning how to fool the rest of his kind, as has the business man.

But, hark'e! right here! Am I saying that the business man may not do good work? Not a bit of it.

Am I saying that he may not kill himself with overwork and anxiety? Not in the least. Am I saying that he should not be properly paid for his work? No, no!

In so far, then, as he is a useful worker in society, he deserves fair pay; in so far, then, as he but gets the best of others, he deserves pay; for he is a creation of society.

But in so far as the business man, however industrious, has an income far beyond the workingman, in so far is he the recipient of our self-imposed tribute to our worship of vast wealth; and great is my fortune to send forth a mighty engine of truth to destroy our idolatry.

But as to brains! Some there are, who, using only brain labor in their occupation, delight in contending that all workers are workingmen, and would thus gain credit for hard work of the workingman while considering themselves much above him. Sorry! But we can't allow such credit! Besides, such, with a good salary, hardly need a boost to sit—as do those whom they emulate—on the workingman's shoulders and draw sustenance from his labor.

INVENTORS.

And yet, when we think of the matter properly, we have to acknowledge that a Howe, or a Goodyear, or a Whitney, or the obscure men who invented the Hoe

printing press, or a Columbus, all were poor, to say the least for them as belonging to the "working classes." And they were so poor that they would have been glad—why, words fail to express what such men would have felt—if they could only have done the work that God gave them natural gifts for, without being eternally denied the actual necessaries of a comfortable life. Our age is theirs, but less able men receive the benefits of their toil.

Give brains what they should have; but before you do, you will find they would vote in "blocks of five," or five thousand, for an increase of pay, so that they could have workingmen's wages.

Just cast from your mind any idea that brains are rich.

Agassiz said he hadn't time to make money. That's the talk of brains; and the workingman says I have too much principle, so the brains of the world remain poor.

"IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD."

And the triumphant in wealth say, "Hi, yi! Ki, yi! I am the brains of the world! I have what you want, and so I must have brains;" and, locking himself in his immense granary, he sleeps and snores in a perfect bliss of stupid repletion, dreaming of the times when his forefathers had brains—for they were workingmen.

Of course there is work about brain-work, and it may be as hard work as to dig or to plow. But when

you are fitted by mind and body either to dig or to write, I ask you, Do you think the great Lord Himself ever designed that more should be paid for the work in the one case than in the other?

I am not writing to say thus and so is the law; you can judge as well as I; and I say:

Here's brains on one side, and on the other is stone, unhewed, the native rock; here's wood in the tree; here's brick in the clay; here's virgin land in the sod; can you get one thing for use from any of them without both brains and labor?

A CLOSE AFFINITY.

Now, when you separate the two—if you can—where's your certainty that one earns vastly more than the other?

Tell me that, if you can! and as an old schoolteacher used to say, "By the eternal mud!" you can't.

"Oh!" some one says, "supply and demand regulate all that." Yes, from the recipient of a million unearned down to the wages of ten thousand who earn it.

Talk about supply and demand! an elegant notion for the poor man to beguile himself with while he commands the few to take from his pocket many a hard-earned billion.

Supply and demand has its place, but its place is in the bottomless pit when it is made an excuse for the millionaire's winnings, as against the workingman's

honest earnings. But tell me, if you can, what any man earns. Add to a man's wages his just share of that part of the receipts of other men which they do not earn, and what is the result?

Not yet, my friend. "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in supply and demand.

Someone may say, "In that time, when we have no such robbers as you speak of, supply and demand will perfectly regulate wages," but I am talking about the present times; and who robs, if the rich only obey our orders?

My first three-months' teacher used to talk of labor

WHAT'S AN HOUR'S LABOR WORTH?

being measured as you would measure cloth—what fun to measure out a millionaire's wages, giving him *all* he earned! Labor, he said, was a fact; and there should be no dickering as to what men received. I expect it is a rock-bottom truth: the raising of a bushel of wheat requires a certain amount of labor; and so does the building of a house; and some day who knows but what we will know exactly what men earn. But to-day let us read as we run, that the rich man's winnings are the poor man's earnings.

Why didn't we pay Grant or Lincoln a couple of hundred millions apiece, or else the pay of a private to test their patriotism? What was their salary but a guess?

XV

AND now, if the young man in the gallery will kindly turn on the light, we will have another view of life's shadows, glinting through the starlight of experience.

And here we have a trade once more. What, another? Yes; we'll win the championship for experience, know more of the world at thirty than some do at seventy-five.

"Getting a little old to learn a trade, hey?"

SETTLED ON HIS OWN GROUNDS.

Oh! I don't know!

"Why, I'd think if you were ever going to get settled. . ."

Yes, but suppose we're not settled, what then?

"Well, all I've to say, is, it must be fearfully disagreeable to learn a trade after you've grown up."

Shake, my friend! you never spoke a truer word! But if, as a little side hint of a reason, we want to be one among others to spy out the land and help men to better conditions while striving for them oneself, what better than a trade for renewed experience?

"Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's land." Good advice! Thanks! 'Twas served up hot with necessity, so we pack our collar-box, as the printers say,—and go.

First, however, we tarry on our old stamping-ground, a railroad town of some ten thousand inhabitants; that descent from the high-toned people to the ordinary workingman may be more pronounced and sharp; for in that town it was the fortune of "our author" to be on genial speaking terms with nearly every man of prominence.

It's all right! We're not complaining! We're not shaking our fist at the rich! We're not hating any man. We see plenty of good in this world; but wouldn't it be fun to have the rich all go and learn trades after they're grown up, and let the workingman do the bossing!

"DON'T KEEP ME WAITING!"

Every job would be in a hurry! Wouldn't we make them hustle, and do their work over again to please us! And such awkwardness, such ignorance! We would retire into the inner recesses of our private office and tumble over ourselves with laughter!

But there was no laugh in me when my first day's work was over!

Standing all day at one job, and in one place, is a punishment when you are not used to it; and my

boarding-place, a quarter of a mile away, was as good as ten; and for a week or two any other work looked pleasant in comparison. But I could stand a good deal rather than go back to a business that was Sherman's idea of war.

I knew what it was to plow, to mow, to dig out a cellar all alone, eight by ten, and six feet deep, what it was to handle a road-scraper weighing two hundred pounds, and using it while working ten hours a day behind a pair of oxen, and thus scraping out a swamp to make a pond; and I wasn't, therefore, going to turn to the right-about-face and surrender at once.

But that first week or two almost "busthed" me, as they say in the country.

TAKING MY DEGREE.

A trade! Oh ye men of trades, stop work,—and whole cities starve! Oh ye powers, discharge foremen, superintendents, "bosses,"—and not one day's work is lost! Proudly was I winning the title of "Armature Winder."

You've heard of a trolley!—every trolley-car has at least one armature under it, a sort of immense spool made of iron with wire wound round it or placed on it in various ways.

In the "electric station" powerful engines turn immense armatures surrounded by large stationary magnets of wire and metal. From these "generators" the

electric current passes along the trolley wire, and down the trolley pole to the armature, of which the axle is the centre. At once the armature becomes strongly magnetized, as well as the magnets closely surrounding it, fastened, to car or truck, which, in effect, continuously pull the armature round.

I think I might mention two of the most curious facts about an armature: one is, that, when you run electricity through it, as on a trolley, it turns the wheels, and that if you put that same armature in the station and turn it by machinery, that is, by a belt round the axle, electricity is produced.

Another fact that seemed most curious to me was that there is no friction used to produce the electricity; the armature runs within a quarter of an inch, or much less, of the magnets that surround it; but should they touch, all would burn out at once.

ON EDGE.

I had already made two attempts at electrical work. I "took a position" under one man at a few dollars per week. After our first few remarks he wanted to know if my first name was so and so, he having guessed at it from the initial letter. I told him it was.

Then I asked him what his first name was; Is it John? said I, not knowing his initials!

"No, it's Richard," he said, "but call me Brown."

Then call me X! I said, mentioning my name.

That was our lovely beginning! I stayed with him three months, and my salary was increased somewhat; but the outlook for good wages was too slim, so I quitted him.

I started in again. This time with a friend. He was an under man, but expected to get me good wages.

While at work during the first two or three days, a natty young fellow called and asked to see my friend, "Where is Jones?" he said.

"Mr. Jones," I said, emphasizing the mister, "is at such a place."

Jones was up-stairs; the young fellow asked me to go for him, mentioning his own name, which I thought I had heard. I didn't hurry myself, I went up part-way, and called Jones.

Afterward, my friend told me I must be careful; that was a head man. I got a dollar less than I had expected—one dollar off for independence!

BOSSES TO BURN!

While working with my friend for another firm, a good many men seemed to come round to look at my work, which was somewhat worrisome. Once I was sent on an errand to headquarters.

"What are you here for?" said a spare-looking man, as he came in and saw me sitting down, waiting.

I told him. Then, with all the force I could sum-

mon, I looked him right in the eye and said, "What might be your capacity in this concern?"

He flushed considerably, seemed a little flabbergasted, and said, "Oh, I just walk round a little"—not a bad answer!

Then the boy who was waiting on me, quietly said, "That's Mr. Brown, the vice-president!"

Well, here was a chance for removal! So I said to Mr. Brown, somewhat apologetically, "There seems to be such a lot of bosses round that I just wanted to know who's who." He said that was all right. And I went on my way rejoicing.

Once for this firm we strung overhead wires in a down-town shop where many forges were used; the rafters, therefore, were black, and the dust an inch or so thick; one came out of it looking like a black man, and no mistake.

But as to our trade. Small pay to start on, and we were soon turned into a carpenter—not much electricity about that. But, remember, I was starting, a man doing a boy's work, and getting a boy's consideration mostly, too; for men haven't much patience with the blunders of a beginner.

NOT A FISH STORY.

But mechanics were nearly as natural to me as water to a fish, and I made headway rapidly. And by stout "kicking" every now and then, I succeeded in get-

ting in two years my wages raised to twice what I started with. Not so bad! but an increase four times over in eighteen months, as with a relative, leaves me out of sight.

From carpenter-work I became a helper of armature winders, and took part in any miscellaneous work. One man whom I helped was probably as fine a winder as could be found anywhere; he had also invented a certain way of winding that saved about a third of the time on a certain class of large armatures.

This probably meant thousands of dollars to the large firm he was with at the time, but not a cent did it mean to him; in fact, when an armature that he had wound, burned out, they wanted him to rewind it on his own time. He told them he didn't make money that way; then he left—his independent manner with men was a great source of delight to me.

There were about a dozen men in the shop; and my friend with whom I had been previously associated in electrical work, was foreman.

PARADOXES.

He was like most of us, merely because we are little known, and that only from the surface. On one side, he was generous to a fault, but he could "bite a leaf of tea in two" in a bargain; and, likely as not, he'd turn round and make you a five-dollar present! Fact!

One time this efficient armature-winder, getting his three dollars a day, wanted some stout, thin twine; was roundly cursing the shop for furnishing such poor material. The foreman sends out for a skein or two of carpet thread. Well, that man was mad enough to chew the foreman right up. But he had sense, and kept his wrath inside: for such is the training of a good workman: the business man may afford the weakness of a bad temper, but 'tis a costly experiment to the workingman!

It seemed so absurd to keep that three-dollar-a-day man, who was doing fine work, and could easily lose them five or ten dollars in his delays from being mad at their meanness—absurd to keep him mad, that I got the commission to get twine.

I purchased a beautiful ball of fine twine for a quarter of a dollar. I was afraid the foreman wouldn't stand the expense, but he did, and the country was saved!

EXPERT AT SOMETHING ELSE.

I gradually became an expert in the winding of converters,—another branch of work; but they had much of it to do; and when my friend was superseded by another foreman, I almost thought, with a little pushing, I could have been foreman myself—what a lack of judgment on their part! No wonder they failed when I left!

I got along well with the men, even when I was placed in charge of the converters and looked after the others' work; they were never hastened by me unless there was a real need of it; nagging of men wasn't in my line. But I always felt that if I had really been foreman I could have gotten more work out of the men in a pleasant way than the firm ever began to get.

One thing: I would never have nearly frozen the men out in a barn-of-a-room with one big old stove in it; I'd have had coal and heat enough if I had had to barter my head for it.

The firm was poor, but what policy is it to pay men three dollars a day and keep them so cold they can't half work, and so mad they won't half try? I can now see one of the young men standing at work with his feet in a box of sawdust!

Work! Why, once when I had to do some work over on my own time, one of the young men helped me; he and I were very friendly. On this occasion he put in a good two hours' work in one, just out of kindness.

DIDN'T GET TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

One day there came to the shop a man six-foot-one or two in height, spare of build; calm, sedate in manner; you might have called him judge. If you had found him in the Supreme Court of the United States you would have said, "There is a man."

He was, however, a member of a much higher court than that—the workingmen of America.

For five years he had been on a certain class of armatures, till one would almost have thought he could have wound them with his eyes shut. The armatures were big fellows—like himself, and must have weighed a thousand pounds each. Day after day he would work upon them; and every turn of the wire meant a turn of the armature; so that it took him about a hundred and fifty hours, or a little more, to wind them.

Now, it happened, as happen it will on an occasion, that there arrived a little later in our shop another man; he was shorter, nervous in action, quick of manner, and, in his own mind, knew more in a moment than the tall man did in a month! He was an all-around workman; had been in shops and shops till what the bosses didn't know he could tell them; and he was not averse to telling them, either.

BY THIS AND BY THAT.

Small firms, as you may know, are pinched for money; pinched by their wages-bill; and can often give large firms pointers on paying small wages!

The shorter man thought he smelt a rat! Couldn't he be foreman, especially as my friend was losing his grip and likely to leave? He'd put boys in to do men's work, and make lots of money for the firm.

Another point! Why not do the tall man's work!—he's too slow altogether!—then "he'd have full swing to try the thing, and practise a leetle on the" foremanship!

So he begins. Unknown were his intentions to the tall man. If known in part, or fully, to the firm, I know not, I having to judge by my hindsight rather than my foresight!

As he starts to work he sings his little song, chirrups happily, gets his instructions from the tall man, and chaffingly talks of getting through in one hundred and forty hours.

He also receives a quarter a day more than his instructor. Hence, to make it an object to the firm to have him do the armatures, he must surpass his teacher!

"STEADY BY JERKS."

Now those armatures were heavy, as the writer has said, and one had to bend one's back over them as one turned them. The tall man said, afterward, that he saw the other was working hard!

But think of the kindness of the tall man! He gave the other man, in a friendly way,—as one workingman to another,—an amount of instruction that I felt would have been sufficient for me to wind the armature myself.

Well, to conclude, the shorter man had indeed

missed his calculations, and as he progressed nearly half way, it was evident that he would be about one week longer than his instructor.

But here was the best part of the story: For some reason or other, he stopped work upon his armature. How it was found out, I don't know; but he had actually wound it all wrong! Reversing the winding, he started on the wrong side, or something of that sort.

At first he blamed the tall man, but none agreed to that—it was his own fault. Then he fairly danced and pranced round the armature to show the firm it would run just as well, anyhow.

The tall man only remarked that if it were at the factory, where it had been built, the wire would all be taken off and the armature rewound.

Hard commons! Finally he left, and sued the firm for a week's pay. But he lost his suit. And it served him right!

XVI

"WHAT are you going to do about it?" asked Tweed, chuckling to himself, as millionaires may chuckle to-day—those who are wise enough to know there is such a question about themselves.

I can't answer that—that's the people's question. At Niagara, some one says, "Isn't it wonderful to see that tremendous body of water coming down over that immense precipice? Yes, darling, but wouldn't it be still more wonderful to see that same tremendous body of water going up that immense precipice!"—as wonderful would it be for the millionaire to keep on forever making his millions.

A PAST ERA.

Do you think the people will bear oppression forever? Look at the French Revolution! Look at our own Revolutionary War! The Civil War! They but express the limit of an ever-increasing arrogance and determination to grasp more and more.

We are entering the age in which this change shall be made; the change from the monopoly of the few to the abundance of the many.

Read the people, and see! Ask the first man you meet, and you will find him scholarly on the subjects in this book. Twenty-five or thirty years ago one would have been deemed a lunatic to write it. To-day a vast array of sensible people must see in its pages a reflection of their own good taste and hard sense!

Hardly a laborer to-day but has some thought that he is making the rich people rich. Isn't it so?

Twenty-five years ago you would scarcely find an honest man in the country,—as we have said before,—but who would think it was all his own fault he was poor. Isn't that true?

BLAZING THE WAY.

And doesn't it all mean that the people are thinking? Where's the magazine, newspaper, or book even, that won't get in some word edgewise on these subjects?

Every day, every hour, every minute finds people becoming wiser in these matters. Legislation is beginning to feel the force of these questions; and here and there we may see the first glimmering of the ousting of the politician-stripe of men.

Aren't we marching on with rapid strides toward changes? Literally, do you think that tons upon tons

of enlightening literature are not opening people's eyes?—are having no effect? Or that the work that you and I and tens of thousands of others, working with souls on fire for the cause of justice and for righteous conditions for the people, will have no effect?

Are not, then, our great concentrations of wealth—hardly heard of before the Civil War—becoming plainer and plainer object-lessons to the people?

Is it likely that the cry of every reformer for just conditions for the working people, is but the sighing of the wind? Do you think that the millions in our civilized nation, hearing that some things are out of joint, won't try to put them into place?—hearing the cry of the distressed, and knowing the cause, will do nothing?

NOT PAGANS, NOR SAVAGES.

Ours is a nation of thinking men and women; not a people trodden under foot for centuries. And do you think that these many appeals shall not cause us to act? As well argue that the world is flat, "the sun do move," or that men and women are not human.

Take heart, ye that are weary and heavy-laden; for better times—not in the sense of a new President or a new party—are coming, but better times in the sense that the millionaire can't take so much from the people, and the people therefore will have more nearly what they earn.

Better times in the sense of fewer tramps, less poverty, less concentrated wealth, and just conditions; better times in the sense of a higher estimate of workingmen and women as wages increase; while the rich get less and see the wage-earner and themselves coming nearer together financially.

And better times, also, in the sense of a better society, better and more even chances of education; a society in which all its institutions partake of a far greater spirit of democracy, a greater interest in and a greater control by the people, through whose sufferance and support they exist.

You can't very well stop the Mississippi, and you can't very well stop this steady march of the people to their own.

THE BATTLE-AX.

"Now, then, get your war-paint ready! fill the knapsack! turn the plowshare into a sword! Your book is nearly ended; maybe it will be popular. And then there's your chance to be colonel and general!"

Well, what for? Does the workingman see the golden dawn of his power only to lose it in weakness?

War! I am talking of gain, not of loss.

War! Why, my friend, you are looking at me through your boots!

I never said I was in favor of monarchy. Not I; as straight as an arrow, I believe in independence. Have

you so entirely forgotten that "the rank is but the guinea's stamp," that you think the workingman wants to change bosses for generals, commodores, commanders?

Why, my dear, unsophisticated companion, I am talking about bringing a new world among us. I am talking about happiness and better life and better surroundings to life.

I trust I am not talking nonsense. Should a giant stoop to kick a mouse? The workingman is my theme. Does he need the club of war to overcome? To overcome what?—one man in a hundred, let us say; one man in ten, let us say.

You don't need to use a keg of dynamite to shoot off a fire-cracker! The workingman fighting the rich! He has more power in his little finger than the rich have in their whole body. The game is ours, my friend, sure as life is life; but let us move as fast as reasonable upon it.

GREATEST LABOR UNION.

Are we not organizing?—seven millions of working men, organized, voting together in our last election, standing shoulder to shoulder.

Are we not studying? Are we not seeing openings here and there toward our destination?

"Let slip the dogs of war" for the big-wigs of the

world—war is the world's weakness, not its strength. And I fancy getting behind the enemy's works and viewing matters from the inside, if possible; so, when Sherman tells me, in his pleasant vernacular, that "war is hell!" I am disposed to believe him.

It does us no harm to remember that all the vice that we say we think is bad,—that is, say so in peace,—we allow, or can't help, in war: then we talk only of the patriotism of the soldier.

If bad is bad, it is so in war as much as at any time.

WAR PHILOSOPHY.

In peace we say that murder is a terrible crime, and any little torture that may accompany it we never tire of condemning. But in war murder is *just* the thing, and each side that does any less than possible, is certainly lacking in common sense.

In peace torture is wrong, according to our general average thought; but in war we must be prepared to see men's limbs scattered round everywhere, and men dying in every sort of agonizing shape, with the feeling also that a wounded man is better than a dead one, because the enemy must take care of him.

When we ponder these things, and reflect that not one in ten of the poor fellows that go to war ever think of the terrible suffering that, likely as not, they will go through, we can well imagine many a true-hearted

patriot, in the last agonies of life, feeling, if far too courageous to say it, " For God's sake what did I ever get into this misery for? "

When we try to comprehend the difference between talking about war and dying in war, it is then we see what a brutal disgrace war is to humanity.

A thousand years of peace to one of battle is the human record: battles last but hours, peace abides for years. In very truth, humanity must hate and despise warfare; for it knows that advancement is but on lines of peace; that actual battle only degrades and brings us close to the lowest instincts of the brute creation.

HUMAN DEGRADATION.

You have my sentiments on war! Nevertheless, when once started upon war, must we not all say kill—kill to the last man if necessary? At any rate, wholesale murder should go on relentlessly: to kill or be killed is the only logic of a battle.

But words, I am sure, can never do justice to the actual horror of war. There is, however, another side of the question that should be dwelt upon for a moment strenuously,—the private soldier.

When we think that the private has nothing to gain by war, and has all there is in life to lose; when we think that applause is his to a very small degree only; that no special honors, no fine salary, little of the feel-

ing of grandeur that makes the commander's position so enviable, we marvel at his patriotism, his willingness to take the hazard of life.

That there should be men of manly characteristics, of energy and will-power, men who, on the great average, must feel a fair assurance of their own success—even though a modest one—at home; to know that there are armies of such men among us who lay down their lives for others is indeed one of the most remarkable facts connected with us human beings.

Here we have right around us our neighbors and friends,—hosts of men,—who, at a drop of the handkerchief, will not only fight to save their own people, will not only fight to save their own country, but are perfectly willing to take their chances of life and death to help a neighbor that is in trouble—as many did.

A GENEROUS WAR.

To get rid of war would almost, indeed, be to attain the highest pinnacle of human accomplishment. But is it not one step higher to be able—as a mass of humankind—to pass through the awful horror of war merely that another may gain the independence we fought so hard to win?

No matter how you put it, or whether or not men appreciate the misery they are to plunge themselves into, we may well be transfixed with wonder at the sublime spectacle of unselfish magnanimity.

Patriotism, glory, a power that is god-like for good, thy name is The People: touch their heart-strings, and life is as nothing; under the Juggernaut-wheels of war they throw themselves as if it were but sport.

Yet the stronger qualities of humanity,—to which the world owes its progress—love, kindness, sympathy—assert themselves even in war; and civilization is horrified at barbarities, once the delight of nations.

Not to have war would be sublime, but for a great nation to throw its weight into the balance, where recompense is impossible, where conquest is utterly uncared for, where the hazard of battle must leave much to lose and nothing to win, where the friendship of other nations is to be endangered,—all this to help out of trouble a poor, little weak country, so overrun by war as to be more dead than alive, surely we are right in saying that such a war could have been undertaken only by a peaceful nation, and was a war to prevent wars.

PEACEFUL REVOLUTION.

Forasmuch as the soldier went back to the plow, after the Civil War, so now, again, has he returned to swell the mighty army that, inspired by modern intelligence, dictates that the achievements of justice must and shall be accomplished through peace.

He, the hero of a bygone age, returns, the citizen of to-day, to usher in fearlessly a new civilization wherein

the workingman appreciates his power and knows how to use it. Are you not with me, thus, in seeing human progress and human nobility through the smoke of the cannon?

Why, I am sure thousands of men, taking steady aim, have said, "God help your soul" to even the poor, miserable Spaniard, plunging himself into a foolish, losing game.

Many, many times have we seen that the nation's conscience is our own! And it must be! You and I are bound by its dictates. So, in slave-days we should have owned slaves; in Roman days we should have owned white slaves; and to-day men own the wealth that they have not earned.

In like manner, to-day the soldier, whether he believes in war or not, unflinchingly shoulders his gun—a patriot to the nation's command, to the hearts of the people.

THE WAR OF WARS.

But peace is the real war, character the real strength. Would you not say that it is a thousand times easier for men to be brave on some one great occasion than to show the unflinching spirit of self-command in the ordinary events of our daily life?

"Billy, the Norman, was a very great war-man!" Yes; but while at war the people at home had to do the

hard work of supporting him, and they didn't have the glory of the soldier for having done their part, either.

Yet, Billy at war never has moved the world as Billy at peace has done. Do you think that the killing of men has ever, or can ever, equal their just and honorable support?

War is passion let loose; peace places passion under control. Is there any doubt as to which is the most courageous, which manifests the most power?

From the fighting tribe, to the brotherly nation; from slavery, to freedom; from war, to peace is the record of progress. "But," says a commentator, "the workingman has led all the wars of all times."

Yes; but the workingman then was a weakling compared to what he is to-day. His human nature may not have changed much, but his knowledge and apprehension of his part in civilization has changed vastly.

Haven't we seen the printing-press, the iron horse, and electricity, all in a brief seventy-five years?

THE WORLD HIS AUDIENCE.

One word said by a man of importance may to-morrow morning go into a million homes; the newspaper, the magazine, the weekly—what are they but avenues carrying knowledge and strength to the working people?

The ear of a man a thousand miles away is to-day as

close as was that of his next-door neighbor a hundred years ago, or his adjoining neighbor of to-day.

War! As well scare a mountain with a shadow! We have armies and armies peaceably banded together over all this land; and each army, like the strands of a cobweb, holds its members together, however far apart. Organizations and organizations, whether a million members or ten, and a cry from "central," is heard in every ear; none so far away but the words are hardly out of the lips of a popular man than they are repeated in the most remote corners and crannies of the nation.

An army! Ten thousand men, a hundred thousand men, a million men, fifty million men will lay their votes upon the table to-morrow morning at breakfast if convinced; and, in the twinkling of an eye, the government is changed, and not so much as one drop of blood is shed!

The rich will give up their millions as babies give up their toys,—if we but say so! Don't laugh! Let these statements sound as they will, they are the truth only. But not a cent, not a mill, would we ever take from the millionaire that he justly has.

TEMPERATE DEMAND.

No, with the magnanimity of a Cæsar marching into conquered Rome, or a Grant at the enemy's final sur-

render, shall the workingman not demand one single red cent that the millionaire can show a righteous claim to; but place the bars of God's eternal justice against his opportunities to obtain more millions in any way whatsoever.

A few brief years will pass swiftly, and all this mighty array of organized humankind will have a clear understanding of the most practical method of reaching such ideas and factors, for the good of us all, as I have upheld, with vigorous effort, in this book. Then the dream of many a martyr will be answered; then the workingman will begin to live in a new world. When millionaires are few compared with now; when a tramp is so scarce he is welcomed as a traveler; when paupers are almost unknown; when tenements are things of the past; when men who aim for millions will be looked upon as lunatics—then won't it be a new world? such changes are as measurably sure to take place as that men will live, and that changes take place at all.

When an honest worker need no more fear gaining a comfortable livelihood than he did in the earlier and ruder days of our country's history; when no man need be debarred from getting married because he can't support a family and own his own home—

THEN.

Then, I ask you, will such changes be any greater, any more marked, than the mechanical changes that the

workingman has produced in the last seventy-five years, as compared with the seventy-five thousand years before?

But yesterday we were almost as old as Egypt. To-day we have a new world, compared to that of our forefathers; to-morrow we shall have the good of that new world. And not a small slice of those years of to-morrow have already been taken up in education, experience, and in learning who we are, what we are, and how practically, justly, and peaceably to aim toward these better conditions.

"But," say you, "what is your plan?"

Say, before it began, what was the plan of the Civil War! Tell us the plan of the next century!

Let the prophets of old tell us about this century, with lightning chained to a car, with the vote of any man as good as that of a king, with black stone dug from the earth as fuel, with the steam that comes from the boiling kettle harnessed in the iron horse.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING.

Tell me these things before they happened, and I will tell you the plan of the mighty changes to take place, both for your benefit and mine, as well as for the benefit of those to come after us, and of the nations of the world.

Already the plans are in the hands of the Great De-

signer, and though we sometimes complain that He works a little slowly, yet probably He moves as fast as the materials He has to work with will allow; and it behooves the mortal man not immodestly to predict what the morrow shall bring forth.

Yet every man discerns something of the future through the events of to-day, and is a discoverer by each new experience. Typical of his discovery is the life of each discoverer! Practically experiencing the great movements of his time, the investigator *must* discover; and, launching forth some thunderbolt of truth, prepare for summer showers, of genial words and kindly plaudits, of an ever-increasing army of friends and compatriots.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride with the silent bush-boy alone by my side." And that bush-boy, ambling along by the side of the great man, thinking himself to be utterly worthless as compared to the great man, I take as a type of the majestic worth and power and greatness of humankind.

MASTER OF HIMSELF.

Alone, unheard of, out of the line of civilization, poor, the servant of all, the master of none, destitute, worthless, trodden under foot—and yet, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," is he the strength, the fortress, the hope of the human race.

Obscure, "unknown, by the wayside on a mossy stone; there he sat, buckled knee and shoe and broad-brimmed hat." Yes, and there is this book, awakening, let us hope, echoes in the human heart, which, rebounding, back and forth, shall on fame's high pinnacle land me free!

I did it with my little hatchet! I wrote the book; and near "and far, from cliff and scar"—poetry is plentiful at this end of the book!—shall my praises be sounded.

My praises! Mine? My deserts? Oh, no, my friend. I never should have come to the end of this task without the aid of my mother.

Ah no; never would I have begun it. For her sympathy has ever sustained my attempts in the writing line; and suggestions that she has given have kept out of this book its—finest jokes!

You won't cheer her if the work is a success; and that is the last point I am getting at.

DIOGENES.

We will close this chapter by saying that when you are looking round the world and want to find a man who is earning his fifty-thousand a year, I can direct you so you won't have anything like the trouble Diogenes had to find an honest man.

Let me take you by the hand, for the way is dark, and

the stairs are a little creaky, and the hall has no gas in it; they forgot the "modern improvements!"

Up we go, and still up; it's quite a climb, and I am afraid the odors are not the sweetest in the world!

However, here we are at the top of this miserable six-story tenement; and there you have your fifty-thousand a year man—oh, I beg pardon! There are no fifty-thousand a year men to be found; but there is humanity's noblest, a woman—poor, I wouldn't say forlorn, because the angels are never forlorn.

There she is, "plying her needle and thread;" the room is dark, and two or three little children are around, but she kisses one as it comes up to her, and resolutely keeps to the duty before her.

And when the Great God of the Universe shall call the roll of humanity, we shall find that the only true and the always invincible masters of humankind, have been the unknown, the noble, and the ever-sacrificing women.

THE COST OF A TRIUMPH.

And so we shall send our book out on its triumphal march with the people to victory! It has cost one year in the writing, two generations in the preparation, one year in which to find that publishers and great men would take no stock in it, and two years in which to learn a trade that it might be placed in the hands of the reader.

Born of the fire of necessity, reared in a fierce struggle of circumstances, it lives with the force of a mighty truth, to sound the note of peace of the ages, as millions of workingmen's homes shall show the melting of idolatrous wealth into Christian plenty.

And while the energies of an overpowering army are being steadily turned toward justice for all, and not chances for the few, toward splendid wages, and not unearned fortunes, we feel, with the working man, the blood of a conqueror running through our veins; our day is at hand; we are standing on the brink of the grandest achievement of all civilization.

XVII

"THE cobbler at his shoes, the carpenter at his bench, the mason with his trowel—all have equal chances with the rest of the world to get rich," say the rich.

"Who are your rich men? Did they have chances carved out of some special timber? Did they dodge the dollars, to start with? Were they born in a dream-land, where gold was picked up by the handfuls?" say the rich.

POOR AS POVERTY.

"Who started as an engineer, or in some other occupation probably much-less paying, and now absorbs fifteen millions a year? It is only history that one of these great knights of the dollar started with mouse-traps, another with a peanut-stand, another—well their names are many, if not legion"—argue the rich.

And the real legion! Ask them! Why, every man from sixty, downward or upward, can tell you of chances—no end of them—he has missed. Who hasn't missed some?

Maybe the reason we think chances are really equal is because hope springs eternal in the human breast. There is no obstacle to childhood's vision of the future; and the self-reliant youth has no fear—the world shall tremble at his feet.

The human soul feels its strength, its equality, its endless power, and, so fearing naught, and examining little, each and all determine for the billion-dollar line.

In the early days, our forefathers pushed forth; every individual determined on his soul's salvation and his own temporal prosperity; sure of the final victory, regardless of others, defiant, intolerant, indomitable—on they rushed!

HAD WE BEEN THERE.

But forgetting to help us of to-day, they made mistakes for to-morrow, and we reap the benefit of their beginnings. And lucky for us if we can bequeath as much of good and as little of bad to posterity.

Chances being equal, they voted and let the government march on,—to do much as it pleased. And that's what the government did do; for governments, at their best, are haughty, vainglorious creatures, striving diligently to forget their own family.

But alas for the equality of chances! When the individual had grasped his own chances and secured vantage-ground, he "stayed not for brake and he stopped

not for stone " till a good clearance was made of everybody else's chances.

Let us see how it has been done; how this individual working for himself has spoiled all your chances and mine—all in a quiet, sensible, thoroughgoing way, and without " putting on airs." Instructed, coddled, and worshiped by you and by me, he felt he was doing God's service whenever he got a chance to destroy our chances, root and branch.

The Standard Oil! How its competitors must love it for standing by their equal chances! How our good laws—your work and mine—have throttled its growth! The good Standard Oil would say that chances are equal, even though we destroy them!

LIBRARIES VERSUS HOMES.

One dollar off my chances for comfort and plenty—that's it exactly!—every time I give alms for the support of the gentleman whom we pay fifteen millions a year to.

Let me say—and I do so with due pride, as the head of a large, flourishing family, though less than thirteen, the number of my grandfather's family—that one dollar is my proportion for libraries, rather than for shoes and stockings.

So that's my share of fifteen millions; but for how many more dollars are you and I responsible for train-

ing the rich to take from us? However, when we, through the President, appointed a fair Board of Arbitration in the coal strike, we gave the rich a first lesson in equal chances to all men—of which more anon!

Chances! Look at our railroad franchises!—tossed into the hands of the rich, as if not worth a cent—so many chances gone for the rest of us.

Fact is, our great seventy-five-million human-soul machine has been grinding chances while concentrating and gaining great power of production; getting horribly clogged, however, in the distribution.

The concentrator must distribute.

That's not much to do. Canal-boats, relays of horses, sickles to cut grass, wood-stoves, candles, hand-printing presses, and not a business sky-scraper in sight for years to come.

READ THAT PAGE.

That was the story of seventy-five years ago. And now—now what do we see! Where are your thirteen hearty sicklers led by old Jake Holtsbury! Inside out, outside in, wrong end to, and up-side down—that's what seventy-five years have done.

The machine has concentrated, produced, swirled away the chances of the many, and compelled the few to take them; emptied its wealth into the lap of wealth and luxury, a blinding storm of gold and diamonds for the few; and for you and me——?

The concentrator shall distribute, if we but say the word. Softly there!—it may do harm to let the people know how strong they are—says a critic of my book.

That's exactly what we are learning, else we couldn't make any great changes, our chances being gobbled up by trust after trust; even the poor dumb beasts dragging over-crowded horse-cars can give us lessons in independence.

But we, the people, having ground our own chances, and, at the same time, having ground-out millionaire monarchs, we may also have been building one mighty chance to grapple with these monarchs.

That's the *one* chance of our uniting in a hearty disbelief in millionairedom; when rational chances will follow *our* commands.

FULL-WALLET PREDICTIONS.

"No chance for such a change"—says business: the latter-day fine-art deceit.

"Said Chance for said change—as hereinbefore mentioned—*is,* and by these presents we do most solemnly declare it to be null and void"—says law: that fine-art of saying what you didn't mean to say—à la Tilden's will.

The nation is fast dividing into large armies of people, disciplined by labor, educated to modern thought, invigorated by a true sense of their power, and inspired with a national fellow-feeling.

We have an estimate of citizenship, a kinship, a common every-day interest with those thousands of miles away from us, which are possible only by telephone, telegraph, and million-circulation newspaper.

The trust-armies must inevitably grow in unison, in order finally to take the trust machine, renovate it, and make it justly distribute its coal and wood and iron and grain, instead of turning away the chances of each and all of us for a fair share of God's bounty.

But the trust has a noble side: the side that leads us out of barbarism, out of little, petty warring factions, into grand movements of humanity; people united in mighty industries, working with wisdom and ability and without the criss-crossing of plans, purposes, and traffic that must mean an unlimited amount of waste.

AS THEY ARE.

The Morgans, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, or Carnegies are but flies on the back of an elephant. The mighty movement of the people shall sweep along as resistless as the tides, neither stayed nor pushed forward by these dazzling kings.

The one chance—the mighty union of the people for equal chances, great industrial armies with a purpose, a sentiment of freedom, a determination to stand for a fairer equality of chances than ever before—what are these but signs easily read to-day.

The Trust we read, we see, we know. We know its brilliant wickedness, its industrial power, its marvelous excellence as a machine. But it lacks the most essential quality of business,—secrecy. It stands forth in the broad sunlight of a reading world. It can't be hid, it is too large.

What it makes, what it loses, how it makes its money, who receives its golden tribute, and how much, are not facts to be groped after in the dark, but are eagerly presented to all by the great followers of public opinion—the newspapers.

"THEY TOWED IT NORTH IN THE NIGHT-TIME."

If you want to perpetuate a wrong, keep it a secret: a broad, frank, open expression it abhors; that is its worst poison. And therein are business men wise: they take much that they don't earn; with their quiet talks, closed inner offices, especially-subdued communication of important facts.

Throw the sunlight of truth upon this huge octopus as it takes from our pockets what it wants, and we learn both its power and its weakness; and this is but learning our own power.

Millions of men turn billions of dollars into the hands of a few that little less than despise them, and that, in turn, are little less than hated.

But others whose pockets are not lined with un-

earned dollars, and who *are* sounding the tocsin of a new democracy, stand face to face with the few men of gold. One side for the trust, the other for labor; one side respected, loved; the other, disliked, feared; one devoted to a mighty cause, the other, to filling its own pockets.

TOO DIFFICULT FOR THE SUPREME COURT.

Who, at last, must hold the key of power?

Each year must add skill to the confederation of labor and to all allied forces and movements; each year educates us all up to a final united desire of choice.

Then, as with all great questions, the workingman shall prove its final and wisest arbiter.

The fight for equal chances will go on until army after army unites under one banner, when trust and telephone, telegraph and printing-press shall prove a true friend to those who have made them. And they, of course, must be the billionaires watching the Hudson from the turrets of their castle homes! Labor pitted against luxury must win; captured chances must make the capturer captive. Ah ha!

History but repeats itself: for freedom is eternal. When in its stoutest fortress aristocracy has reached its haughtiest period of indifference, it is nearly ready to fall. The over-gorged trust may at first be guided by wise councils; but soon it must over-reach itself:

for wisdom is not of luxury, nor is strength of over-indulgence.

Principle and patriotism, stern endurance, and strength of character will be forced to the front by the people as naturally as they have forced the millionaire and politician to the front.

WANTED—A SMALL BUT WELL-TRAINED ARMY!

A new religion shall vindicate the people!—the gospel of equal chances for all men. Already it is sweeping over the nations of the earth; and it shall conquer!

We hear it rumbling in far-off Russia; it is rousing to action in Germany; it is waiting with "baited breath" in England; and little New Zealand rejoices in it; while the United States, high in the pride of its short life, linked to immense power, finds in it the word of an ancestry, martyrs to human freedom.

A twentieth-century army! a twentieth-century crusade! an army of orators fearless for the truth; an army to bind the nation together, to remove oppression, and to unite us all in one common cause for the good of all men.

An army of progress, of intelligence, dispelling forever the despairing ignorance of the assassin, whose act shows the worshiper of President or King and the despiser of labor; and brushing away, in the golden dawn of a new and inspiring hope of equal chances, the age-worn belief in position.

Marching from Maine to California, reaching every village, hamlet, city—a personal appeal to rouse the God-given principles of liberty and love of justice.

Such an army, such men, such fire from Heaven must win more victories than sword or cannon or rifle, till—with a Yorktown or an Appomattox—is surrendered a new nation to a new people.

The workingman is already a conqueror; he has produced our inventive age; he has banished slavery; he has produced the millionaire, whom he both leads and supports; and our civilization and freedom is of his making. What more?

To banish poverty, to let the upper-crust of society earn its own bread-and-butter, instead of resting on his shoulders, little more is needed than that the workingman should know much better than our so-called rulers how to run a government.

And this little lesson we are all learning—from the President—an insignificant factor of the government—to the combined hosts in all the trades, whose power always rules, because we are learning the power and importance of the workingman. And to make that knowledge practical we simply need to place in office men who believe in, who sympathize with, and are of the working people; not office-seeking politicians, but men who can say with Lincoln, "With malice toward none and charity for all," and mean what they say.

Whole armies of just such earnest, honest men are in our nation. And the time is not far distant when the workingman shall cease to run the government to his disadvantage, but shall—for the first time in the history of the world—be vindicated in his rights as a man, and have a government whose last desire, instead of the first, is to help the powerful and rich.

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